November 7, 1936

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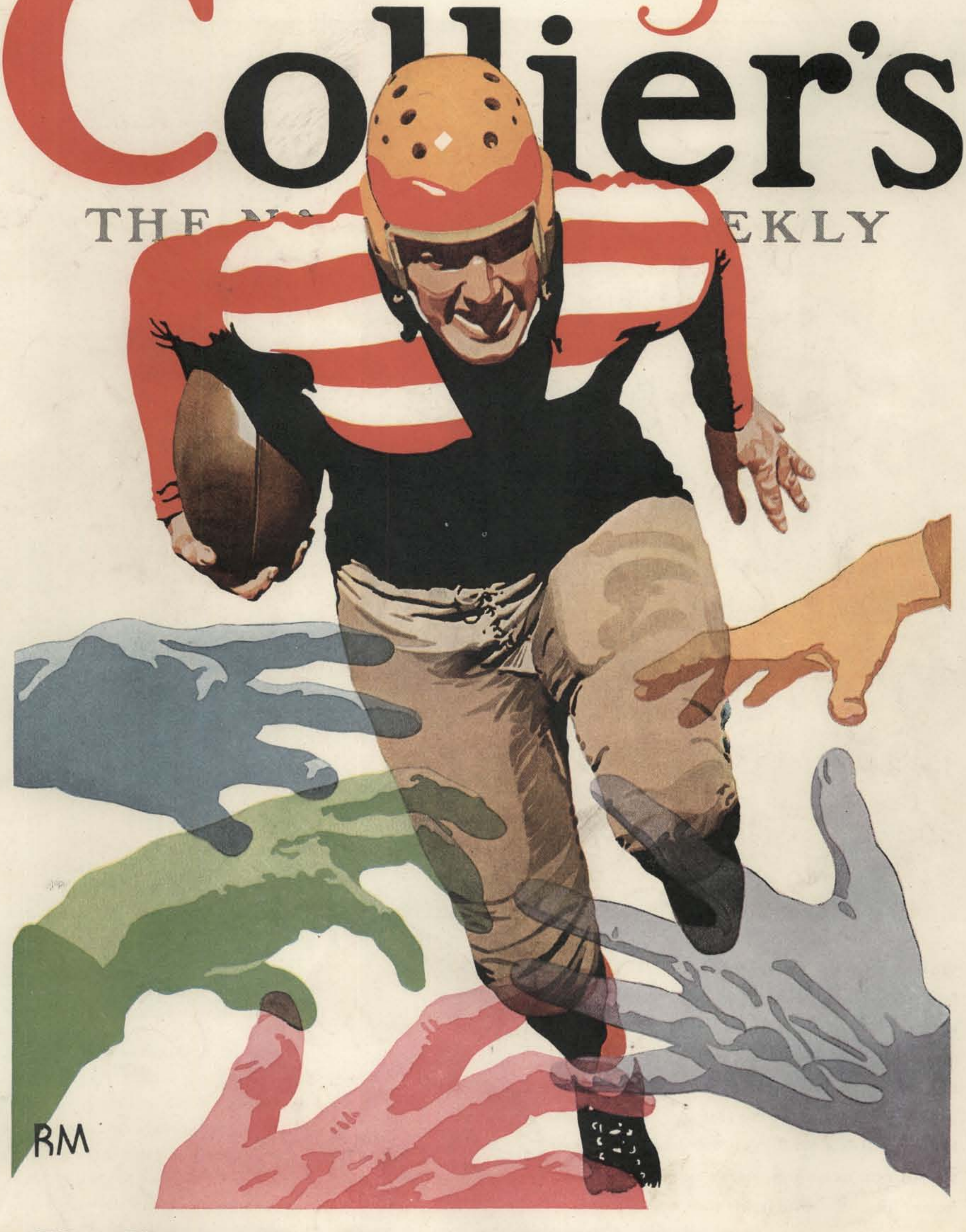
THE N EKLY



The Heart Has Wings a new novel By Fait

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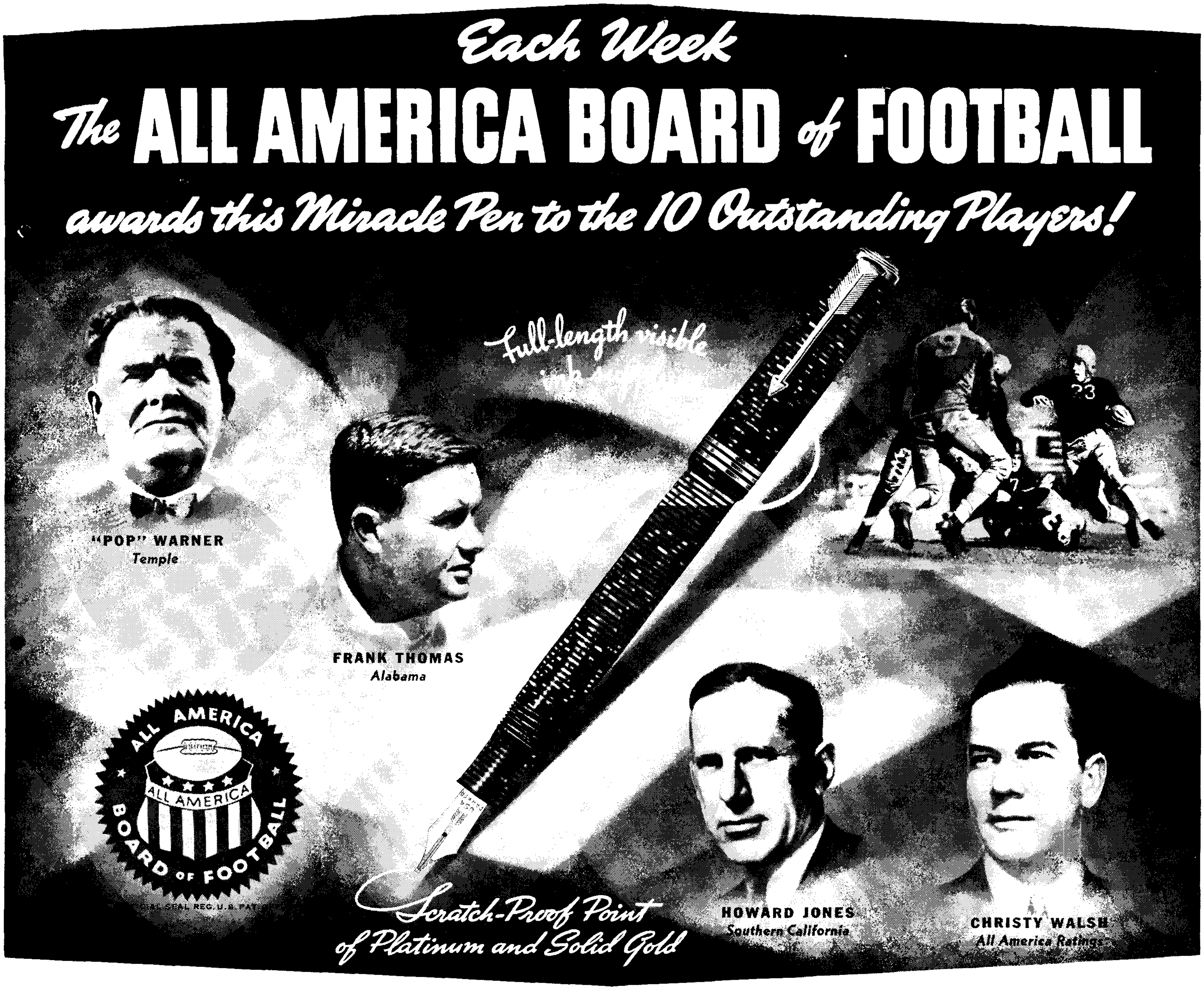
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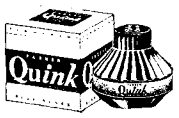
Quink
Quink

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

SYBELLE simply did not care what anybody said—life was better at the Dodd-Brookshire Department Store. Look, for instance, what Dodd-Brookshire had done for her in teaching her correct grammar and a more refined taste in clothes. But when Sybelle realized that she loved Tom Thomas, the wealthy hog rancher, she decided she had over-done the Dodd-Brookshire attitude.

It was really and truly awful. A girl who tries to improve herself and rise above the common herd it seems like why fellas they kinda worship her and all that; but, look, Tom Thomas hadn't said, "Marry me, dear!" Frederick Hazlitt Brennan proves "You've Got to Be Human."

THE business of the day, any day, at Langley Field near Washington is magic. It's a very precise kind of magic, used to keep you safe when you fly and your country at the head of the procession in world aviation. Most of it comes off drafting boards or out of wind tunnels or experimental tanks, but there's an extension of the laboratories into the air—pilots who risk their lives to capture the secrets of flight. W. B. Courtney tells you about them in "There's Magic in the Air."

IN THE days when "The Baron's Lady" was the rage in France, when everyone copied her clothes and her eyebrows and tried to copy her manner, there were some who remembered when she had been the female servant in the Rousse family, working fifteen hours a day for a nominal wage. The delightful and constructive story of her sudden rise is told by Gouverneur Morris.

"YOU Need a Change." We have Dr. Victor G. Heiser's word for it. Not, primarily, a change of air or a change of scenery—just a change from the unhygienic habits that have been sanctioned by custom. With scientific common sense he shows you what traditions to avoid.

BILL HODGES fell in love with Linda Falls before he discovered that she was a rival art editor. After that they were bitter rivals, forced to co-operate by destiny and a "Million-Dollar Contract." The story of their unscrupulous methods and brilliant success is told by Lucian Cary.

DANA BURNET writes the Short Short Story. Faith Baldwin continues the absorbing romance of Gail Williams and Peter Harris. Alan LeMay, Kyle Crichton, Dorothy Bennett, Frank J. Taylor, Freling Foster and others do the rest. With characteristic brilliance.

This Week

●

November 7, 1936

Cover by Ronald McLeod

FAITH BALDWIN
The Heart Has Wings, Part I. Flight into romance—the new serial. Page 7

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Flowering Jade. Love and the Chinese war. Page 10

LESLIE ROBERTS
Cold Gold. Canada's treasure. Page 12

FRANK CONDON
The Great Snatch. Gorilla tactics. Page 14

C. E. "TINY" THORNHILL with FRANK J. TAYLOR
Football Follies. Fun on the gridiron. Page 16

CHARLES BONNER
The Bluff. He found himself out. Page 18

ALAN LeMAY
Dark Tropic Sea, Part III. Island mystery. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Sorority Hero, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 22

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. The least you can learn. Page 26

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Man Without a Soul. Mechanical monster. Page 39

OWEN P. WHITE
Slade the Terrible. Blood and thunder. Page 42

BARBARA BLAKE
So Can You. Magic—with a can opener. Page 58

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Inn About Town. Accommodations for all. Page 64

HANNAH LEES
Take a Look Inside. Say "Ah," please. Page 71

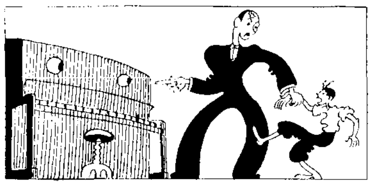
EDITORIAL
You Have the Answer. Page 78

●

Any Week

FOR an extremely modest sum, Mr. Al Newsmith of Seattle, Washington, will make us famous. He will write three hot singing numbers extolling the delights which are the inevitable lot of all readers of this magazine and one lament setting forth the dolorous plight of non-readers. Mr. Newsmith will drive the length and the breadth of the land, in his own car, singing his ballads—or our ballads as they will be. He is making this offer at his ridiculously low fee because "you are worth singing about and, besides, my doctor has advised me to work in the open air as much as possible."

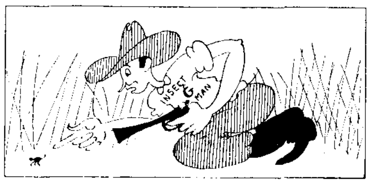
BUT we have had to decline Mr. Newsmith's proposal. We consulted a friend of ours who, in addition to teaching defenseless children to play the piano, playing the organ in a large suburban church and organizing chamber-music orchestras, conducts and coaches a Finnish chorus of twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen—all bassos. He warned us.



He said that in his youth he had written a song advertising a sewing machine. This machine has not been manufactured for fourteen years and our friend says that investigation showed that his song made people so sick of that machine that it went into bankruptcy.

SO WE'LL just go along getting out an incredibly excellent magazine as usual and devote our spare time trying to console those who do not get to the newsstands in time. Anyway, according to Mr. Max I. Yaddows, of Detroit, Michigan, we have nothing to worry about. "Everything," says Mr. Yaddows, "you print is lies. You say you got big circulation. You lie. You got very little. You say Father Coughlin is wrong. You lie. You say pensions is wrong. You lie. But you get paid well for your lies. The international bankers will not let you starve while you lie. But if you tell the truth like Father Coughlin you get no more money and starve. So maybe I don't blame you so much."

AND yet it's not as easy to starve in these times as Mr. Yaddows might think. The government wouldn't let us. It would find something for us to do. Something, possibly, like chasing insects out of Colorado. Mrs. Laura C. Smith of Canon City, Colorado, says that the thermometer was registering zero when she noticed five men crawling back and forth through the alfalfa patch for several days. "Naturally," says she, "we were curious. This is a gold state and we were afraid that they might be locating a mine or trying to slip something over on us. So we asked them how come. They told us they had been hired by the government at five dollars a day to locate and murder destructive insects. We were having some trouble believing, but we inquired of other ranchers and they said the same thing was happening on their places. All of them were following the insect G-men around holding their breath. But it isn't fair. Any bug, worm, insect or critter game enough to navigate these parts in the winter time deserves to live."



ANYWAY, we'd get some kind of job. Mr. T. R. Billings of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, informs us that "business is so good that I'm looking for hired men. I need one so bad I guess I'd even hire you." And here's a lady named Lawrence (can't make out the first name)—just Mrs. Lawrence of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, with a sporting offer which would make a lecturer of us if we had the stuff. "Would you," asks she, "be willing to speak on a percentage basis—twenty per cent of the box-office receipts? Subject to be, Does Patriotism Pay?" We might even return to a neat, white-collar racket we were in when young. We used to sell colored enlargements of photographs. We delivered them personally and made a point of arriving at the customer's house about suppertime because usually we were invited to pull up a chair. We'd have got fat if it hadn't been that we were always falling in love with some new good-looking daughter. It was grand.

"AND I," writes Mr. Jerry H. Kennedy of El Paso, Texas, "am a member of the American Legion. I am also a Spanish War Veteran and a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. If I were a couple of years older I'd be in the G. A. R. I am a practical patriot. We veterans are going to keep this country so broke that it won't be able to finance another war. That means lasting peace."

PEACE with honorarium.

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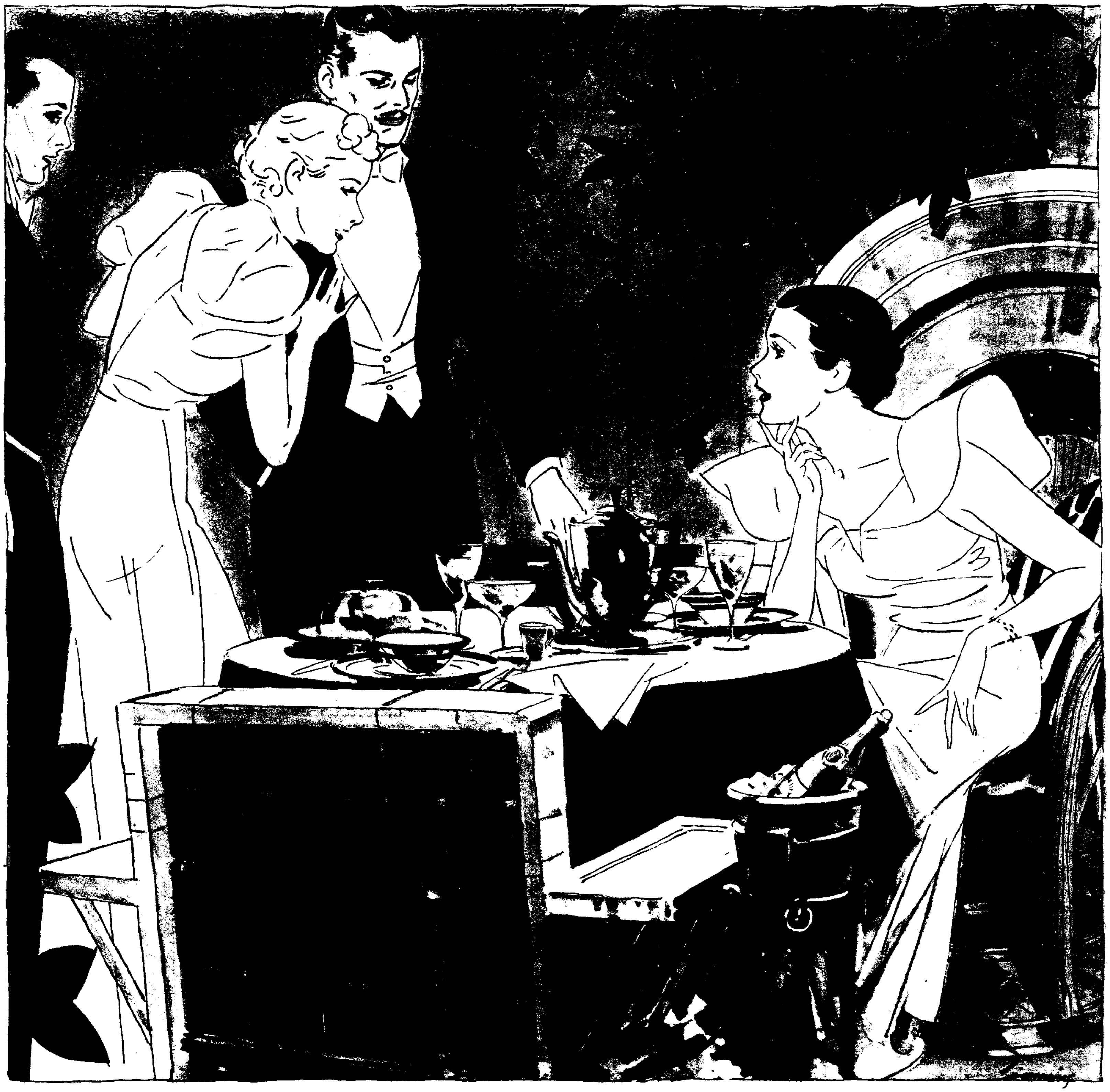


"And I've been thinking of you," she told Peter Harris, "with a long gray beard!"

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

The intense and stirring romance of a modern girl who believed the world was hers and of a married man who was equally sure the world had been made for him

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

THE party was in full, rather noisy swing when Gail arrived. She stood, after leaving the powder room, at the big doors from which she could see the living room, with its enormous windows, and the game room where people were dancing to a very lively orchestra. She was looking for her cousin, George Crosley, and presently she saw him, at the far side of the room, completely surrounded by a group of people who were making a tremendous fuss over him and the extremely pretty girl who stood beside him. The girl must be Dolly Harris, reflected Gail, and certainly the photographs George had sent of her did not do her justice. She was exquisite, yet completely without fragility, vibrant with health, her little face bronze and rose, and her hair, short and curly, daffodil yellow. Gail thought in dismay, "But she's only a baby!"

George's usually grave young face was illuminated with pride and laughter. Then the engagement, Gail deduced, had already been announced. George had implored her to arrive in time for the main event of the evening. But she had hesitated about coming . . . she didn't know the Harrises, she had arrived very recently in town and was stopping with her godmother on Park Avenue until she found a little place for herself; and a party in the wilds of Long Island, which doubled in purpose as a debut and an engagement announcement, held no appeal for her. But she was very fond of George although it distressed her to think of him, hard-working, serious young banker, committing himself to family life so early in the game and selecting as his helpmeet a girl not yet eighteen years old.

Her godmother had been insistent. "Nonsense," she said briskly, "Sims will drive you down and deliver you home intact. I'll expect you for breakfast. George would be heartbroken if you didn't appear and moreover I'm curious to hear about the girl. I've seen her, around town; she's a pretty child. If it weren't for this wretched arthritis, I'd defy the doctors and go with you. It's very like Hildreth Harris to bring out her daughter at home instead of in the city. She's wedded to that manicured village and her immediate circle, potters about the gardens, gives charity fetes on her notable lawn, and opens her house to various club meetings several times a month."

GAIL could not blame the as yet unknown hostess for her devotion to her home. It was a lovely house, friendly, even intimate, despite its size. Of course, driving through the grounds after ten o'clock at night, she had seen very little except the fleeting and eerie glimpses afforded her by the car's headlights.

She said to herself, still standing there, a tall girl, very slender, "Here, get a grip on yourself. Descend those steps, find a gap in the defenses through which you may approach George and his girl and wish them all the luck in the world. You're not usually shy!"

She went down the three steps, and people turned to look at her. She was not pretty as Dolly Harris was pretty, a matter of youth and coloring and appealing charm. She was very nearly beautiful, and the arrangement of features which kept her from a classic loveliness lent her warmth and a delicious irregularity which had nothing to do with beauty and which would endure much longer.

The circle had closed about George again and Gail looked for her hostess. But evidently she had been the last to arrive; there was no longer a receiving line and the servant who had shown her to the powder room had not announced her. This was, she decided, an entirely informal affair, which pleased her. She had lived her first sixteen years in the atmosphere of patterned graciousness her mother had created, as sweet and cold and formalized as ice-cream shapes in spun sugar baskets. Adolescent Gail had both admired and disliked it. She suspected that her father had disliked it too.

SHE caught herself up; she mustn't think of her father, it still hurt too much. But she felt the sharp sting of tears in her extraordinary green eyes and she walked blindly ahead, carrying herself with great distinction, trying not to think, ambitious to reach George, to speak to him and laugh with him and forget that she was unhappy and lost.

George had seen her now, was plunging toward her. . . .

"Gail! I thought you would never come. I'd about given you up," he cried. "Dolly, this is Gail—"

Dolly put a firm small hand into Gail's.

"We're so glad," she said, smiling. Her teeth, Gail saw, were slightly uneven; it lent her a childish charm. "George has talked about you so much . . . He brags about you . . . a lot. I've been a little scared of you, you know; after all, you are his only close relative . . ."

"Gail and Uncle Jim," remarked George, "are all the relatives any man would want."

"But you're taking on others," Dolly reminded him, and looked around her. "Have you seen my mother and father, Gail? No? Where on earth have they gone to . . . ? Of course, there's contract going on in the upstairs living room," she added.

"When are you planning to be married?" Gail asked, smiling at the younger girl. Gail was twenty-three. But she felt a thousand years Dolly's senior.

"Next month," Dolly told her. "June. Isn't that quaint? Here, and quite quietly. And we expect you, without fail."

People came up, crowded about, pretty girls, dark, fair, redheads, admiring Dolly's ring, teasing George. There were men, too, and Gail presently found herself dancing with one. He was a gloomy, emaciated person, who talked intimately of his hosts after the manner of his generation, and danced almost too well.

"Swell house, isn't it?" he inquired and then before she could answer, "And Dolly's a swell girl. Shouldn't start getting married; ought to play the field for a while and give the rest of us a chance." He looked about the big game room, waxed, tiled floor, white and scarlet leather, chromium and black, with the big aquarium framed in metal set into the walls. "Hate like the devil to stop coming here," he grumbled. "Crosley's taking her to some God-forsaken Mid-Western dump—"

"Chicago," replied Gail serenely, "is considered by a good many people to be a pleasant village." She tilted her head and smiled at him and his gloom vanished immediately. Good-looking girl, he had thought when George gabbled her name at him, in all the confusion. Good-looking, my eye! She was a stunner, amazing eyes and black, black hair, a skin that made him think of cream and gardenia petals; and a mouth which was curving now, generous, crimson, dimpled at the corners.

"OH, CHICAGO," said the young man tolerantly; "it's all right for those who like it."

"I like it," said Gail. "I'm a Mid-Westerner myself. And George's cousin, by the way."

"Sorry," said her partner, though why, neither he nor she could fathom. "George has all the luck. Dolly for a fiancée and you for a cousin. The only cousin I have is cross-eyed and lisps. Awful woman, rich as Croesus. Terrible old house on the Hudson, replete with dadoes and gazebos and whatnots. I've been brought up to believe she'd leave me all her money but it appears that she's interested in founding a home for indigent cats. Do you fly?" he asked suddenly.

Gail looked at him in some astonishment. It seemed a considerable jump from gazebos through cats to flying. This young man was Olympic material.

"Yes," she answered, and added, unthinkingly, "of course."

"Why 'of course'?" he asked irritably. "Idiotic way to spend your time, if you ask me. I loathe it. Airsick and all that. You, I suppose, skitter weekly from California to Newark in one of those flying palaces. Dolly's father would approve of you. I expect you know that he's Harris of Harris Aircraft?"

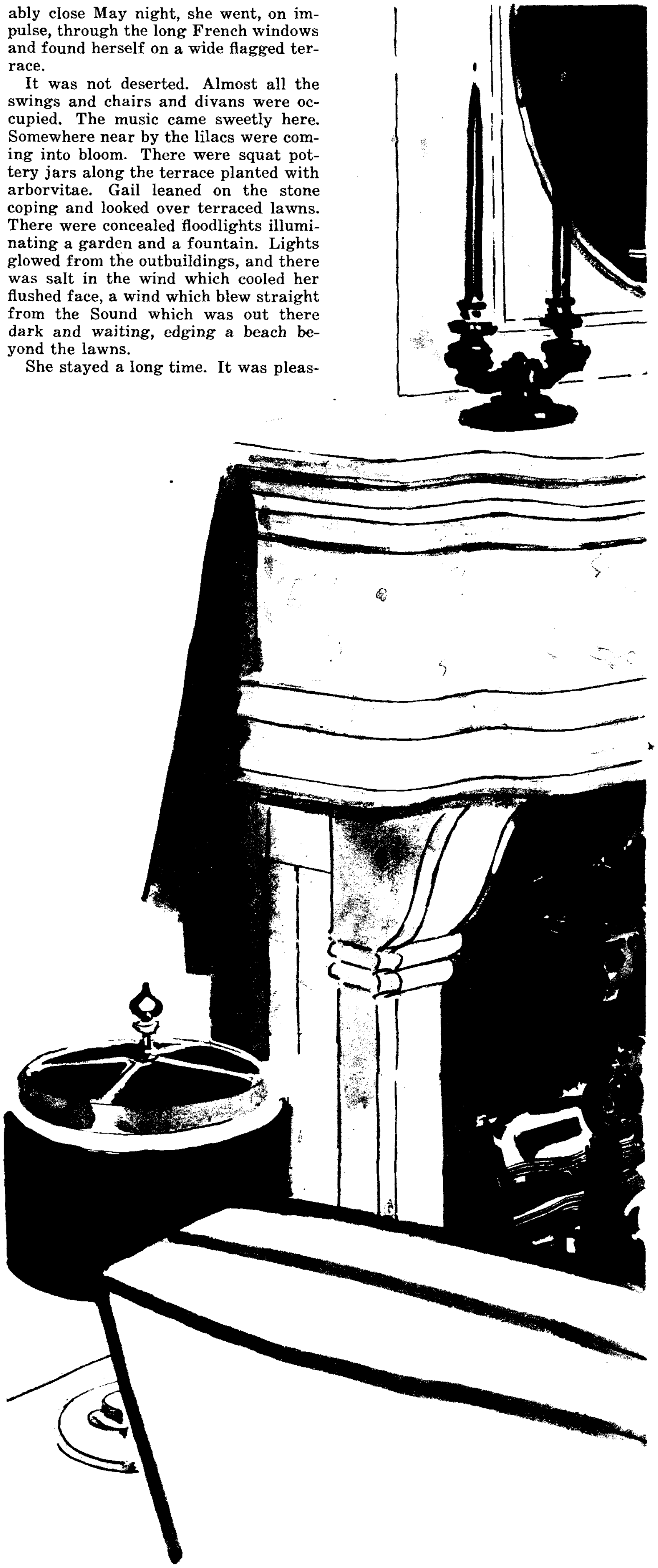
"Yes," said Gail, "I know it." She refrained from adding, "and *my* father is Williams of Sorrensen Aircraft!"

"This is the house that wings built," he remarked conversationally, "via automobile accessories. Did you know that Dolly's never set foot in a plane? Her mother won't permit it. She's dead agin 'em; they're poison to her. It's a funny sort of setup."

Someone cut in before Gail could reply. Half an hour later she escaped from the game room, detoured to powder her nose, and returning to the big rooms, warm with humanity and the unreasonably close May night, she went, on impulse, through the long French windows and found herself on a wide flagged terrace.

It was not deserted. Almost all the swings and chairs and divans were occupied. The music came sweetly here. Somewhere near by the lilacs were coming into bloom. There were squat pottery jars along the terrace planted with arborvitae. Gail leaned on the stone coping and looked over terraced lawns. There were concealed floodlights illuminating a garden and a fountain. Lights glowed from the outbuildings, and there was salt in the wind which cooled her flushed face, a wind which blew straight from the Sound which was out there dark and waiting, edging a beach beyond the lawns.

She stayed a long time. It was pleas-



Gail stood before the mantel, her hands clasped behind her back. The model was small but perfect in every detail

ant to linger here for a little while, alone, surrounded by uncaring people who did not know her, could not guess her problem, would not advise or cajole or reproach her.

The couples nearest her drifted back to the game room and presently a man came and stood in the windows. Gail had turned idly, and was looking into the room. The light fell on her face and the man, cupping his hands in the little breeze to light a cigarette, saw her.

SHE saw him, too, in the light from the room in back of him. He was a big man, with powerful shoulders and a slim waist. She noticed his eyes first, deep-set, inquiring, and a look in them as if he had lost something and was searching for it. Now he tossed the match away and walked toward her.

He asked, "What are you doing out here alone? You should be inside dancing." She felt, rather than saw, his smile. She liked his voice. It was unhurried, deep. "Have you had anything to eat?" he demanded.

"No," Gail answered, "I haven't." And was suddenly aware that she was very hungry.

He remarked, "Getting away from it all, I take it? At your age! Well, I am getting away from it all, too. I'm starved. Look, I know a very special place where we can have our supper in quietude and privacy. Does that appeal to you? Because if it does, I'll establish you there and go in search of a waiter."

"I'd like it very much," she told him.

She walked beside him around the corner of the house and presently they came to an angle in the building. The terrace just there was deserted and the French windows gave into a library, which was softly lighted and quite empty. There were high, flickering candles on iron standards and encased in glass, on either side of the windows, comfortable chairs, and a table or two.

"Here," said the tall man, "I'll be back in a moment. Don't you dare run away!"

Gail sat down and watched him go, half smiling. He was a peremptory sort of person, but she liked it. She hadn't seen him very clearly, but she had seen enough to know that he was a good deal older than herself, thirty-five perhaps, and that he had vitality enough for ten men. She turned and looked into the library. On the walls were a number of maps . . . they were maps which had been made from the air. There were books almost all around the room, and over the great mantelpiece there was a model, to scale, of the newest Harris amphibian—the beautiful, silver thing, with its enormous wing spread of duralumin and its four motors.

GAIL rose and went to the open windows and looked in. Wherever there was wall space there were prints and photographs and etchings. Wings in flight. At each one of the leather chairs there was a standing metal ash tray. They were not things of beauty, but Gail believed that Dolly's father must like them very much. The base of each was a control wheel, the standard a brass gas line, the tray itself a cylinder cut in half . . . all, she fancied, at that distance, made from the wreckage of ships no longer modern.

She heard a sound behind her and turned to find the tall man and two waiters with laden trays. "I was afraid you'd run out on me," he greeted her.

"Why should I?" she inquired, "especially as I find myself very hungry."

"You do not flatter me," he reproved her, sighing, "but it's a better reason than none at all. Still, it's nearly midnight and Cinderella once set an example."

He broke off to direct the caterer's men, and to draw a chair up to the table for her.

Bread and butter sandwiches, curious little *canapés*, molded chicken and aspic, and a smoking-hot entree, served in its own baking dish, and compounded of mushrooms and sweetbreads and an utterly divine sauce; a bottle of champagne in a pail of ice, a mousse set in paper frills, little cakes, cigarettes . . .

"Oh," exclaimed Gail, "this is . . ." she broke off . . . "there are no words!" she announced with simple greed.

She saw him more clearly now. The deep-set eyes were hazel. There were lines about them. He might be older than she thought. There was a very little gray in the brown hair, which he wore almost ruthlessly short, cut so, she judged astutely, to banish the hint of a curl. For the rest, he had a strong chin and a nervous, rather full mouth, the highest cheekbones she had seen, and a small, severely clipped mustache, which Gail fancied, would, in daylight, be shades lighter than his hair, almost red.

"I saw you," he said, "looking into the library. Do you like books . . . ?"

(Continued on page 25)

Flowering Jade

By Sidney Herschel Small

The curative methods of Doctor Johnny Scott, who got things done—even in China, where it takes a pretty good man to get things done

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

THE brazen lament of a Chinese trumpet awoke Sara Goddard. For a moment, warm and relaxed, she waited for the customary clanging of the mission bell and the chattering of the blue-clad native converts; then she realized that she was absolutely alone in the little hospital.

Sleep had left her flushed. Against the pillow, she glowed like a peach in the sun. One arm was under her head, and the attitude showed her figure to be charming; softly, tenderly curved.

Somewhere north of Tchen-si an airplane droned. The Japanese must be coming nearer this town which controlled the river traffic. Did the moaning of the trumpet really mean that a defense was intended here? The mission people had so believed, and, save for the nurse, had gone down the river.

But when she sat up, her lovely color gone, purple shadows reappearing under her eyes, and went to the window, it was not up that she looked, but along the path. How many mornings had she stared out like this? How long was it since she'd promised Johnny Scott that she'd be waiting for him?

The scandal of Dr. Scott had shaken the province. Drugs missing from the narcotics cabinet. Stolen? Or sold? Dr. Scott carried the key.

Nor was this all. The rest was more complicated. Scott had performed an emergency operation on a wealthy Chinese in the next village and, a day later, the merchant's body, headless, had been discovered in a shallow grave. That same night the boy who cared for Scott's room had found two silk bags filled with the merchant's gold in the doctor's closet.

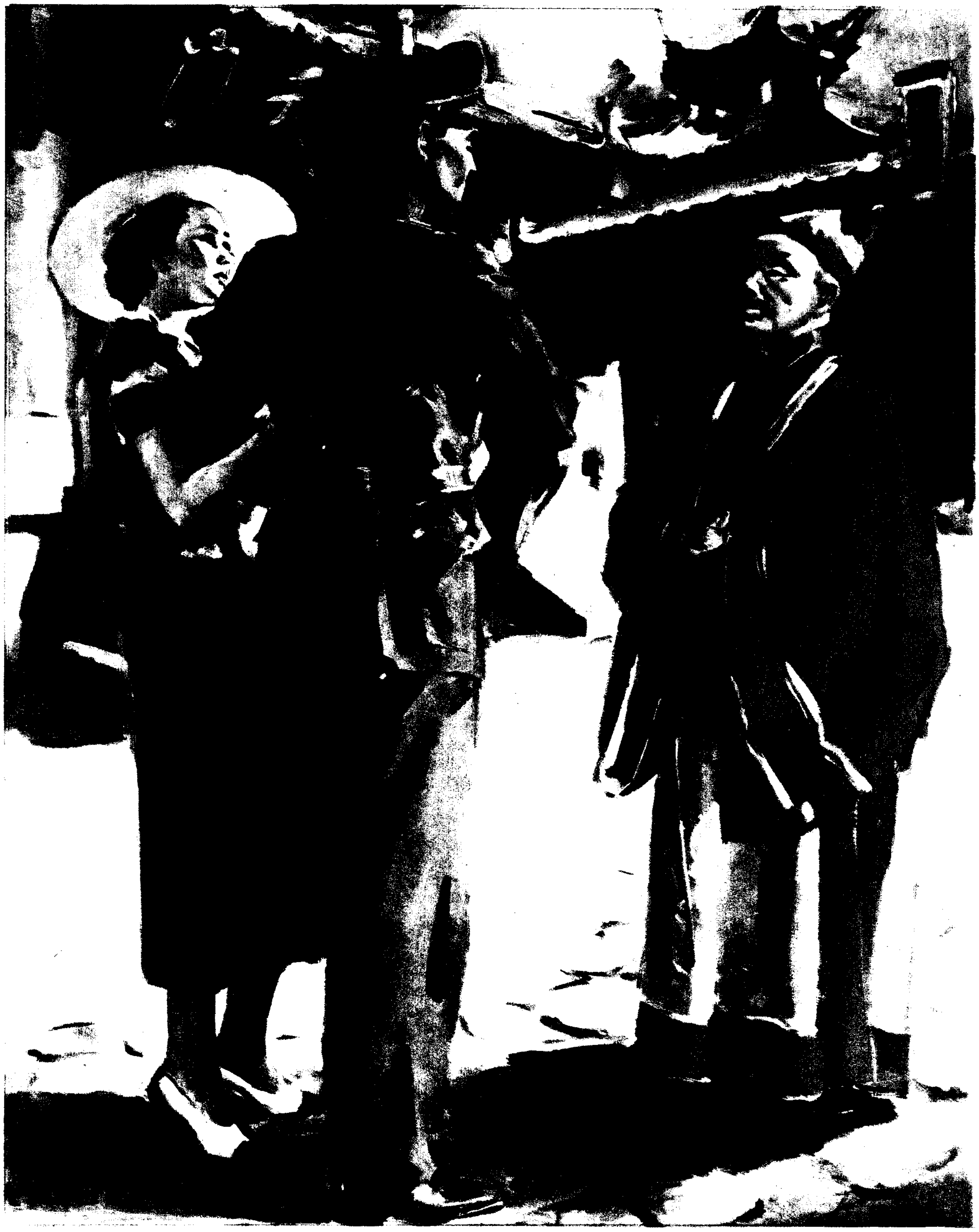
When the district head had sat in grave judgment, Scott had almost convinced everyone (Sara needed no convincing) that the narcotics must have been stolen, and that Lu'n Teng, the merchant, had undoubtedly been the victim of some vengeance. The operation, Scott had said, had been successful; he hadn't covered a mistake. The gold, China fashion, had been paid in advance, and he'd tossed it into the closet and forgotten to turn it over.

What had happened after the conference finished Dr. Scott. He had needed assurance, had come to her room. Arms tightly about him, Sara had given it with word and lip, which was how the matron and the district head had found them. Having violated the nurses' quarters, he was believed guilty of everything else; he had, at the end, lost his poise, and, as the head said, convicted himself by his storming.

Later that night, as Scott had gone down the path, Sara had called to him from this same window, "Come back soon. I'll be here." She hadn't been able to see him until he reached the gate, where a lantern glimmered, and then only as a tall man. The gate keeper had let him out.

AS SARA GODDARD stood at the window now, she remembered again the flash of brightness she'd seen when the gate opened. The crimson-and-gold robes of the old temple priest. It was strange how she recalled the presence of the priest so vividly; she supposed that it must be because the entire village talked of him and his devotion—his constant prayers, his care of a miraculous vine which, when it flowered, would keep all evil from the village, even the feared brown men of Nippon.

The flower, now, was in bud. Everyone, even the missionaries, went to the temple courtyard to examine the climbing plant. Sara disliked it, with its succulent leaves and wiry tendrils. Not because of the plant, possibly, but because of the old priest's son. When she came he was always there. Attentive. In his Shanghai-made pongee. Speaking



The two men, Sara realized, were fencing. Scott talked as swiftly as the old man in precise mission English. Looking at her.

At her window, Sara could see the morning mists still clinging to the hills opposite Tchen-si. The temple, with its carved convulsive dragons and writhing fish, rising from the lower roofs of the village like the horns of a ram among sheep. To the north, the city gate swallowed and spewed out a constant stream of Chinese. A new conqueror might be coming, but Tchen-si had seen enemy hosts before.

Sara dressed swiftly and, once, thought she heard again the blare of the trumpet; whether it was Chinese or Japanese she had no way of knowing. She made coffee. Then, to her surprise, she found that patients were padding into the reception room. Yes, they knew the doctors and men of prayer were gone. Yes, they knew that she remained, for who, save a priest, could retain a secret? Yes, they had come for assistance. Sara Goddard was delighted to be busy; she cut bandages apart, redressed arms and legs. Anything was better than thought.

It was not until noon that she had time to go into the garden, where she found the priest's burly son sprawled at ease in one of the chairs.

The way he was smiling made Sara snap, "What d'you want?"

L'un Sui said, without rising, "Tea."

"Go home and get your tea," the nurse told him. "And," she thought, "I'd like to put strychnine in it." That was because he was looking at her as he had in the temple courtyard.

"My honorable father," chuckled L'un Sui, "has suggested that I find a new house for myself—"

"And about time," Sara said. "You haven't done one lick of work—"

"He also said, 'My son, it is time you took a wife.' So I came here. Would you have me neglect an order from my parent?"

SARA clenched her hands. "If you don't leave, I'll—" That was wrong. What could she do; whom might she call? "Be sensible," she said. "The last person your father wants you to marry is a white woman."

"Marry?" asked L'un Sui. "Marry? Oh, not marry."

The sun had come through the morning mist, but Sara was shivering.

"The word," the Chinese said, "was wife. It is not the same. Not in China."

Sara knew what he meant. Too well. The mission people were right; she had been a fool to stay, to wait for a man who would never return. When the others had argued with her, she had found stubborn reasons for not going; these all vanished now. She was not a nurse to this man; she was a woman. Being frightened, the girl stood the straighter and, at the same moment, with unexpected swiftness, L'un Sui jumped from his chair and caught her wrists.

"I know how you white women do," he said. "I have seen it in Shanghai. You look as if you hate the man you love. As you have done so often in the courtyard. I am not fooled. But because of me you did not depart with the others."

"I didn't go because—"

L'un Sui said, "Often, watching you, I have wondered about the kiss. Is it immoral, or is it only pleasant? Show me."

She fought for time. "If someone sees me with you—"

"Let us go to the house." He retained his grasp. "Come."

"No. White people—you should know this—do not make—make love so quickly. Go away now. Perhaps—later—"

The priest's son said, "Not later. Now."

"I won't," Sara grated. She thrust at him fiercely. The beating of her own heart was in her ears, but through the battering sound, piercingly, she thought the trumpet sounded. Utterly foreign, Chinese. No help in it. No help anywhere. She wished for her bandage shears, for just something more than her hands. . . .

L'UN SUI, intoxicated with strength and resistance, jerked her to him. Sara's head swam, as she fought the man and fought for sanity. They swept together against a chair, and it overturned. The Chinese was unaware of anything save the woman he was subduing, the feel of her against him. He had her off her feet, in his arms—and then, as her eyes closed and he thought she was giving over resistance, she struck at him with both hands.

"Ai!" L'un Sui squealed. He let her slide to the ground, and then caught her by the hair, holding her off. "So you must be beaten before you are loved?" His hand drew back, and then, as if held there, stiffened, and finally dropped to his side.

Sara was trembling so that she did not see the change in his eyes. She saw only the outline of his face and, behind it, the familiar wall of the mission.

Then she heard, "End of round one," and, as if moved by mechanism, turned.

The garden was filled with men, soldiers, in khaki. Chinese. Not brigands. Men in an orderly rank, at ease, with their officer standing a few paces before them.

She said, "Oh," as she stared at the leader.

How strange he looked in uniform. How thin, oh, how thin! But he was grinning at her, and nothing else could have so strengthened her.

"Johnny," she said. "Johnny, darling."

"When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah . . . How do you like my army?" Without seeming to have moved, he had L'un Sui by the collar. "What'll I do with this? Drop it in the pool? Or would it kill the goldfish?"

"He . . . he isn't mine," said Sara, trying valiantly to match his tone.

Dr. Scott said soberly, "That's good," and then carefully turned the priest's son around. A ripple of laughter went through the men as Scott delivered his kick. "That'll hurt him mentally as well as physically," Johnny Scott announced. "Now he can go tell papa, and will there be curses on my head!"

"Johnny—"

"In a minute." He snapped out an order; an officer stepped out from behind the rear rank and marched the men out of the garden. Grinning, Scott said, "I had to do it this way, sweetheart. Showing off. Now—"

"Johnny."

"No question about it." He stepped up to her. "You waited," he said.

Sara nodded; she could wait no longer. She kissed him once with cold lips, and then warmly, as if she would never let him go.

"We soldiers," Johnny Scott said, "need food as well as affection, woman. How about slaughtering a ham and beating up a crate of eggs? And coffee for the major, please. Hmm. Colonel. I've been promoted again, and—oh, woman, I've needed you more than food, more than anything in the world. Do you love me?"

Sara, happily, said, "Certainly not," and kissed him again. "You do look handsome in a uniform, Johnny."

"YOU should see me with all my medals. Got me a good collection, and all because General Feng-wu needs me when he has a bellyache. *I* joined up because I had one myself—no chow, and even rice and dried fish looked good." He put a hand under her chin, and added quietly, "And you'd be surprised how much a fellow learns in the army."

The Japanese plane droned overhead, scouting; Sara said, "But it isn't your war, Johnny. I won't have you hurt. I won't."

"It isn't that sort of a war. It isn't a fightin' war, sweetheart; it's a squabblin' war. The Japanese get us to arguing with one another, and then they step in and pacify us for the glory of something or other. My job is to keep peace, not to fight. When do we eat?"

Sara set the table in the garden, using the fine blue Canton plates which had been given the mission. It was delightful to be sitting with him, to watch his hunger and its satisfaction, and the way he demanded a third cup of coffee—to watch the smoke of his cigarette.

Delightful to talk. About the little things which had happened. Nonsensical things. To tell him how everyone had rushed to the boat when it appeared as if the village was to be defended against the invaders, although the departure was really the fault of the authorities; the mission people hadn't really wanted to go.

"I rather liked them all," Scott said. "I've had plenty of time to see how it must have looked to them. Narcotics gone. My patient dead. His money in my room. Me in yours." The doctor rubbed out another cigarette. "This wouldn't look too good to the district head, either, would it? But, by the way, how's old L'un's fancy flowering vine? The one which never bloomed?"

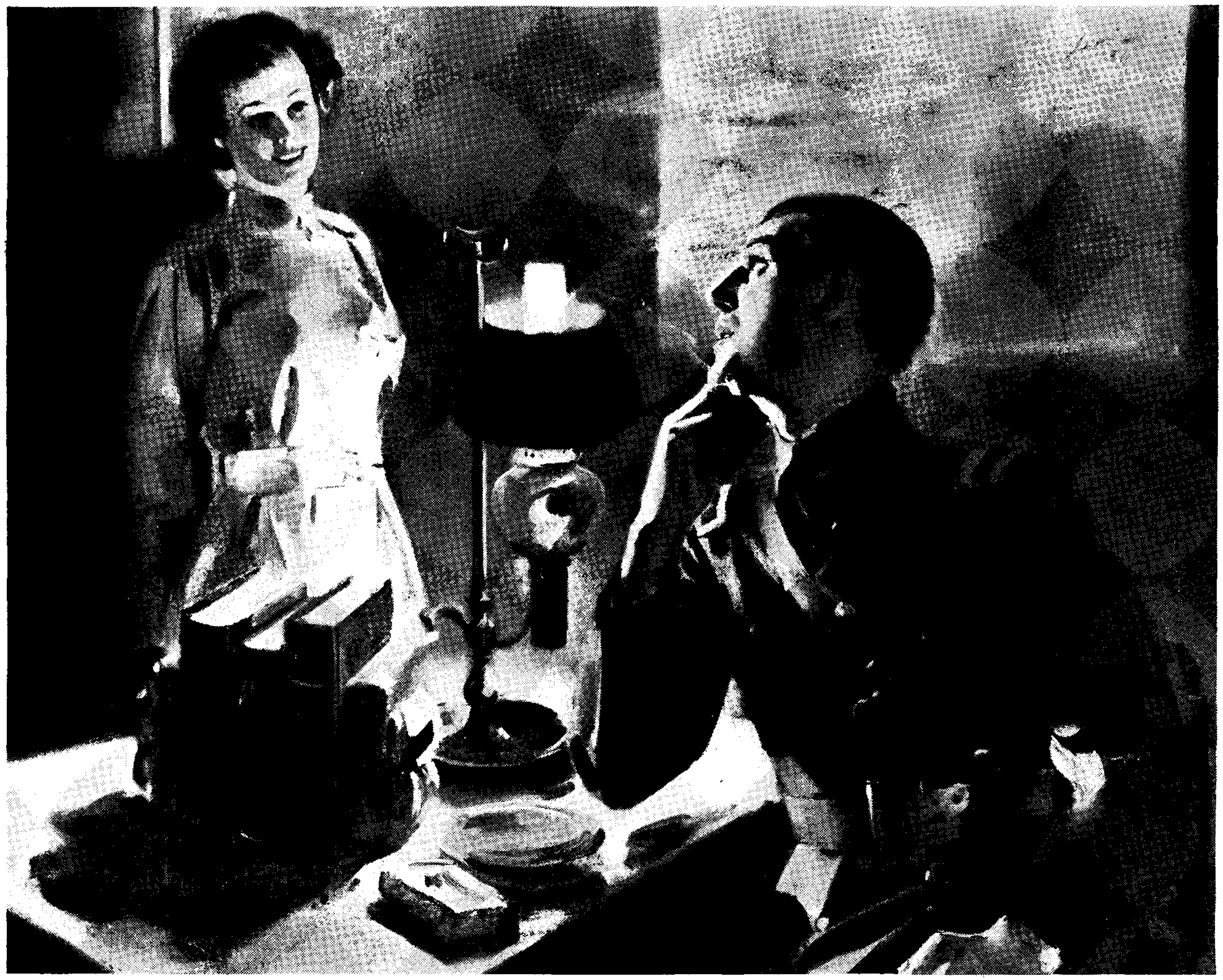
Sara said, "In bud." She didn't want to talk about anything but themselves. "I don't see why you can't practice at home, Johnny. Everyone'll be wild to see what sort of man that Goddard girl landed, and when they see you—"

"They'll go to someone else. So the vine is going to bloom! If—"

"I hope," said Sara, "that you have the bedside manner."

Dr. Scott, running a finger up her forearm, said, "I thought it'd bloom.

(Continued on page 61)



"Haven't you any sense?" he demanded. But he was smiling. "Come here, woman"

Cold Gold

By Leslie Roberts

Up under the Arctic Circle they struck gold. A rush began. Not the wild scramble of '49—a planned and scientifically stage-managed gold rush, with airplanes, geologists and Sunday schools. To add to the modern note, they mine radium as well. But for all the surface calm and air of scientific detachment, the yellow metal still holds its old spell and men go mad looking for it. Come north with Mr. Roberts and see for yourself

IF YOU had blown in to Mother Coffey's Franklin Hotel that night you'd have got a hero's welcome. The only way you could have made it was to have been blown. Mother Coffey might have taken it casually enough; but she wasn't going anywhere while we, her blizzard-bound guests, were ticketed for the gold-laden fringe of the Arctic to get there heaven knows when and heaven knows how.

In us you would have beheld forty men whose nerves were beginning to snap with impatience and close confinement. And a few women too who were taking it better because they had their men-folks up there. Maybe that contributed to our irritation—that and their talk of their Eds, Joes and Wills to the north and the children they had left back in civilization. Give a woman a family, even if it is scattered across thousands of miles, and another woman to talk to and she'll thrive while men snarl themselves raw.

Anyway you'd have found us there in Fort McMurray, seven hundred miles above the Canada-United States border, three hundred miles north of Edmonton, Alberta. For three raging days we had huddled there waiting for the solid curtain of snow to part and the seventy-mile gale to relent. We read the wireless reports of weather forecasts the way men scan the market tapes in the dawn of a money panic. At first the paralyzing storm had made us friends, bound us together in the grip of common helplessness. But now we were under each other's feet, in each other's hair, grousing at ourselves and, with the futility of men at the end of their resources, sore at all nature. If you had got in why couldn't *we* get out? What sort of ship did you fly through suicide? Or what was your magical mode of travel? Things like that we'd have asked you. . . . But of course you wouldn't have arrived. Couldn't and didn't.

Sometimes the gale gathered additional strength and blew peep slots through the snow walls. And then for a moment we could see fifteen planes still moored to McMurray's ice. These snatches of sight gave us hope. At least our ships were still there. Struggling against their anchorage, fighting to be off before the gale that battered them, they looked like huge snow-blanketed birds. And the gale was their concert of screams.

Soaring Dreams in a Frozen Waste

But they were no more impatient than we, and no more unwilling prisoners of the storm. Until the weather broke, until we saw half a chance to be on our way without carrying certain death upon our wings, there would be nothing to do but go on with our eternal talk of cold and gold in measureless quantity, of ice and wealth in glacier lots. And of that highest and headiest of mining men's dreams—radium.

Some of us were veterans of Canada's new Arctic Golconda; and the veterans had learned something of patience, something of the folly of wasting puny human wrath upon the vast dark lands we were facing. They formed a group of ther own, these initiated, knowing what they would see. And to vary that, they amused and perhaps stunned themselves with speculations of what other areas in the million and a half square miles of awakening land had to offer, what new strikes might be made five hundred miles from nowhere before the year was out. They knew better than we could that the three destinations toward which we were headed were perhaps but isolated rocks in a wilderness of wealth which no one could estimate.

But those of us who were going into the Northwest Territories for the first time listened over and over to stories of Gilbert LaBine, who had found radium at Great Bear Lake; of Jack Byrne and his goldfields at Lake Athabaska, and of what Martin Shunsby and young Brady, his partner, had found at Outpost Island in Great Slave Lake. We were the more impatient—the novices who didn't realize the rigors of the five hundred flying miles to Great Slave and five hundred more to Great Bear. And all the more impatient because we felt a sort of self-importance that they should be invading a new-world frontier in a world which was supposed to have no new frontiers.

All we needed was weather which would let us pass just as the police had. The police had been our first barrier. They wanted to know where we were going and why. What did we propose to do when we bumped into the Arctic Circle? How were we going to live in a country where, for nine months in the year, the temperature slides to fifty, sixty and seventy below—and stays there? How much money had we? What sort of dunnage? They inspected us from our boots to our hoods, from our mittens to the dark glasses which would save us from snow blindness.

Adamant Courtesy Stands at the Gate

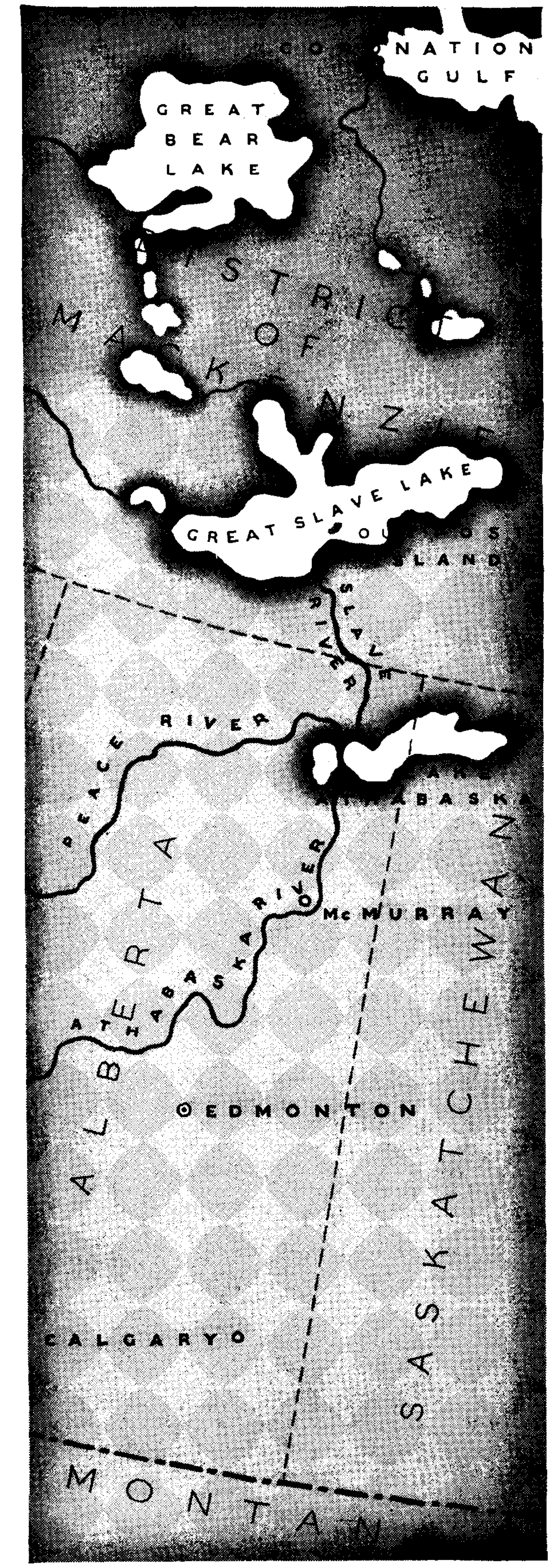
And very courteous they were too, even when they shook their heads at tearful adventurers—at Edmonton men and women—who hoped to go up for whatever the unknown might have in store for them. Canadians, New Yorkers, Englishmen, Californians, Germans with whiskers, Chicagoans with furs from toe to scalp, Russians who talked of how they weathered Siberia and thin kids fresh from classrooms in the States—all of them turned back because they had no money, because their equipment was unsatisfactory, because labor at the new gold strikes wasn't recruited at the mines, because the police did not like their looks, their stories, their thinly concealed histories of opportunism. This was no country for the gambler, the racketeer, the fly-by-night merchant, the career seeker or the jack-of-all-trades. Very sorry, very sorry.

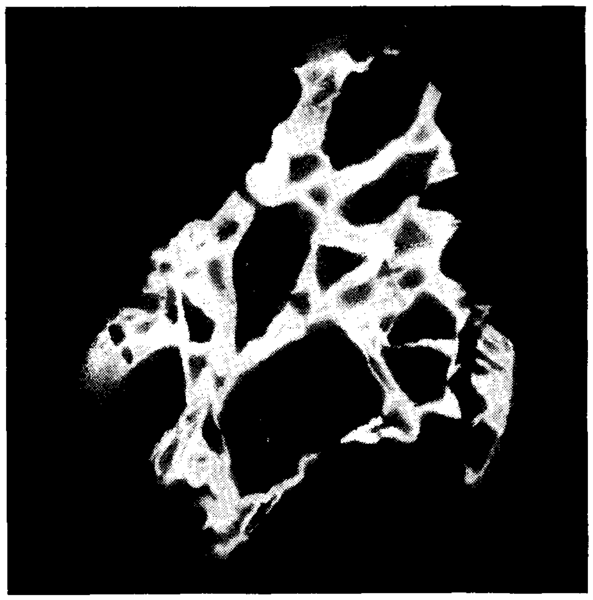
So you see it is something to get as far as we had when the Arctic storm, dissatisfied perhaps with the failure of the police to halt us, clamped down equally on the rich and the poor of us.

And the storm was beginning to weaken, although the radio was still most conservative in its good news. Listen: Snow and a forty-miler at Fort Resolution on Great Slave, five hundred miles to the north. Yesterday it had been snow and a fifty-miler. At Fort Smith, capital of the million and a half square miles of Canada known as the Northwest Territories, snow and wind. But yesterday it had been snow and a gale. We cheered the news. Wind? There'll always be wind. Let's go.

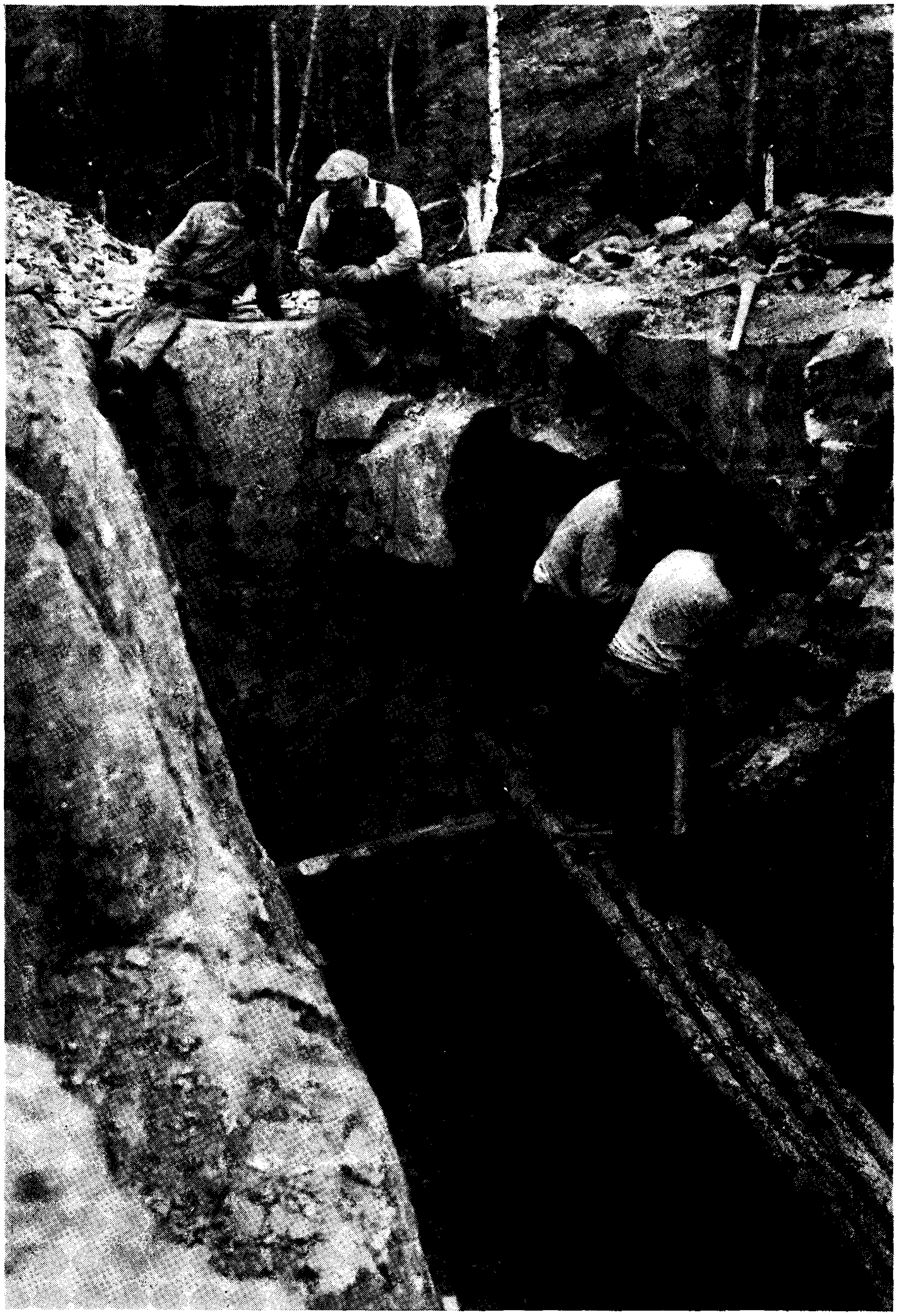
And at Chipewyan, the nearest radio station, two hundred bitter miles due north, snow and a pea-soup fog, a combination which would intimidate anyone but a madman escaped from his strait jacket. But if you persisted you could see through it—in spots. Yesterday you couldn't have broken through with dynamite. And this to us was glorious news. Let's be off.

Staggering, plunging, we made our way to the planes on the ice. Their motors were already roaring. The biggest—the one we call the boxcar—is Leigh Brintnell's. Brintnell, the boss of the Mackenzie Air Service fleet of freighters, can fly the territories blindfolded. His ships bring radium concentrates a thousand miles from Great Bear Lake to the railroad. The smallest plane, that meager flyabout which doesn't look as if it could stand any of the going you strike up here, is Bill Jewett's. Bill is the roaming field engineer for the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Cor-





The Northwest Territories, scene of the latest searches for gold and radium. Below: A radiograph photo of radium-bearing ore, showing the sheen given off by the pitchblende streaks



GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA

poration with headquarters at Trailover in British Columbia, and his advanced base at Goldfields on Lake Athabaska. Others were bound for a tiny island in the center of eleven thousand square miles of ice—Outpost Island, where, if you'd believe it all, Shunsby and Brady found gold in streaks and splotches on the surface of the rock. And still others were bound ultimately for Aklavik and the Coppermine country and Coronation Gulf, deep in the Arctic, carrying the royal mail. Talk about empire. The distances, the stories, the possibilities of wealth, space, suffering, peace, death—anything—would awaken the imagination of an iron horse. The outside world had dwindled to a puny sigh. We sniffed at the radio, which told us that Spain was cutting her throat, that a million armed Bolshies were marching through Red Square, that an odd little man named Hitler was shaking a soft white fist at Europe, that the government of France was teetering and that America was electing a President. News from distant and inconsequential hinterlands—that's all that was. Puny stuff which would have been snuffed out by the first roar of the storm which battered these million miles of God knows what.

Farewell to the Romance of the Past

But at last we're off—in the aftermath of a storm which would have kept us shivering in steaming rooms at home. And as long as we're off you might come with us and have a look at real vastness. You'll understand then why this is unlike any gold rush you've ever seen or read about or heard of. No sourdoughs with their mules and cans of beans in this country. No Dangerous Dan McGrews with forty-fives slapping their hips. No Tex Rickards with agate eyes and crooked smiles. No painted ladies, dance halls, faro games, roulette wheels, vigilantes, white-faced adventurers. No wild men hurling their nugget-heavy pokes down on the bars ordering champagne for all and sundry. No champagne. No roaring drunks. This is a story for engineers, scientists, bookkeepers and bankers to tell, not for scenario writers.

Now as we fly scan the wide horizon. And look hard because here and there you actually see it. It isn't often that you can, except during the nine brief weeks of summer when the sun shines nineteen hours a day and a resident can grow almost everything southern Alberta and the Dakotas can produce. But look anyway—snow or no snow—and know that until five years ago nobody but native trappers and the Hudson's Bay Company wanted any part of this country. With rare exceptions its timber is stunted. To the far horizon and for hundreds of miles beyond lie nothing but stands of jack pine, solidly frozen lakes and rock ledges—barren mountainous boulders. For years men who, back in civilization, were snickered at as lunatics came in with dreams but few ever came out with anything. Some never came out at all. And no one ever took the trouble to search for their bones. Some were geologists, some prospectors, some merely ignorant men who had listened to Indian tales of Indian gold—tall, unbelievable tales of stuff white men called wealth but at which the Indians sneered. But there were prospectors, forever thwacking away at specimen

(Continued on page 53)

Above: A pit at the Burwash Yellowknife mines, Great Slave Lake. Below: The small settlement that has grown up at Cameron Bay, seven miles from the Eldorado mines

The Great Snatch

Harmony Childs and Omar Gill entertaining again, with a little gorilla warfare to add to the excitement

By Frank Condon

OUR common sense having abandoned us for the time being and our luck being anyhow atrocious and horrible, we finally land out there in the precise middle of the blistering West, suffering some from the heat but mostly from a lack of jingling coins in the pants pocket. We have no dough whatever and are cast down and moody.

Our sole equipment is a moth-eaten covered truck, which Omar Gill borrowed out of a used-car lot while the man was at lunch, and there we are, aimlessly roaming about the countryside and bilking innocent yokels out of occasional gasoline. All three of us, Harmony, myself and Omar, are deathly sick of sleeping in a secondhand truck, and our guiding star, Harmony Childs, wears the fixed scowl of a man at the breaking point.

It is so bad that when we speak to him he snarls at us and we snarl back. What we are really doing in the Dust Bowl country, we are waiting for the depression to go and get itself by and over, for this is a personal depression or shortage that makes all other depressions seem like a tin-whistle tournament.

As would be bound to happen, Harmony festers around and finally thinks of something, sitting in the shadow of the truck and fanning himself. He thinks of Joe Ramsay, a rich farmer with estates and lowing herds, and as the Ramsay manor is not so far, we board the truck and rattle our way over the hills, Harmony being now more cheerful.

Soon we arrive at Joe's acres, where we find him living in moody solitude and he is no longer a rich farmer, able to help out three destitute pals. He is, in fact, now a poor farmer and waiting for a little aid from the White Father. The farm itself is full of weeds and desolation.

"I am leaving here," Joe told us at once. "I am bankrupt and will lose the joint anyhow, so I am going East and get myself on a dole. You three can stay here if you want to. There's a good roof and four beds."

"How do we eat?" inquired Omar, which will also be his first query if he ever faces St. Peter.

"That is an item to which I have given considerable thought," said Joe, and that same night he took the local bus and started for whatever fleshpots might be East.

THUS were we left in possession of the old homestead, sheltered from the elements, saved from further life in a covered truck and that's all. Back of the Ramsay barn, we discovered a sad-looking tomato patch and our first meal consisted of six courses, all tomatoes.

For breakfast, we had fried tomatoes and summer squash. This chaste diet continued for three days, when Omar suddenly appeared on the porch with a newspaper, which he had found sticking in a neighbor's mailbox. He handed it to Harmony, who read it through and slowly subsided into one of his trances. There is a far-off expression that comes upon our leader's countenance and it always indicates we are heading into action.

"There is a good, stout cellar under this house, isn't there?" he finally asked.

"Yes," said Omar, "and with nothing in it. Generally a farmer's cellar has a little food, such as potatoes and cabbage, but not this one."

"I believe it could be done," mused our thinker-up of schemes, "and if so, I would shoot at five thousand, and might take four."

"Tomatoes?" Omar asked.

"Dollars. We could hold him here indefinitely. There must be chains around a farm. Omar could watch him."

"I bet this is going to be good," commented our little man. "What are you talking about?"

"The newspaper," said Harmony, tapping it, "is filled with references to Beasley's Circus. All over the land, flaming billboards are going up. If you remember, the big attraction this season is to be Pongo, the talking gorilla."

"I READ about him," I said. "Captured in Java at risk of life and limb, talks fluently, answers questions, says yes and no with almost human intelligence."

"Gorillas don't talk," Omar put in, "except you two."

"This Beasley gorilla talks," barked Harmony, "and naturally Beasley expects to make a fortune when the circus opens. This is the first talking gorilla ever exhibited, seen or heard of anywhere."

"What do we do about it?" Omar sneered. "Go over and ask the ape where we can get hold of a little spending money?"

"No, kidnap him," our leader announced in a tone of triumph. "We confiscate Pongo, their main asset, keep him in Joe's cellar on a thick chain until old man Beasley pays ransom. As I said, four or five thousand. He'll pay it gladly."

Omar arose, whooped in derision, fired his hat at the ceiling and knocked off a lamp chimney.

"Mr. Childs," he said, "as our past leader in the more peaceful forms of crime, you have always been reliable. You now seem to have gone daffy, probably from tomato poisoning. George can go gorilla-stealing with you if he chooses, but not me. Anyhow, how could you kidnap a gorilla out of a circus? Hardly anybody would notice the crime, except eight or nine hundred guys, all armed with stakes."

"You don't take him out of the circus," Harmony explained. "He is removed quietly and without fuss. The details being as yet foggy to me, we better climb in the truck and hop over to Moundsville."

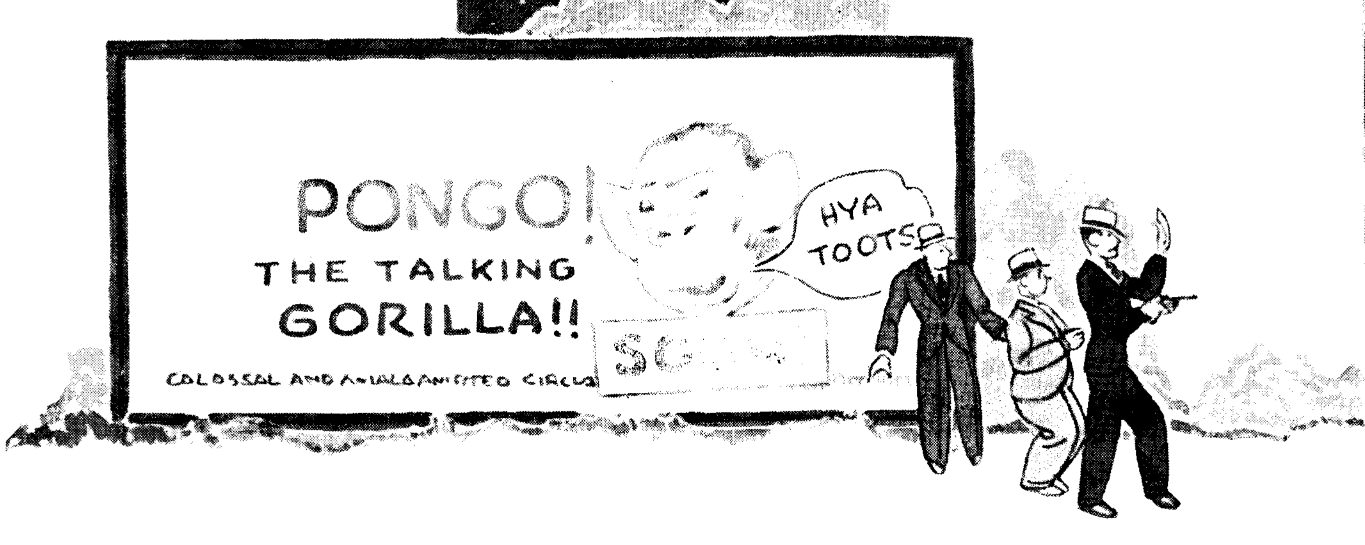
"When?" said Omar, without enthusiasm.

"Now," said the boss. "This minute. I yearn for action and here's the chance to turn over some dough."

MOUNDSVILLE happens to lie ten miles from Ramsay's farm. For years it has been winter quarters for Beasley's Colossal and Amalgamated Circus and Peerless Congeries of Gigantic and Sensational Exhibits, one of the annual features of life in the West. Each year it rolls across the face of the land in its own motors, pausing here and there to gather in the coins. Old man Beasley makes good each year with some spanking sensation or ace exhibit, and this year it was to be Pongo, the Ape that Talks like a Man.

Billboards proclaimed the sensational facts in red letters; pictures of Pongo lay on every farmhouse table, along with reference to his conversational gifts, and the story of his capture in the swamps of Java, where he all but killed a couple of gorilla catchers.

We rattled into Moundsville, Omar



driving the truck, hustled around to circus headquarters and investigated the layout. The hired men were busily getting ready for the opening of the new season, but no Pongo was on hand. There was secrecy about Pongo and the employees declined to answer questions.

One important fact came up. Pongo was due to arrive from the Coast on Saturday morning and would be there for the grand opening. All afternoon we loitered, seeking useful data. Everyone admitted Pongo would bring the money rolling in when the tents went up. On the way back home, Harmony was his old self again, chuckling, breaking into smiles, slapping Omar on the back.

"Like taking the mite away from a widow," he said, beaming on us. "What paused me a little was, how do you snatch a gorilla out of a circus, with all those people . . .?"

"Well, how do you?" Omar demanded. "We have tackled some rare babies, but we never tried to steal a gorilla. He'll be in a cage, so I suppose we need a derrick."

"No, but we need a gun," said our leader thoughtfully. "I think I saw a gun at Joe's place."

"You did," Mr. Gill admitted with a grunt. "There is a gun in the bedroom bureau drawer and it stays there. I may be only a gorilla snatcher, but I am not shooting any people this week."

"YOU can't have a modern kidnaping without a gun. We hold up the truck, don't we? I suppose we do that with a clay pipe or a banana?"

"What truck?" we asked wonderingly.

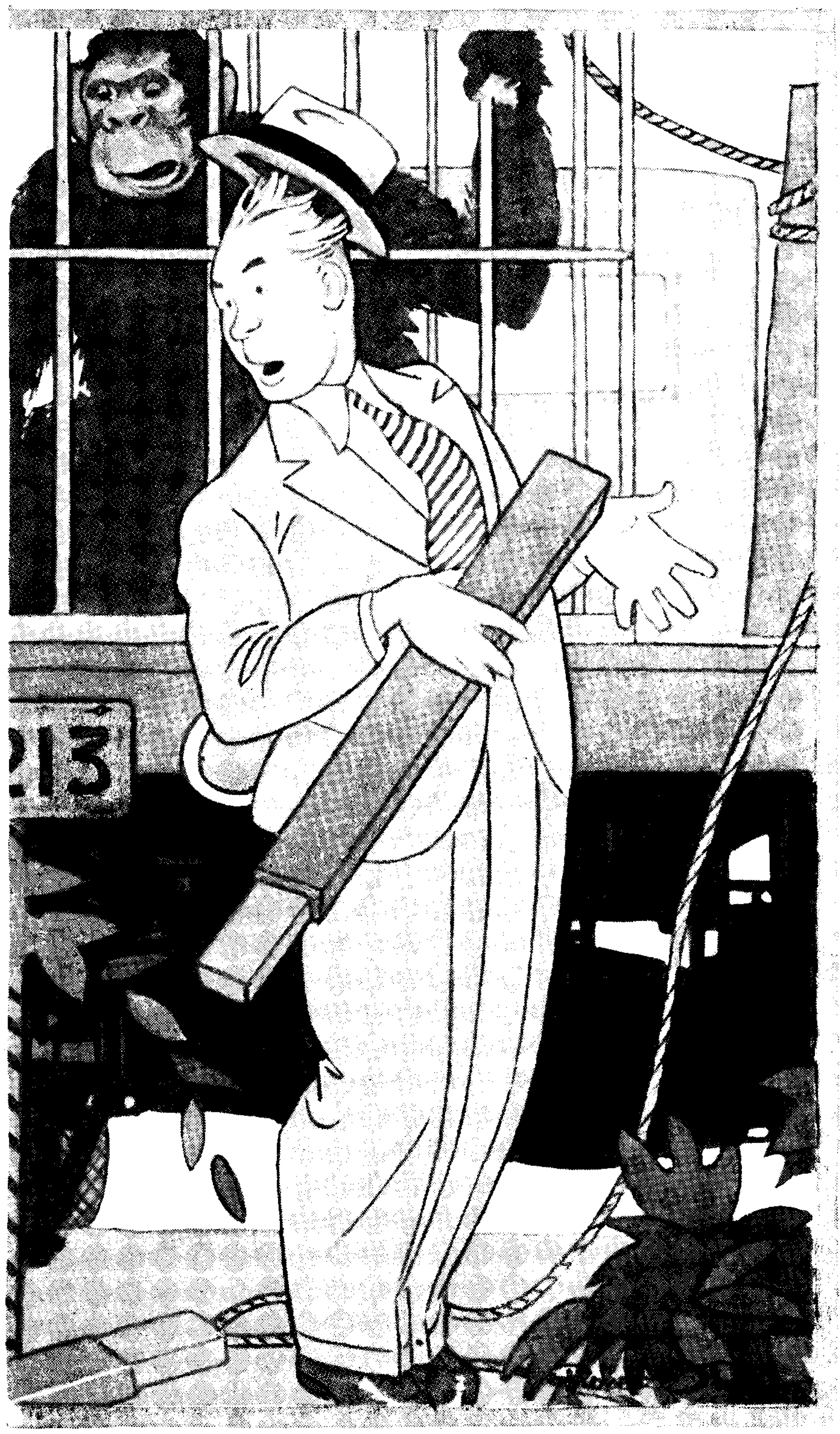
"The one bringing Pongo from the coast. If it wasn't for that truck, I don't believe we could make it."

"I don't believe so yet," muttered our gloomy companion. "We are all going to have three short haircuts pretty soon by the jail barber."

"All right," Harmony snapped. "If you're yellow and want to drop out, drop out. I'm going after this large money, and if you help, you'll get your share, one third. Otherwise you can start walking north right now."

"I'll stick," grumbled Omar. "Just to be around when they slip on the leg irons."

"Who you talking to?" he demanded, looking at Omar. "That wasn't me," gasped our little comrade. "That was the gorilla"



Without further delay, Harmony plunged into the preparations, as the main part of any kidnaping is foundation work. There was a rusty gun upstairs, with no bullets, which suited me fine, as I am bashful in the presence of any gun down to a beanshooter. Omar Gill is likewise terrified and admits it. Harmony is afraid, too, but pretends he isn't. Down cellar we found a stout ring stuck in the wall, and plenty of chains in the barn, all items you require when you go rounding up gorillas. Harmony was pleased with the accidental completeness of our equipment.

"What does a gorilla eat?" Omar inquired, he being prospective keeper of the ape. "He may be in the cellar several days."

"I don't know what they usually eat," Harmony replied, "but this one eats tomatoes and summer squash."

Then came the ransom note for old man Beasley, a brisk, businesslike request for five thousand American smackers in tens, twenties and fifties.

"Wrap the money in a newspaper," Harmony wrote, "and put it in culvert 36 under the highway where the roads cross. After we get the money, you get Pongo back safe and sound. Don't inform police, as this is between you and us. And do it quick."

"There," said our leader proudly, "that covers everything. He knows which culvert, as there is only one crossroad. What'll I sign it?"

"Sign it a couple of dumbheaded saps," Omar suggested, but Harmony finally signed it, "Chicago Louie," to make it look sinister, and after that all we had to do was wait until Saturday morning and the truck from Hefferdon. Omar grew gradually more nervous and couldn't even eat tomatoes. Harmony remained serene and outlined the plan.

"THE Beasley truck rambles along Saturday morning due in Moundsville around noon. . . . All right. . . . It comes from Hefferdon, over a lonely road. . . . Okay. We meet the truck on foot, armed with this gun, hold up the truck, chase the driver, confiscate the truck, drive it over to where our own truck is hidden, transfer gorilla and cage, rush back to this farm, and there you are."

"Where are we?" demanded our little drawback. "What if the men on the truck start shooting at us?"

"If they do, we're dead. But they won't. Circus drivers are never permitted to carry guns. Why would they?"

"It would be just my luck," said Omar, "to meet a truck driver whose one hobby is carrying a gun. From the start-off, I told you this job was cockeyed. You wait and see."

"Have you got a better one?"

"I have none at all, but none at all is better than this one. And write another note telling somebody what to do with our bodies."

We were up and about early Saturday morning, and after a light breakfast of fried tomatoes, we started in our rusty truck for our first job of animal snatching. First off, we carefully concealed our covered vehicle in a gulch leading from Hefferdon highway, a dim and ideal spot for operating unseen, filled with trees and nary a house for miles. We shoved her nose into the bushes, climbed out and started for the highway, Harmony bearing the gun and ransom note, and for what seemed about an hour, we pegged along on foot, meeting nobody, Omar assuring us plaintively that no good would ever come of this day's work.

ROUNDING a sharp turn, we halted and decided to wait. In half an hour, a speck appeared on the distant horizon, and as it came on we realized that our victim was approaching. It was a Beasley truck, and you could tell it a mile away. She roared onward serenely, an ordinary open platform truck, two men perched on the seat in front and behind them, lashed to the side stakes of the truck a circus animal cage containing Pongo, the Talking Ape. We could see the steel bars flash in the sun.

Thereupon we lined up in the middle of the road, Harmony Childs holding the gun unsteadily, and I could hear Omar's teeth chatter. Some of his teeth are gone, but with the ones that remain, he can really chatter. The rushing truck slowed for the curve, the driver saw us, three brave Horatios at the bridge, and we could hear the brakes squeal abruptly. It was at once apparent there would be no bloodshed, battle or wounded.

"Get down," Harmony ordered, assuming a snarling and vicious tone and without further urging, the truckmen descended, holding their hands aloft without being told. They looked even more frightened than we did.

"Now," continued our fearless leader, in a more snarly voice, "sit down in the ditch, say nothing and keep on sitting. Here's a letter for old man Beasley and see that he gets it."

He tossed them the ransom note and one of them spoke up timidly. "Are youse birds holdups or kidnapers?"

"We're kidnapers," said Harmony fiercely, "and if you say any more about it, I'll plug you."

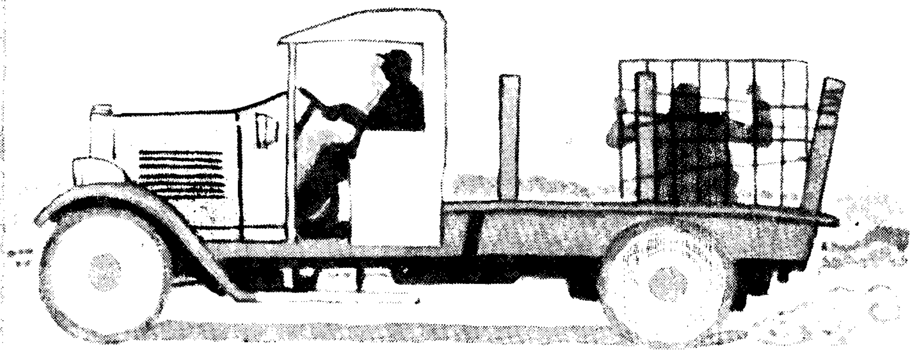
They said no more. Without further delay, the three of us climbed hastily aboard, Harmony pointing the gun at the silent and astounded figures in the ditch.

"If you want to see this gorilla again," snapped Harmony, "give that letter to Beasley and tell him to act fast. We are the kind of kidnapers that don't wait very long."

We sped from the scene. The truck

(Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



Football Follies

Here's a football coach who ignores discipline, tells his players to have a good time and incidentally shows them how to win games. Tiny Thornhill, Stanford's head man, is an ex-cripple who was taught to play football by a horse doctor way back in Pennsylvania

By C. E. "Tiny" Thornhill with Frank J. Taylor

OLD Doc Shannon, the veterinarian, is the man I can thank more than anyone else for three tries at the championship in the Rose Bowl. My hat's off to Bobby Grayson, Bones Hamilton, Monk Moscrip and all the rest of the Laughing Boys on the Stanford team. They did their stuff. But if it hadn't been for the old Doc I would never have been in the Rose Bowl at all, nor in any other football game, for that matter.

I was about eight years old when Doc Shannon started making a footballer out of me. I was not very promising material. When he first laid eyes on me, I was sitting in a chair on the porch of our home in Pennsylvania not far from Pittsburgh. I felt all right, but I couldn't move a muscle from my ribs down. My legs were paralyzed and I couldn't stand up alone. The old Doc looked me over the way he did my grandfather's colts.

My mother explained that I had taken sick on the river boat which my father operated between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. She told him how I got over the illness, except that it left me paralyzed; how they had taken me to doctor after doctor, including the best physicians in Pittsburgh; how they had diagnosed my ailment as meningitis and had given me up as a hopeless cripple. I had been sitting there helpless for three months.

"That ought not be," declared old Doc Shannon. "He's too young to be a cripple. He ought to be out there kicking a football around with the other boys."

He had my parents get some extra stout shoes for me. Then he designed some copper plates for the toes and soles and heels. They were so heavy it was all I could do to drag my feet along, even when someone held me upright while I tried to walk. It was painful to move my legs at all. Every time I took a step it felt as though they had gone to sleep.

"That's just the muscles coming to life," said Doc Shannon. "Keep it up and you will be playing football next year."

He was right. In a few weeks I could walk alone in a clumsy sort of way. Then Doc Shannon made me try to run. At first I used to stumble and spill on my nose. I'd run into trees because I couldn't guide my feet. Doc Shannon told me to do a lot of swimming so that I could kick my legs around. He had my father build me some horizontal bars. I worked out on them, hanging by my toes and knees. Slowly I recovered control of my legs. What I had was infantile paralysis, a disease they knew very little about in those days.

By the time I came of high school age, I was playing real football. I was big for my age. When the Beaver High School team that I played with beat the Geneva College All-Stars 26 to 0, Joe Thompson, coach of the University of Pittsburgh football team, and a great football enthusiast, urged me to enter Pitt and try out for the squad. That was recognition, because it took a real football player to make the Pitt Juggernaut.

I figure I got a lot more from old Doc Shannon than the use of my legs again. I learned from him to look beneath the skin of the boys I am working with. If the old Doc hadn't kept everlastingly at it, encouraging me and making me want to play football with the other boys, I never would have dragged those heavy copper-plated boots around with the muscles of my legs aching and twitching. The old Doc had a way of looking inside a youngster and finding out how to draw him out. I have tried to follow the same scheme.

I guess my way of training a football team looks pretty unorthodox to most coaches. I don't have any ironclad rules for the boys. I don't put them on a hard and fast diet. I don't forbid them to smoke, nor tell them when to go to bed. I know and they know that if they don't keep in training, it will show on the practice field. I don't try to make every fellow on the squad do the same thing. I try to treat each player as an individual. We just get out there and play ball and have a good time. I don't even hold secret practice.

A Warning from the Enemy Scout

Take that last day of practice when we were putting the finishing touches on our plays for the Southern Methodist game in the Rose Bowl. We were practicing out in the Bowl and there were a lot of fellows in the bleachers. The gates were wide open. A boy came out on the turf looking for me.

"Matty Bell, the Southern Methodist coach, is up there in the bleachers," he said. "He sent me down to let you know that he and several of his players were watching you fellows practice."

That was typical of Matty Bell, who is one of the finest, squarest men I have ever known. He didn't want to slip anything over on us.

"Tell Matty to come down and watch us from the field if he wants to," I told the messenger. "We haven't any secrets from him."

I really meant it. As a matter of fact, we were polishing off a couple of new plays. I called my squad

"Tiny" Thornhill and his new assistant coach, Bobby Grayson, twice All America selection

There are no ironclad rules at the Stanford training camp. Coach Thornhill (second from the right) imposes no hard and fast diet, does not forbid smoking, nor does he tell the boys when to go to bed. But the boys know that if they don't keep in training it will show on the practice field and they impose rigid discipline on themselves

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S BY GABRIEL MOULIN

together and told them the Mustang coach and several of the players were watching us.

"Let's see if you can handle these plays so that they can't even tell what you are doing," I said. "If we can't fool them now, we can't fool them in the game."

I have never seen a practice go off like the one that afternoon. The boys fell into the spirit of the thing and our plays clicked so fast that one of the Southern California scouts, Cliff Herd, told me he didn't detect what we were up to even though he had been watching every formation.

We ran off every play that afternoon that we used in the S. M. U. game. To my way of thinking, all this fuss about secret practice is a lot of hocus-pocus. You can let anybody go out on the practice field and still not give away your strategy.

Laughing Boys Give Serious Results

Just between us coaches (if you are football fan enough to have read this far, you are at least a bleacher coach) there is a lot of horse-radish in the build-up they give a football team these days. Football is still a game even if the half-million-dollar earnings of a winning team in a good season do make it pretty serious business.

The players on the Stanford team that I have coached during the past three years have been known as "The Laughing Boys" because they got out and romped around on the turf and seemed to have a good time playing football. They graduated in a block last June, and the sports writers have been saying that was the last of "The Laughing Boys." and that I'd have to go to work in a serious way this season. But I still have a lot of frolicking youngsters on my team and I think they will have just as much fun this season and the next and the next as did the "Laughing Boys."

Old Doc Shannon used to say that if you take the harness off a young horse you have a colt again. I like to coach a bunch of young colts on a football field.

It is one of the follies of football that you have to take the game so seriously. I don't mean the players and the coaches. They know that if one team wins another must lose. But the sports writers, and the fans and especially the alumni put the pressure on so hard that it makes the game mighty serious business for a crowd of youngsters in their teens.

Looking back over twenty-five years on the gridiron, I see the game as an endless series of good laughs and real thrills ever since Doc Shannon made a footballer out of me.

In spite of my bad start in athletics, I was big and tall for my age. When I went to college I was as husky as any other member of the Pitt Juggernaut and that was the greatest aggregation of heavyweights I have ever known.

The Pitt Juggernaut was such a powerful outfit that it could push almost any team off the gridiron. In spite of their weight, the big fellows on the team were fast. Every man in the line had previously played in the backfield. We used the old Minnesota shift and relied upon power plays. Still, Pittsburgh was not known as a great football team.

In 1913, Pop Warner was riding high with his Carlisle Indians. They had walloped Dartmouth and Cornell and had taken on Pittsburgh as a breather between the Cornell game and the Penn game, which was their big game. Pop figured the Indians were good enough to knock us off without much effort. To his surprise, we beat him not only that year but the next as well.

After that game Pop made the crack to some of the football powers at Pittsburgh that if he had material like that he could lick any two teams in the country on the same day. They took him at his word and hired him.

That was the beginning of the great winning streak of the Pitt Juggernaut, and the team went through three seasons with only one defeat. What Pop said was literally true. He invariably had a team on the bench that was as good as the first team. When we had practice games, between the first and second teams, neither one could push the other away from the middle of the field.

Two-Hundred-Pound Horseplay and Clean Fun

In many ways the Stanford team I have coached during the past three years was another Pitt Juggernaut. The Stanford players were not as large nor as relentless a scoring machine, but they had the same spirit that prevailed at Pitt. Both teams went in for a lot of horseplay and clean fun. Both made a game of football and had the time of their lives in the ball game.

There was a lot of spirit on the Pitt team. The boys worried Pop almost to death. He had been a strict disciplinarian at Carlisle. To the Indian boys he was "Big Chief." Anything he said was a law. But not so with us. We figured we knew what we could do and all he had to do was to tell us how to do it. We were

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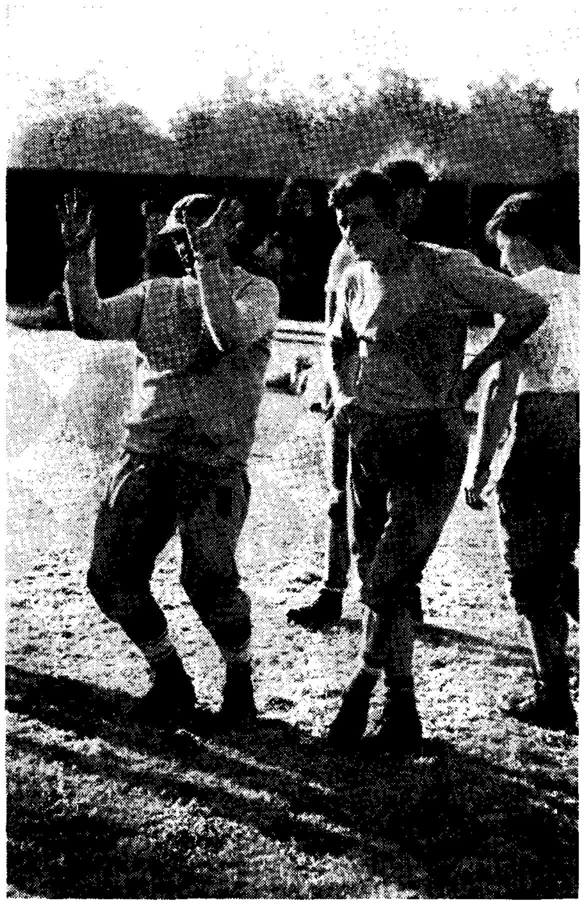
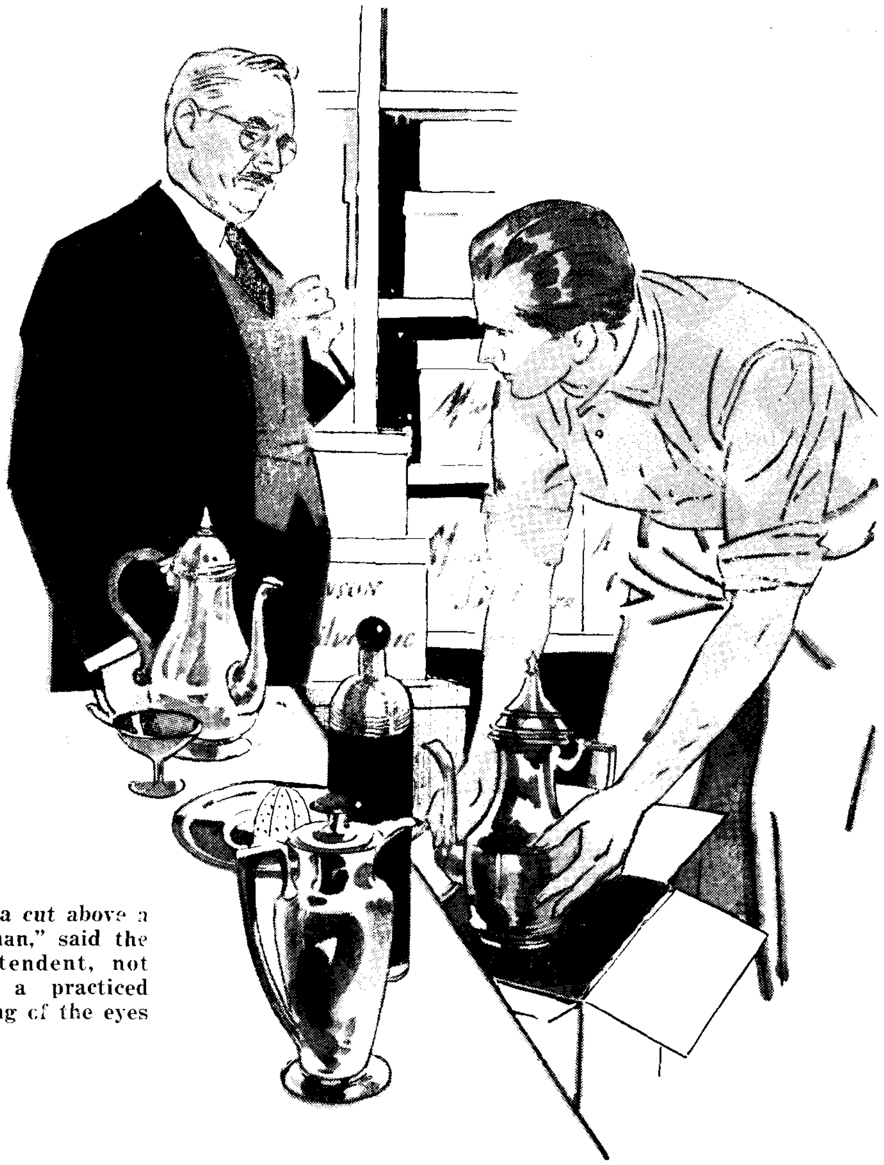


Coach Thornhill and Bobby Grayson directing an early practice session at Stanford



"You're a cut above a handy man," said the superintendent, not without a practiced narrowing of the eyes

The Bluff

Young Mr. Starrett learns how to take it on the chin, brilliantly assisted by a very understanding girl

By Charles Bonner

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

MAYBE the trouble with Lynn Starrett was his boyhood memory of Uncle Dan, a gay and charming fellow with a batik tie, an Eddie Foy smile and a carillon laugh, who gambled all night in staterooms, compartments and lower berths. Like a glowworm, he would light with sudden brilliance in the rather umber Starrett household—and be away before he could be caught.

When Lynn was impressionably thirteen, Uncle Dan gave him some advice: "Bluff 'em, my lad," he said. "That's the way to get on with gentlemen at cards—and ladies at all times."

When the boy grew up, he didn't become a gambler. His mother, who was devoted to Brother Dan and understood him—saw to that. But he unconsciously copied his uncle's laugh and consciously remembered his advice, quite overlooking the fact that it hadn't paid any dividends.

Lynn went into the advertising business in the roaring twenties. He had everything—a sort of Viking personality, brains, simplicity, manners that charmed both men and women and the infectious, ringing laugh. But, chiefly, he had Uncle Dan's advice. He was on top of the heap two years out of college.

"Why start at the bottom?" he said.

One day in the fall of 1935—after eight years of triumphs, more or less—he said to his secretary, "Mary Hamilton, you're troubled about the future of Hodges, Sawtelle & Starrett. I can see it in the wobble of that small, tough chin."

"Correct."

Lynn rose from his desk, reached for his hat, gloves and stick—the pearl-gray Homburg, fawn gloves and malacca stick.

"Mary Hamilton, what is *your* salary?"

"Sixty dollars a week—as you know perfectly well."

"At three o'clock we'll make it a hundred."

Lynn twirled the stick three times in the vertical plane and once in the horizontal. "Lunching with the Lockwood Oil people. I'll tear 'em to pieces. The billing should be a million. Back at three."

At luncheon, Mr. Lockwood, Junior, explained to Mr. Starrett very courteously that it happened the advertising account of Lockwood Oils, Ltd., was to go to the Cosmopolitan Agency. He was aware, he said, that Hodges, Sawtelle & Starrett was one of the leading houses in the country and at the very top in "service," but special considerations made it seem advisable to place the business elsewhere, et cetera, and so forth.

"Please keep in touch with us," said Mr. Lockwood, Junior, overheartily. "We're by no means certain the present arrangement will work out."

It occurred to Lynn, with no particular uneasiness, that lately he had been invited to "keep in touch" with a good many concerns and that remarkably few seemed inclined to a greater intimacy.

Back at the office, he found Mary Hamilton standing beside his desk, silently patting a bunch of jonquils in a blue vase.

"I'm not waiting for the raise," she said. "I'm not interested." She looked at him from under eyebrows which were straight, brown and more than a pencil line in thickness. "Besides, I can tell. The Lockwood people let you down."

"There's more fish in the pond," he boomed cheerfully. He invariably boomed. People liked it. It had been part of his early success.

Mary's face looked unimpressed. But Lynn didn't see that. He was already happily busy with a file of prospect cards.

"Next victim," he said. "Who shall it be? I'll knock 'em down. Feel just fit for it. Tell you what. I'll pull in two new accounts before the end of the month or the firm'll give you a trip to Bermuda. Give it to you anyway."

"Lynn—this time I'm going to make you listen!" Mary exclaimed.

THE attack was sharp and sudden. Lynn looked up. "What's that? Um, what a dead-set little pan. Take it off, Mary. It doesn't go with the gossamer locks."

Into a chair next his Mary lowered a figure above criticism, put her elbows on her knees, her chin in her palms. "Lynn, there's something you've got to know for your own good. Apparently no one else will tell you—now don't make the obvious crack—that this business is on the way out. It isn't half funny."

He didn't get her direction but he said, "I'm serious." And he was. He valued Mary. He had for six years. He called her his office wife. They both laughed about it. It was a little more than that. They worked every day together and Wednesday nights they talked it over at Nardi's over a steak and a bottle of Chianti. There was no one to mind.

"Last week we lost the Archery Mills, the week before the Millington paper people, not so long ago Universal Typewriter. And Munson Silverware—that's a crime! Old Carvel Gibbons thought the sun rose on you, and you let it set! Something's simply got to be done—and it's distinctly up to you."

"Me?" He looked as aggrieved as a sheep.

"Yes, you. You started off eight years ago, in the great days when *nobody* could help make money—sorry—and, for a while, you looked like the Destruction of Pompeii in fireworks. You were the boy wonder—not sorry—fresh out of college and the whole world licked. Peak was 1930, then you started down and now—"

"There was a depression. Hadn't you heard?"

"THERE *was*. But for the last year or so things have been on the up. And that's what *you* apparently haven't heard. Other agencies are grabbing old accounts from you and new ones from under your nose. Clearly, they've forgotten the depression. But not Hodges, Sawtelle & Starrett. Or, to be slavishly precise, its business-getting department."

Lynn bowed. "What do you suggest doing about it?"

"Bluntly—take stock of yourself. The right goods are there but they're stowed away on the back shelves. It's up to you to—"

"Me? What've I done? I might modestly suggest that when I came into the firm the principal account was Potter's Patent Paper Clip, billing thirty thousand a year. Within six months I'd got Devau Perfumes at a million and within eighteen Consolidated Motors at seven and—"

The elaborate patience with which she surveyed the ceiling reduced him to silence. "That's ancient history," she said. "What happened in twenty-eight and twenty-nine won't ever happen again. All you needed in those days were a custom-made suit and a football reputation—both of yours were correct—to help yourself to a slice of surplus profits of any company. I'm telling you today it's different. You've got to *know* something! You've got to *do* something! Hand-shakings, back-pats, sidecars and party girls aren't enough. You've got to change your technique. What I'm asking you to do is to use your brains and take some of the weight off your personality."

Little white patches appeared around Lynn's temples and his normally quiescent Adam's apple turned over a couple of times.

"Thanks, Mary." His voice lacked a good deal in appreciation.

Her brown eyes rested thoughtfully on his face. But he didn't see that. He was making falsely absorbed passes at the prospect cards.

"What are you going to do about it?"

He looked up quickly. "Mary, I'm going to continue to run my business along my lines." He took the curse off it with an affectionate smile; finally the celebrated laugh tolled. Rising, he reached for his hat, stick and gloves. "Be a good girl and get those letters out to the rayon people this afternoon." He twirled the cane. "And trust your Uncle Lynn."

"The interview isn't over."

"Oh, now, Mary."

"I'm quitting." The chin unmistakably wobbled.

He cupped an ear. "Little hard of hearing."

"You've heard about rats and sinking ships. Rats have been underrated. They've got sense."

LYNN offered her an incandescent grin. "Not give up sixty dollars a week and my inspiring collaboration?"

"Something like that. I've my own ideas for a business—on sound lines." She smiled sweetly. "I plan to give people something for their money."

"Ouch! Goodby, darling. See you tomorrow."

He swung out, the cane providing a third jaunty leg.

Mary contemplated the conquering retreat of his figure with a knot in her throat and fog in her eyes. "He'll have to find out for himself," she said. "The sweet—oh, the complete ass!"

In the elevator corridor, Lynn passed the acidotic Sawtelle, wearily inserting a dyspepsia tablet into his mouth. He dropped a bear's paw on his partner's shoulder and boomed, "Well, old top, we're after 'em!"

There was no corresponding gesture of cheer from Sawtelle. He grunted and passed on.

"Terrible things, these stomachs," thought Lynn sympathetically.

A note took the place of Mary at the office the next morning. It was stuck in the jonquils and said: "Sorry, Lynn, it's the truth. I've got a sounder racket. Wish me luck. You know what I mean by love. Mary. P. S.—Wednesday, as usual."

LYNN went around in a mist for a week, and a fat woman with heavy-lensed glasses replaced Mary—at thirty dollars. He was relieved, however, to know that Mary's attitude toward steak Châteaubriand was still sound.

The partnership dissolved in December, because there was no longer any business to be partners about. Emptying his desk drawers, Lynn counseled himself: "What you've got to do is keep a stiff upper bluff. It's worked before. It'll work again."

The reflection cheered him and he went almost buoyantly into Sawtelle's office to make the goodby official. Sawtelle was surprisingly genial. When Lynn

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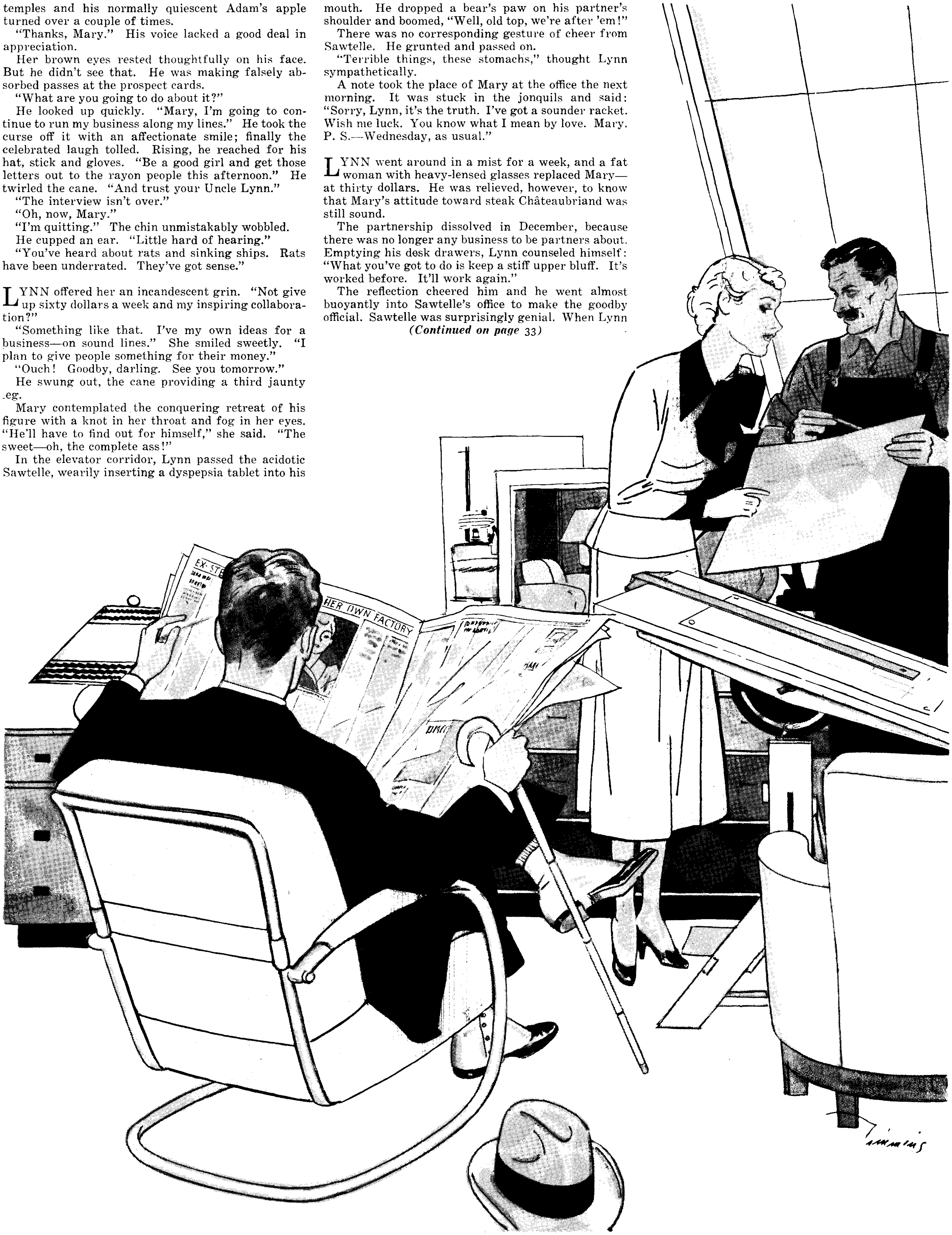


"I must get to work," she said briskly. She left him holding a newspaper and went into earnest conversation with a tall man in overalls

Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

ALONE for a few moments on Tunganan, one of a number of Pacific Ocean islands, where, with the backing of the wealthy Justin Lowry, he is developing large plantations, John Barrett encounters a woman—young, beautiful, apparently suffering from shock.

Questioning her, he can learn nothing other than that she is Tonai Merriam, wife of Neal Merriam, a coconut planter. Whereupon, he does some quick thinking. With Marise Lowry, Justin Lowry's daughter, to whom he is engaged, and Mr. Lowry, he is preparing to return to his base island, his home, Malangai, on Mr. Lowry's yacht, "Seasweep." Can he, *dare* he, take this lovely waif back to Malangai with him?

It requires only a few moments for John Barrett to come to a decision. And within a few hours, despite the protests of Marise and her father (who regard the young stranger as an unwelcome intruder, possibly worse), Tonai Merriam is comfortably quartered in a room in Barrett's rambling, old stone house in Malangai. The Lowrys are also guests: likewise, the sternly conventional Mrs. Holderness, *one of their distant relatives.*

On the evening of his return to Malangai, Barrett discusses various problems with Charley Vaughn, skipper of "Seasweep," and Henry Shane, his assistant. Then, in answer to a scream, he runs to Mrs. Merriam's room and she falls into his arms, fainting. Glancing through the door, he sees Henry Shane, apparently asleep in the window embrasure. Surprised, he enters the room. Shane is dead—he has been stabbed with a knife or kris: *and the window is latched from within!*

Barrett immediately notifies the nearest post of the Philippine Constabulary. "Hold Mrs. Merriam," is the answer, "for questioning *concerning the disappearance of Neal Merriam.* Good man will come to you by plane in morning."

Interrogated, Mrs. Merriam tells an amazing story. Shane, she asserts, had entered her room, walked to the window, been stabbed from without; while dying, she says, he had pulled the shutter to and locked it. Barrett searches for the killer's weapon; he fails to find it. Then he goes to bed. Near him, just outside his mosquito bar, is a .45 revolver. On the verge of drifting off to sleep, he is aroused by someone groping for an entrance through the bar. Instantly, he reaches for his gun. *It is gone!*

III

IMPOSSIBLE to know what I would have done then. But now a whisper sounded in the dark, very faint, but incisive and unmistakable. It came from the dense dark beside my bed, no more than two feet from my ear.

"Señor, Jefe. Señor Barrett, Jefe. . . . It is me."

"It's who?"

"Nural Hakim. Please, Jefe, do not make light."

"All right. All right, Hakim—*causa?*"

"Jefe, I have found something. I think it is something you want to see. I think so very much."

"Found something? What is it?"

"Please, Jefe, I want your own eyes to see." Courtesy, even deference, but no trace of servility, in those cleanly articulated words. Nural Hakim had the peculiar dignity of the true fighting man. "I show where. Please, Jefe, if you can come with me."

It gave me a peculiar creep along the spine to realize that this Moro must have been concealed in the room since I had first come in; waiting patiently, no doubt, for me to put out my light. Or—even more disturbing thought—perhaps this man was able to go and come unheard. He had wanted, evidently, to speak to me in the unimpeachable secrecy of the dark. But what the performance brought home to me was the fact that in this part of the world ordinary precautions were a useless defense. He could have cut me down at will.

And from what little I knew of Nural Hakim, and Moros in general, I was not at all certain that he might not take it into his head, for some obscure reason, to do exactly that. The Moros are a peculiar people, subject to savage passions, but immune to fear. I believe them to be sincere in their Mohammedan religion to the point of fanaticism, and rigidly moral in their lives, but their pride is very brittle, and they are quick to take offense. I do not believe they understand loyalty, or honesty, in the forms that white men understand these things. And there is a queer streak in these brown men which sometimes causes them to run insanely amuck, killing indiscriminately with their favorite weapon—the Moro kris. It is a terrible weapon, with a keen wavy edge, and an offset handle which enables a slicing stroke, such as will irresistibly sheer through bone itself.

I HAVE never understood what unseen threads of native psychology prolong a man's life among such a people; and I did not know what to expect from Nural Hakim now.

"What is it you want to show me?" I asked again.

Hakim was so close to the mosquito net that I could smell the betel upon the Moro's breath. "Something that the rain will wash away, Jefe," he whispered, "unless you come soon."

"Outside, then?"

"In the compound, Jefe, not twelve meters from the house."

"You better tell me what it is, I think."

The Moro's next words were very typical, as if he were literally translating from some other tongue of the jungle and the sea.

"It is for the Jefe's eyes to explain this foolishness," Nural Hakim said.

I recognized the stubbornness in that. Long ago I had given up arguing with these brown men. If Hakim had made up his mind, hours of talking would accomplish nothing.

"Very well."

I rose, and hunted about for my slicker.

"No slicker," the Moro adjured me. "No boots."

"Why not?"

"Please, Jefe, too much noise. No, not by the door. By the window, Jefe."

I was irritated, the more so because there was nothing about this procedure which I liked. I think I was justified in a strong distaste for prowling in the dark with a potential krisman whose motives I did not understand. Yet stronger than this aversion was a fear that I was being offered a glimpse of something which I did not dare ignore.

"No light," he cautioned me again. "No sound."

"Hakim," I demanded, "what are you afraid of?"

"When my time comes that it is my time to die," was his unsatisfactory answer, "it is needful I die in my own way."

I turned back for a moment, and this time was able to find my automatic. It was under the mattress, but not where it should have been. I suppose the Moro had moved it, so that I would not shoot him by mistake in the dark.

My slicker and boots I left off, out of sheer impatience; but I wasn't going to go crawling through windows, for him.

"Come along here," I said. I walked out of the room, and out of the house, by a back way, into the compound; and he came at my heels, silently, without further argument.

The gritty mud of Malangai squashed between the toes of my unshod feet, and the mild rain streamed over me with the volume of a waterfall as I stepped outside.

"Show me what you have to show," I ordered him.

Nural Hakim led out, a black shadow in blackness. Sometimes I have been willing to admit what some believe—that the Moros can see in the dark. I followed him more by instinct than anything else as he proceeded along the coral walls of the house. Near the window in which Henry Shane had died he swerved outward, and we wormed our way through the sway of wind-punished bamboo. Then, in the heart of a bamboo clump the Moro stopped.

"Jefe," Nural Hakim said, speaking distinctly now, so that he could be heard through the thrum and high rattle of the bamboo, "please to look."

The bright flash of an electric torch bloomed at my feet, amazingly bright and strong after all that darkness. Nural Hakim was squatting as he held the light, shielding it as well as he could with his body and his hands; but that he disliked and feared the necessity of light was evident, for after a brief flash he darkened it again.

Yet the brief flash had been long enough. In the circle of light from the electric torch I had seen something I was never going to forget—the face of a Bilaan boy staring upward sightlessly, shiny with the drench of the rain. It was Gagahan, the boy whom I had sent after Lon Llewellyn.

"*Muerto,*" Nural Hakim said. It was an unnecessary remark; I had seen that the boy was dead.

There was a movement at my feet in the dark, and then Nural Hakim's light flashed on again. I saw instantly that he had now turned over the body of the Bilaan boy, and his light was focused closely on something in the soil which had been protected beneath. As I saw what it was I dropped on one knee, peering closely to be sure that what I saw was there in truth. In the pressure of the moment I forgot to consider, then, that for all I knew I was stooping to a *coup de grâce* of the Moro's kris.

SHARP and plain in the soil upon which Gagahan had lain was the imprint of a white man's boot heel.

Even then, without thinking about it, I knew that it could not have been made by the rounded rubber of Charley Vaughn's sea boots, when we had been searching for the knife; for the mark showed that this boot heel had an edge.

Nural Hakim's light winked out again, and for a few moments I stood motionless, upright in the rain. My mind was racing over the possible meanings of this thing, and I was wondering what might best be done. It was hopeless, I decided, to attempt a preservation of that heel print in any form. Already the reviving fibers of the crushed grass, and the formless disintegration of the soil under the watery soak, had three-quarters spoiled the value of the clue.

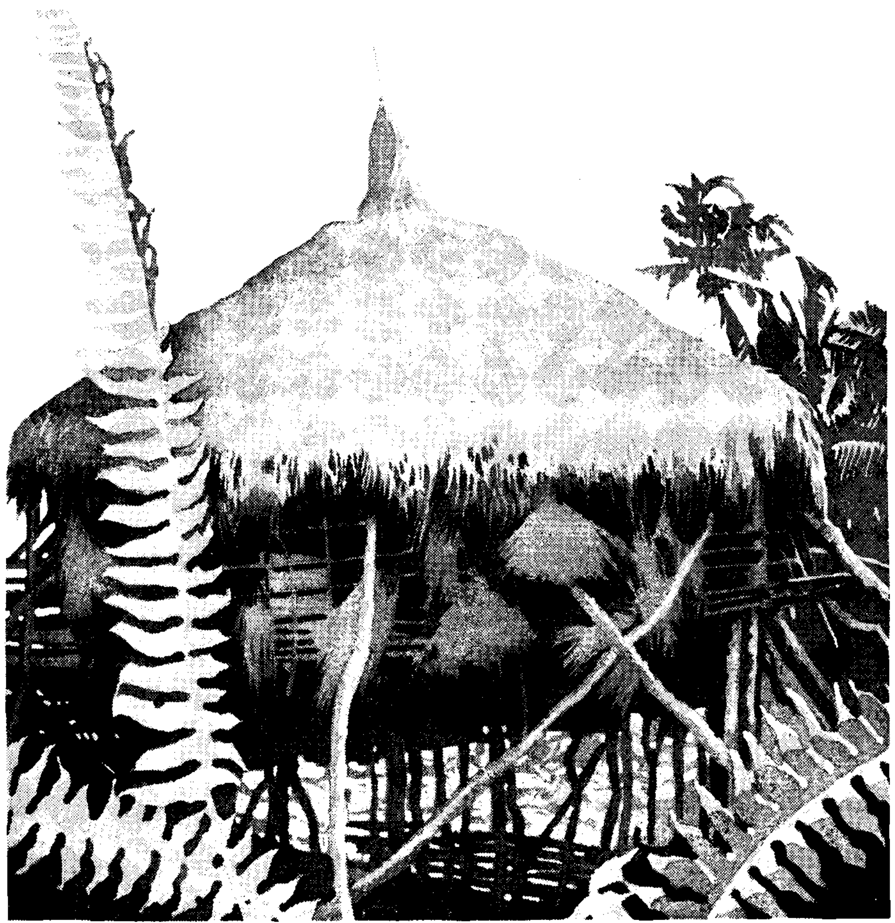
"Hakim," I demanded, "who made that print?"

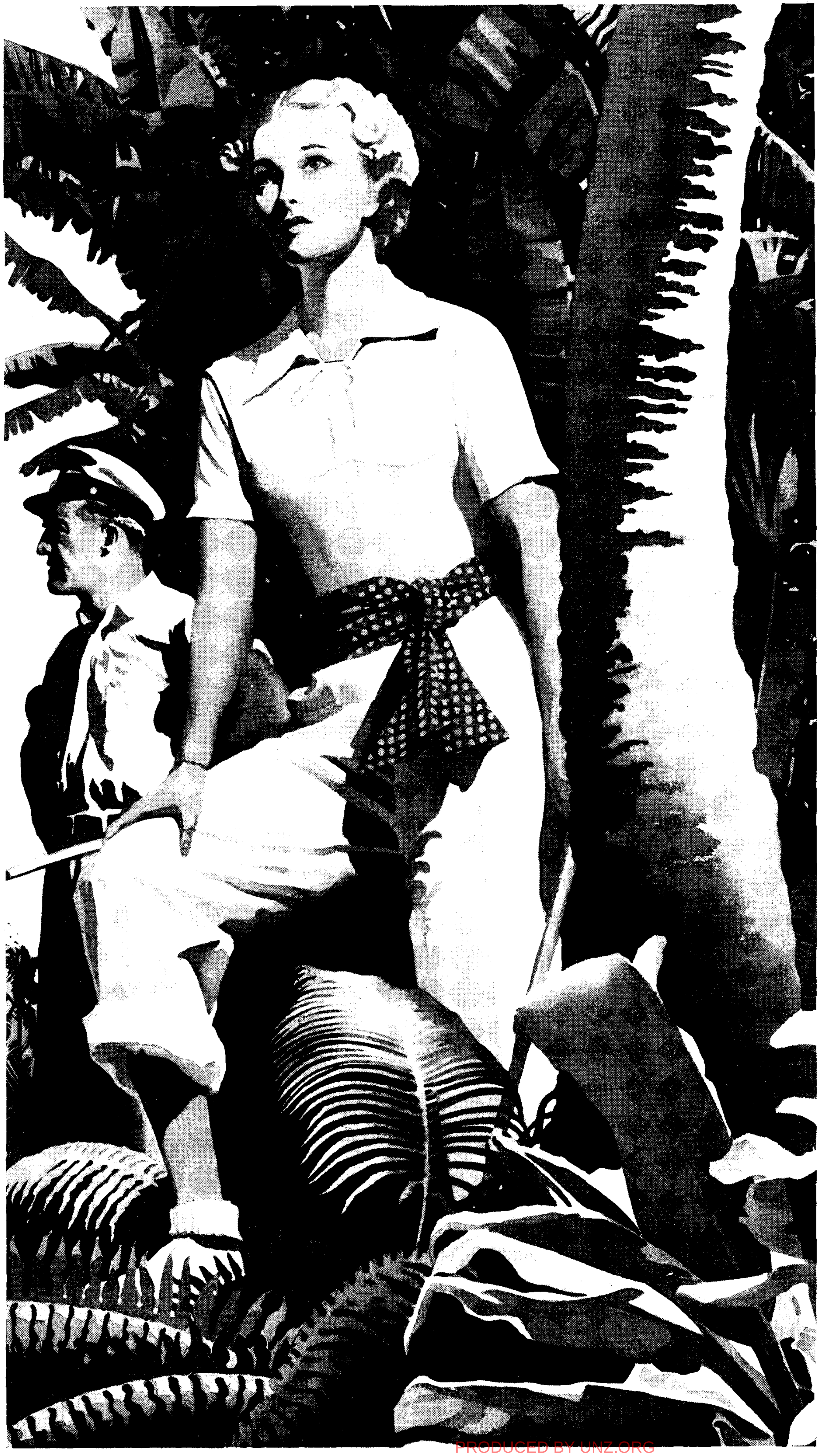
"Jefe, I think a white man."

A superfluous and meaningless answer. Neither the Moros nor the Bilaans so much as owned a pair of shoes.

"Certainly a white man, but who?"

"Jefe, I do not know. When I learn your man is killed, I look very much. I find this; that is all," Mural Hakim said.





"From the beach," Tonai Merriam said, "we walked the six miles to Kivasawan—Jim Cooper and I"

"No other sign of any sort?" I asked.

"This is all my story."

I said sharply, "Are you sure of that, Hakim?"

"This is all I know," the Moro said again. I thought, though, that he sounded evasive. "Please, Jefe, I go back now."

I hesitated. "I'll talk to you in the morning," I said at last.

"No, Jefe."

"No? What do you mean?"

"I have not seen this thing," Nural Hakim said. "I have not seen you. I have not been here at all tonight. *Buenas noches*, Jefe."

This was dangerously close to an insolence. "Now you look here!" I began. Then I checked myself, aware that I was speaking to the empty dark. Nural Hakim had already left me, sliding off through the bamboo in the black whip of the rain.

I stayed where I was long enough to decide whether Gagahan could have been lying here when Charley Vaughn and I searched the compound, looking for the knife. I concluded that it could easily have been so, for the body lay in a place where I did not believe a knife could have been thrown. I went slowly back to the house and entered again by the back way.

When I had checked the latch on my shutters I turned on the light, and spent some time looking carefully into the working mechanism of my .45, for I no longer believed that I knew anything about what manner of thing was happening here.

AFTER a time I got my Bilaan houseboys together again, and had them carry Gagahan inside. Except that the boy had been stabbed in the same manner as had Henry Shane—just as I had naturally supposed—no further information whatever was gained by my examination. I had the boys put Gagahan where he would best keep, with Henry Shane.

I didn't feel much like reporting this new misfortune to Justin Lowry, but, as a matter of policy, of course, it was necessary. He took it very much as I thought he would.

"There is no trace of civilization left upon Malangai!" he shouted; and sprang up to march up and down. "I never in all my life have seen such an infernal hellhole! How on earth you can permit matters to get so out of hand—"

I got away from there as soon as I could, and went to my room, not because I had any hope of getting any sleep, but simply because I would much rather be alone than shouted at.

In the end, however, I did sleep—some.

Shortly after dawn my Bilaan boys brought me eggs and coffee as I had taught them to do. I ate breakfast in my room, and by the time my pot of coffee was finished I had decided upon my next move.

No one else was about as I left the house and took the roadway leading along the water to the town. An astonishingly bright sun was gleaming across dripping Malangai. Not only had the rain ceased, but the great continuing wind had swept the sky clear. The appalling snatch of the *baguio*, wherever it was going on beyond the rim of the world, had jerked the cloud blanket over the

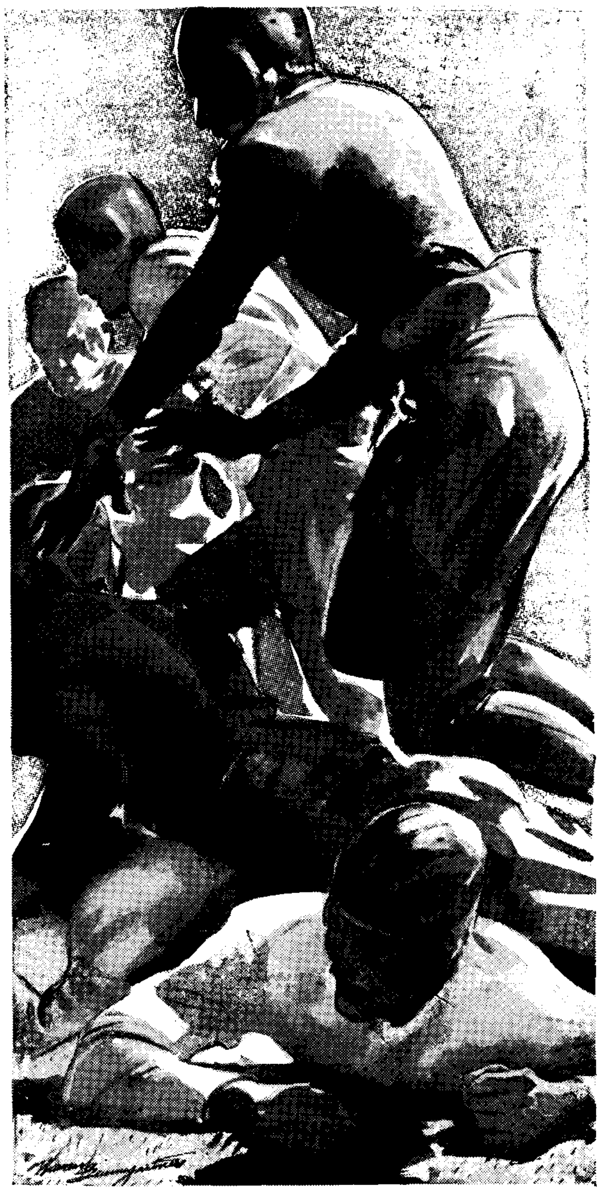
(Continued on page 67)

Sorority Hero

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



I've just cracked through that Northwestern line

COACH doesn't want me to marry Phyllis. What business is that of his? Who is he, anyway? Does he think he's Hitler or somebody? They pay him to coach football; not to mess around in my personal affairs. "Well, Gurney," says he, "let's see our little lovebird try to fly around Northwestern's right end." The big goof. Pretty cheap humor, that was. By rights I should have—

"G 120—87—21. . . ."

Here he— Blap! Boy, I felt that one. I bet he felt it, too. Where's Joe? Did he make it? "Attaboy, Joe." No, they pinched him off. Three yards. But Coach can't blame me; I took my man out, didn't I? They're sending in a sub for him right now. It's that play—just a stinker. Coach thinks they'll be sucked toward the left every time. But they've got a little brains, too. Now, Sammy will send me over tackle—

"B 14—87—16. . . ."

Gimme that ball. . . . Pow. . . . Judas Priest, my leg! "Hey, aren't four enough?" . . . First down! . . . "I'm okay. Bumped my shin a little on somebody's head." Time out. Sammy's afraid I'm lying to him. I'll trot around. See, Mr. Head Coach Danielson? I'm actually able to trot. Despite all your sarcastic remarks about "sorority heroes," I've just cracked off nine yards through the middle of that renowned Northwestern line. Nine guys landed on my bum leg—one every two inches—but I haven't fainted.

"Okay, Gurney?"

Sure I'm okay. But little thanks to you, Cas. You just don't like to hit them across the kneecaps so some other guy can romp down the alley to glory. But Coach is always bragging of you. Oh, yes. No smokie, no chewie, no datie. Cas, good old Cas, the monk's monk. Hasn't looked at a girl since his folks made his sister kiss him goodby y'ars and y'ars ago.

Well, Mr. Head Coach Danielson, I'm not a hero-worshiper like Cas Byram. You can't talk to me as though you wrote all the books. You're head coach. But let me tell you something, Butch Danielson—

"Check! Gurney didn't get it."

"I got it: spot pass into D Zone."

HUH! So that's it, hunh? He's made the gang think my mind won't be on football this aft, hey? Gimme that ball! One—two—three—four—five—heave-ho! So they cheer, do they? Who caught it? Well, well, noble Cas caught it. That'll please Big Butch the Butcher's Little Boy. But me—sure, my eyes are clouded from late hours, my hand is unsteady. *I* didn't put that ball on the spot down there—not Casanova Gurney. The Spirit of Celibacy threw that one—sure.

"*Sweet toss, Gurney. I love you!*"

Seven yards to a touchdown. Take me out, Mr. Danielson. I'm not worthy to play on your team. I've fallen in love; and you know a fellow in love can't play football. Why don't you take me out? You will not. Oh, no. You want a touchdown. Hey—what's that?

"Check. Gimme that ball, Sammy."

"Oh, well—check. G—70—87—3. . . ."

Gimme that ball! Whoooosh—smack—bop—pow! Am I over? Where's that line? Sure, I've over. I came across on my face. Ugh. What a taste. "Would you mind too much? Thank yo'." That settled Mr. Ham Bostwick of Northwestern. Even his own gang is grinning at him. I certainly showed *him* up. All America tackle—yeah. He jumps on your back after you're over—for the newsreels.

Touchdown!

"Lemme kiss you, Gurney!"

"Get away, you lunk!"

"Whatta man, Gurney!"

"Thanks."

You know what I ought to do? I ought to walk right off this football field. I ought to walk straight over to Mr. Bull-Headed Butch Danielson and tell him: "I think, Mr. Danielson, that I have proved to all concerned that my becoming engaged to a certain young lady has not affected my football. Now, I want an apology, Mr. Danielson, for certain remarks you have made about Miss Pakarmis. No? Put up your hands, Coach—"

Oh, we're kicking off! Hey—stop that guy! . . .

Coach has got a lot of crust calling Phyllis a Greek. Pakarmis is her stepfather's name; and she's no more Greek than Danielson. . . .

"Gurney! Watch—pass!"

Aw-aw. I'll catch him. Here I go. Fluked it—caught it—but I'll— Crack—Bang—Stars. . . .

IS HE over? Naw, six yards shy—at least. You bet it's six yards. Well, I caught him, didn't I? What are they all looking so glum about? We could hold Northwestern on our six-yard line all day. Who's Northwestern? Get in there, line. Dig in the cleats, gang.

They blame me for this. That's gratitude. That's football. You break your left leg and take all the skin off your face and lose maybe three teeth banging over a touchdown for them and they look sore just because—

I'll stop him! Blowie. Got him! Oh, no, you don't. Stay right here! Not a yard. Not a foot! Time out. Yeah. I better rest. My ribs. Gee, I can hardly breathe. "Water. Pull me, Sammy. I'm okay. Kinked a muscle in my leg."

This was all Coach's fault. The dirty bum. Calling me in for a heart-to-heart talk about Phyllis, two minutes before we go out. Taking my mind off the game. Psychology. Sure. That's psychology for you. Don't make me laugh. I'm spitting blood. Just a tooth. No, it's my lip. Well, I'll show you, Mr. Butch! You can't talk like that to me. You can't cast aspersions on Phyllis. She's prob'ly crying her eyes out right now. Thinks maybe I'm hurt. Poor sweet little kid. It means something to her if I'm hurt. Lot Butch Danielson cares. I'm just beef on the hoof.

THE whistle. Aw-aw. Well, they're going to give it to Masterbeck. Sure, the great Masterbeck. Come on, Masterbeck—you look like Butch to me. You're just a big steel-mill bohunk to me. . . . Swish—here he comes—Crash! This for you, Butch! Felt it, hunh?

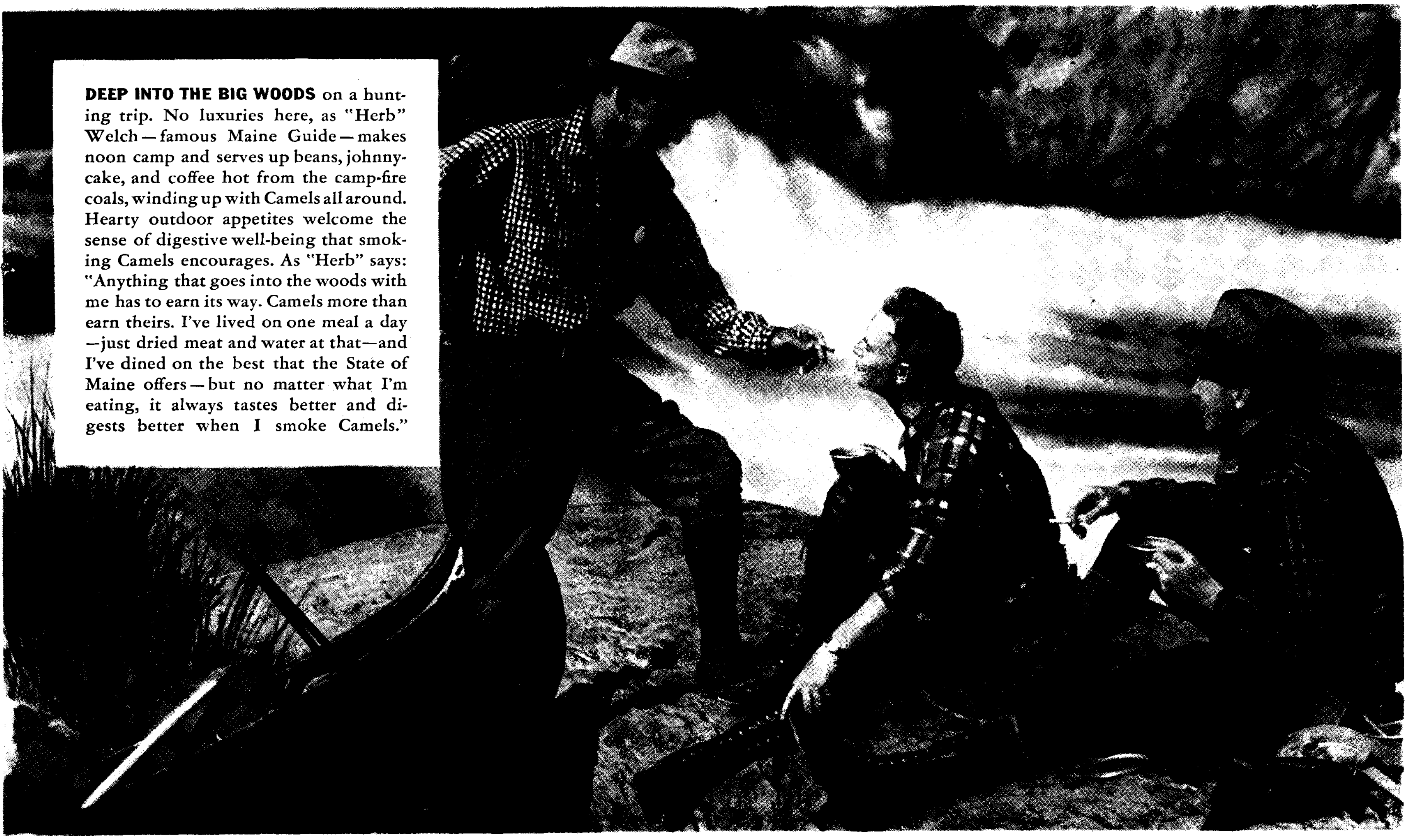
Oooooh—this hurts. I'll rest a minute—where am I? What time is it? Did they make a touchdown? No. . . . "I tell you I'm perfectly all right, Sammy. Leggo of me. Get in there and fight, gang. They can't put it over." I can do this just once more. I got to save some strength to sock Butch on his ugly jaw. Just once more. . . .

Wham! Aw-aw, missed him? Where's the ball? Oh . . . Zowlondowski, I love you! On our two-yard line. Fourth down. Nineteen seconds. . . . Here comes Butch, the guy who talked about Phyllis. I'll fix him for you, Phyllis. He won't talk any more. He's coming between Dave and Benny. Yep. Right smack between 'em. But I'll be there first. Oh, Lord, I'm so tired. I'm dizzy. My knees—no. . . . I'll get married when I damn' please—right after this game, right after this play—you big hunk of cheese. But first, I'm gonna . . .

I'll stop him! Wham. Red light. Darkness. River running over me. Bottom of river. . . .

Where the heck am I? Oh—"H-hello! Is it *you?*" Sure it's her. Why can't I see her more plainly? Why won't words come when I try to talk? I'll say "Hello, Phyllis." Yep. There! I said it. "Hey, stop crying. I'm okay. See? The nurse is smiling; they don't smile when you're hurt bad.

"What *is* this? Mr. Danielson? Oh, sure, Coach. Say, did we win? I stopped that guy? Sure—gee—saved the game. But what about Coach? Hunh? He never meant a word of what he said against Phyllis? Just said it to get me sore? Apologized to you, honey. Tears in his eyes? Why, the big dirty so-and-so. I'll kill him! Lemme outa this bed! I'll kill him!"



DEEP INTO THE BIG WOODS on a hunting trip. No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch—famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp and serves up beans, johnnycake, and coffee hot from the camp-fire coals, winding up with Camels all around. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "Anything that goes into the woods with me has to earn its way. Camels more than earn theirs. I've lived on one meal a day—just dried meat and water at that—and I've dined on the best that the State of Maine offers—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."

WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels!

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity...brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Sometimes you are free of care—at other times, worried and tense. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of fluids that start digestion off well and keep it running smoothly. Tension eases. Alkalinity increases. You enjoy your food more—and have a feeling of greater ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *any* time—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

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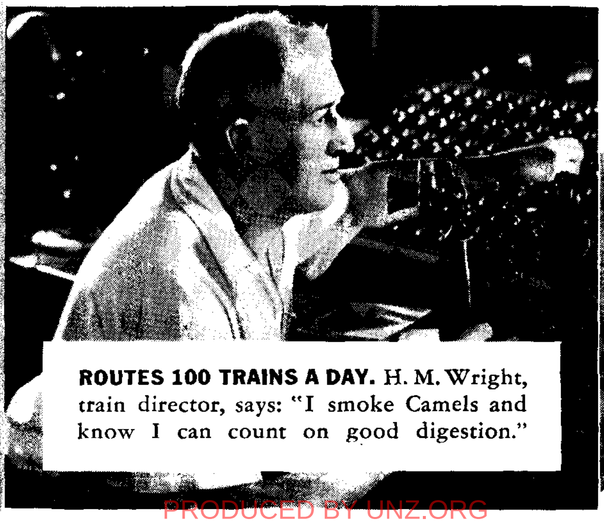

ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY. H. M. Wright, train director, says: "I smoke Camels and know I can count on good digestion."

GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with more relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

THOUSANDS SAY

"Nothing else in Radio equals RCA VICTOR'S *Magic Voice*"

You'll agree when you hear the new brilliance of the Magic Brain's performance ...and when you see the 24 extra value features such as Magic Eye and Metal Tubes, offered by these 1937 models.

THERE is a new note in radio! It is so different ...so much better that you cannot correctly judge today's radio values until you have heard it. This new advance is RCA Victor's Magic Voice.

The aim was to produce tone quality to match the selective accuracy of the famous Magic Brain. When you hear these new RCA Victors you will agree that this aim has been fully achieved...that the Magic Voice richly deserves its intriguing name.

Yet the friendlier quality, the more likable tone of these new radios is but part measure of their greater value. Whether you consider chassis, speaker or cabinets you will find many proofs that the 1937 RCA Victors are superior. Some of these proofs you can see. Others are invisible. They include such proven features as the Magic Brain, Magic Eye and Metal Tubes ... Such new conveniences as the Selector Dial with the NEW Automatic Band Spreader. All do their part in creating radio performance that surpasses anything previously offered.

Ask your RCA Victor dealer for a *complete* demonstration. The stirring realism of the Magic Voice will win your instant approval. But look beyond this. Ask for facts that prove value again and again. Ask about 24 engineering advances built into these new models. Then you will *know* what you believe the moment you hear the Magic Voice ... that RCA Victor offers you more for your money.

The music you want when you want it. The RCA Victor Record Player makes any AC radio an electric phonograph. Walnut, $16.50; or in red, white or black finish for $18.50.

RCA Victor Model 5T is a compact set. Fine volume, clear, warm tone. Standard broadcasts, plus short wave (49 meters). A remarkable RCA Victor value at $29.95.

(ABOVE) Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye Console Model 9K-2. A 9-tube, 5-band superheterodyne with new Magic Voice, RCA Metal Tubes. Foreign, domestic, police, aviation, amateur, U. S. weather reports. Phonograph connection and 18 other features. Fine, hand-finished cabinet. $129.95.

WHAT THE MAGIC VOICE IS

Grouped in RCA Victor's unique tone chamber are 5 gleaming tone control pipes. They are shown at the left top of this page, but you will never see them. They require no attention, nor adjustment, but sound flowing through this silvery corridor loses all mechanical quality. "Boom" is trapped. The program flows directly into the room...reaches you as the microphone hears it. You listen to radio as you wished it might be. This is the Magic Voice ... the Magic Brain given new realism, new truth, new beauty ... the greatest acoustical advance since the Orthophonic Victrola.

RCA METAL TUBES
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All prices f.o.b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice. You can buy RCA Victor radios on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan! Put new life into your present radio—use RCA Radio Tubes! Remember, any radio set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Listen to "The Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P.M., E.S.T., on NBC Blue Network.

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 9

"Yes. But I wasn't looking at the books."

"Oh, the model plane?" His voice was indulgent, as if he spoke to a child. "You like planes; you've flown perhaps?"

She said, "Yes, I've flown." She added, feeling as childish as he must think her, and quite aware of it, and of the little swagger in her blood, "I've a little ship of my own. Or will have. It's in Chicago now. I expect it will be flown East and I'll keep it somewhere in Jersey or on the Island."

"A lady pilot," he murmured, and she felt that he was laughing at her again, and was hotly, disproportionately angry.

She said, "I've flown since I was eighteen!"

"A year or so ago . . . ? Now you *are* angry with me! Forgive me. I admire you very much. What type ship do you fly?"

She told him, a small, fast Sorrensen monoplane, especially designed for her.

He said, "That's *lèse majesté* in this house. The Harris reputation is built on amphibians."

"I don't know much about them," she admitted. Because he did not ask her a thousand questions she assumed that he knew something about aircraft. Perhaps he was a Harris employee. She asked, "You fly, too?"

"Whenever I get a chance," he admitted, "and have for a good many years."

Someone was calling, around the corner, someone who had a high, sweet voice, as young as a bird's. "Speed!" cried the bird voice, "Speed! Where *have* you got to—"

Dolly appeared, almost running, with George behind her. She exclaimed, looking at the two of them, in their soft chairs, at the bottle in the ice pail and the remains of a very good supper, "So you found each other. How awfully nice."

The man called Speed rose to his feet, and Dolly put her arm through his and her head against his shoulder. George, smiling with his great geniality, didn't seem to mind. "So you've found each other," thought Gail, with a strange, frightening increase in her heartbeats.

The tall man smiled. He said, as if reluctantly, "Yes, fortunately for me . . . but I don't even know her name . . . and I'm sure she doesn't know mine."

Dolly was enchanted. She cried, "But it's George's cousin, Gail Williams—you know her father. And naturally she knows you, darling." She turned to Gail, leaning back in her chair, her small head dark against the fan shape of the wicker, her eyes seemingly even darker, and her fragile dress like moonlight. "This," declaimed Dolly, with mock ceremony, "is the father of the bride-to-be—Peter Harris—but to his irreverent offspring, commonly known as Speed."

GAIL moved her head against the chair back. She raised her eyebrows a little and smiled.

"And I've been thinking of you," she told Peter Harris, "with a long gray beard!" She shifted her regard to Dolly, laughing beside him. "You have no right," she reproved her, "to possess so youthful a parent . . . And . . . *'Speed'?*"

Peter Harris looked as self-conscious as a boy.

"Youthful," he remarked, "is an unfortunate choice of adjective. Oblique flattery—very. Puts me right in my parental place. As for the Speed—skip it. That opprobrious nickname was tacked to me in my undergraduate days—of course I never did graduate . . . However, it started with track and progressed to planes and a little extramural automobile racing."

Gail rose, and took Dolly's free hand in her own.

"It's very late," she said; "I must start back to town. . . . Perhaps you'd take me to your mother . . . ? I've found my host, it seems, but have yet to meet my hostess."

"Wait a moment," Peter said quickly. "You liked the ship model, didn't you? Suppose we take a closer look at it . . . that is, if you're interested."

"I'd love to," she murmured.

THEY went into the library, Dolly and George following them. Gail stood before the mantel, her hands clasped behind her back. The model was small, almost miniature, but perfect in every detail. She asked, touching a wing with a cautious finger, "Tell me, Mr. Harris, do they handle very differently from land ships?"

"Not in the least," he answered, "during land operations. Your water take-offs however are different. . . . Look here, Miss Williams, how'd you like to go over the plant with me?"

"I'd like to, very much," Gail said instantly and sincerely.

"How about next week? . . . Say, Wednesday? I have to be in town in the morning and if you like I'll pick you up and we'll have lunch somewhere and then I'll drive you out."

"Where is the plant?" she asked him.

"About ten miles from here," he told her. He broke off suddenly, "Oh, there you are, my dear," he said.

Hildreth Harris stood in the library doorway. She smiled at her husband abstractedly. She said, "Dolly, people are looking for you and George . . . a few have started to leave . . ." She regarded Gail inquiringly and Gail looked back at her with more curiosity than she cared to admit.

Hildreth was slender, and quite small Dolly's yellow curls were inherited from her, although her mother's smoothly waved hair was paler, more silky. From her, too, came Dolly's vivid blue eyes and purity of coloring. There was no suggestion of a sag beneath Mrs. Harris' very firm chin. Her faintly reddened mouth was beautifully cut, the lips a little thin, but as if from habit, as if she disciplined them, kept them set, within control.

Peter and Dolly and George were all talking at once, making the introductions. Gail, putting her hand in Mrs. Harris' offered clasp, said, apologetically, "I'm a very rude guest, I'm afraid. But I saw George so briefly when I arrived—and he was literally reft from me before I could ask him to point you out—"

"I'm sorry you came late," Hildreth said in her clear, cool voice, "and any apology must come from me. I was upstairs, playing contract. Once the great majority had arrived and the dancing was going on, I thought I'd look after the older guests . . . George has spoken of you, so often, we'll hope to see a good deal of you. You haven't been in New York long, I understand."

"No, I'm here with my godmother, Mrs. Allan Wayne," Gail told her. "I came East about ten days ago."

"You aren't going home soon?"

Gail felt that quick stab at her heart and saw George glance at her with commiseration. She set her teeth; he needn't be sorry for her. She said, smiling, "No, I'm going to take a little apartment

(Continued on page 26)

THE *customer* WILL SEE YOU

He's in

You know he is. You telephoned ahead from your last town for an appointment.

He'll see you

You know he will. He said so when you telephoned him.

He's interested

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American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies
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(Continued from page 25)

somewhere and stay on indefinitely. I'm thinking of joining some classes—"

Peter asked, "How's your father, Miss Williams? I don't see him more than two or three times a year. We always stage a royal battle. He's a great man; you must be proud of him."

"He's fine," she responded, "and of course I'm proud of him. He's in Europe just now . . . and won't return until the autumn. He remarried recently," she explained, and managed to smile.

"So, that's it," thought Peter. He had a certain sensitivity, he recognized pain when he saw it. He remembered now, there had been headlines:

JAMES WILLIAMS, HEAD OF SORRENSEN AIRCRAFT, MARRIES DAUGHTER'S SCHOOLMATE

Men had spoken about it to him at the time. Old fool, they'd said . . . caustically or enviously, according to their ages. Well, Williams was sixty-odd . . . Peter felt sorry for him, and a little superior. Peter was forty-one.

Mrs. Harris moved toward the door, her gesture to Dolly light but imperative. A little later, in a frivolous wrap collared with sables against any sudden chill in the spring night air, Gail was saying goodby to her . . and Mrs. Harris said, charmingly, "Peter tells me he's going to show you the plant . . . we'd be very happy if you'd dine with us that evening."

PETER went with her to the door and sent a servant searching for her car. A great many cars were parked in the big sweep of drive, some untenanted but the majority with chauffeurs sleeping serenely at the wheels.

He took her hand; held it. "Then it's a date?" he asked her urgently. "Wednesday? Shall I pick you up at Mrs. Wayne's or do you want to meet me?" He named a restaurant, unfamiliar to her and told her the address. She would, she agreed, like that very much. She said hesitatingly, "Mrs. Harris was kind enough to ask me to return with you to dinner . . . I shan't be able to dress, of course."

Peter laughed. "We are, thank heaven, a very informal household," he said.

Mrs. Wayne's car drew up, Sims, very correct, behind the wheel. Peter put Gail into the car, very carefully, as if she were most fragile. He said, "Good night . . . Wednesday at one, then," and shut the door.

They had driven quite a distance and Gail was half asleep when someone hailed them. Someone stood almost directly in their path and waved an electric torch at them. "Hi," he shouted, "wait a minute, can't you?"

Sims slowed to a stop with a terrific screeching of brakes. Gail, shocked into wakefulness, leaned forward. The man, whoever he was, was running up to the driver's door. Sims stepped on the gas.

"Wait," Gail cried sharply through the rolled-down window between them. She had seen the man's face; a young face, eager, intent; not, she decided immediately, the face of a holdup man although why she reached that comforting decision she had no idea.

"What is it?" she inquired, putting down her window.

The young man said, "Oh, I'm sorry. Thought you driver was alone." He jerked a thumb toward a car, standing

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

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One of the wealthiest groups of men engaged together in a single business are the 1,600 members of Lloyd's of London. Although each is required to maintain a personal realizable fortune of $250,000, most of them are richer, their combined wealth being estimated at far more than half a billion dollars.

One of the most widespread and absurd stories about China is that its citizens pay their physicians to keep them well and stop the fees while they are sick. As a matter of fact most Chinese do not call a doctor unless they are seriously ill.—*By Mrs. J. C. McCracken, Shanghai, China.*

The smallest person ever exhibited in the United States was the Mexican midget, Lucia Zarate, who appeared in B. F. Keith's Gaiety Museum in Boston in the 1880's. When she opened with this show Miss Zarate, although twelve years of age and well proportioned, weighed only five pounds.

Nearly every gambling casino in the world has a black list of its former patrons who are no longer allowed to enter its doors. One organization has a register of 7,000 such persons who have committed some unpardonable sin, such as passing a worthless check, picking a pocket, engaging in a brawl or trying to commit suicide.

When Madame de Maintenon became the consort of Louis XIV of France in 1684 she had her physician bleed her once or twice a week so she would not blush so easily at the stories told at the royal court, which was reputed to be one of the most licentious in history.

Although the World War ended only eighteen years ago, at least one half of the people on this earth today do not recall any part of it, either having been unborn or too young to remember anything of it. Approximately 1,000,000,000 persons have been born and 750,000,000 have died since the Armistice was declared on November 11, 1918.

Identical twins usually have perfectly symmetrical faces, a physical feature that is rarely if ever found in fraternal twins, not to mention singly born individuals.—*By Joe H. Preston, Wantagh, New York.*

The largest litter of dogs ever recorded was whelped by an Irish setter in Waukegan, Illinois, in 1923. It consisted of 23 puppies, or nearly three times as many as this breed normally produces at one time.—*By Will Judy, Chicago, Illinois.*

Many African tribes believe that a person has two souls, one within himself and the other within some animal, and whatever injures or kills one will have a corresponding effect upon the other. Not long ago in Nigeria an Englishman was fined $25 for causing the death, it was claimed, of a very fat woman. A few hours before she died, he had shot her soul mate—a hippopotamus—in the vicinity of the village.

TOUGH GOING AHEAD!

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TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK . . . WATCH FOR IT

OH BEAVER!

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By all means see your barber!

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Wave aside those sticky, gummy, perfumed concoctions that glue hair down tight to the scalp and make you look like a gigolo.

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Nothing like Kreml for chasing dandruff off a snowy scalp.

Nothing like Kreml for stopping excessive falling hair and stimulating hair growth.

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A marvelous hair dressing, not sticky or greasy, it makes the most stubborn hair lie down beneath the brush and comb; makes every Kreml customer a walking advertisement for the shop.

Ask your barber for his special Kreml Treatment—consisting of a cleansing, invigorating treatment of the hair and scalp with Kreml Tonic and the new Kreml olive oil base Shampoo.

KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

(Continued from page 26)

pulled off the road, without headlights. "I wondered if I could get a lift back to town, that's all. I'm in a jam."

Gail asked, feeling lighthearted and wide awake, "What happened?"

"Car died on me. An eternity ago. Yours is the first car to stop. I've been doing a nemo—back a couple of miles—Rosearbor Road House. Came out on it alone. Hot orchestra we're trying out with a view to taking it over as a sustaining. Got to get back to town . . . someone will pick up the old bus in the morning."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Gail demanded.

He looked at her and grinned. She could see him in the headlights, a stocky young man, with unruly dark hair, and an engaging smile. "Sorry," he apologized, "radio. Universal Broadcasting. Now do you catch on?"

"Quite." She leaned back in her seat, held the flame of a lighter to her cigarette. The boy, she observed quickly, was watching her. She added, "Come along . . . we'll drop you off—that is if you're really going to New York."

"Thanks. Wait a sec." He darted back to his car and was lost to view. Sims turned a lined and anxious face. "Do you think it's all right, Miss Gail?" he whispered hoarsely. "He might have one of them sawed-off shotguns, or a machine gun maybe. And there's this car . . . and your jewels . . . and maybe, if he knew who you was, there'd be ransom money."

"Sims," reproved Gail, "you read too many detective magazines and go to too many movies. He's not the type."

Well, what was the type? she asked herself impatiently, waiting for the supercargo to return. Hadn't she read about baby-faced killers?

He was back again, beaming, carrying some sort of contraption, bag or box, she could not distinguish which. He put it in beside Sims, who glanced at it askance as if he feared the fatal pineapple, and then climbed in beside Gail.

"Unless," he suggested, "you think I should ride with the help?"

"No," she said, "you're all right where you are." He had a pleasant effrontery, she told herself, smiling.

THE car moved on and the new passenger leaned back contentedly. "Some boat," he remarked. "When I'm rich I'm going to have half a dozen like this."

"What would you do with them?" she demanded.

"Oh, I'd ride in front in the fliv and they'd trail me," he said solemnly, "lending tone to the whole proceeding." He had a fresh, infectious laugh.

She said, low: "Sims thought you might be a gunman!"

"Sims . . . ? Oh . . . him . . . Well, I'm not," he told her. "Show you my credentials if you want to see them. I keep worse hours than a gunman. Haven't an awful lot of time to myself. Tomorrow—today—I don't work till afternoon, but I've got a dozen things to do between now and then. Got a little lab rigged up where I putter around on research work. . . . What's your name?" he inquired abruptly.

Astonished, she found herself telling him. That it meant nothing to him was apparent. Obviously he didn't read society items. He said merely, "Gail. That's a pretty name. Never knew a girl named Gail before."

All the way to town he talked about himself. Gail was amused. She felt a hundred years older than he. Yet he was twenty-six. He was an M. I. T. graduate. He had no people. He was enthused about his work. No one not intimately connected with it dreamed of the possibilities of radio. Look at shortwave therapy, just becoming known. Would she like to go through the studios some day . . . ? He hoped her main interest wouldn't be in the newest crooner or "how they made those funny noises" but in the control room. Did she like short wave? He had a short-wave set he'd made himself which could pull in anything on the face of the globe, given the right conditions.

They dropped him at an apartment house on the lower West Side.

"Thanks," he said, retrieving his infernal machine, "it was swell of you. You didn't give me your address."

She said, smiling, "You didn't give me your name."

"Gosh!" He grinned, unabashed. "Believe it or not," he replied solemnly, "it's Jones. What's more, it's Bill Jones. Good night, and what did you say your address was . . . ?"

She told him, laughing, and Sims drove on.

FACING Peter Harris over the luncheon table in the small quiet restaurant where she found him waiting for her, Wednesday, Gail was fully conscious of her heightened pulses and so angry with herself for her emotional reaction that, she felt, she talked too much, laughed too much, was too self-consciously gay and casual.

She told him about her encounter with young Mr. Jones on the lonely Long Island highway and Peter looked at her with, she was certain, no small measure of disapproval.

"Are you in the habit of picking up strange young men in the small hours of the morning?" he inquired.

Stubbornly Gail replied, "Yes," and waited for what might follow. But Peter only remarked, irrelevantly, "Why, your eyes are green!"

"So they tell me," she said, laughing. "Well, go on; I'm waiting patiently for a—a paternal scolding."

She had said it deliberately, with deliberate malice, and now paused, savoring the alteration in his mobile face. She had angered him, and that pleased her. Why, she did not dare ask herself.

He said, gravely, "Nevertheless—and I think you're making fun of me . . ." He halted and his face lighted. He had a very charming smile. "I *hope* you are," he added, and then went on, "nevertheless, it was a most indiscreet thing to do. Not that I hold with your chauffeur's colorful notions about gunmen, but the roads are full of desperate young vagrants who beg a ride, produce a monkey wrench, if nothing worse, and the next thing you know, you're without a car!"

She said serenely, "But I saw his face."

"Oh," laughed Peter . . . "so you're a judge of character!"

She didn't like that at all. He had gotten back at her; put her nicely in her place; nursery dinner at six and a white muslin dress with a blue sash; mother's slippers and a plumed hat; little girl playing at grownup. She blazed, and the green eyes darkened.

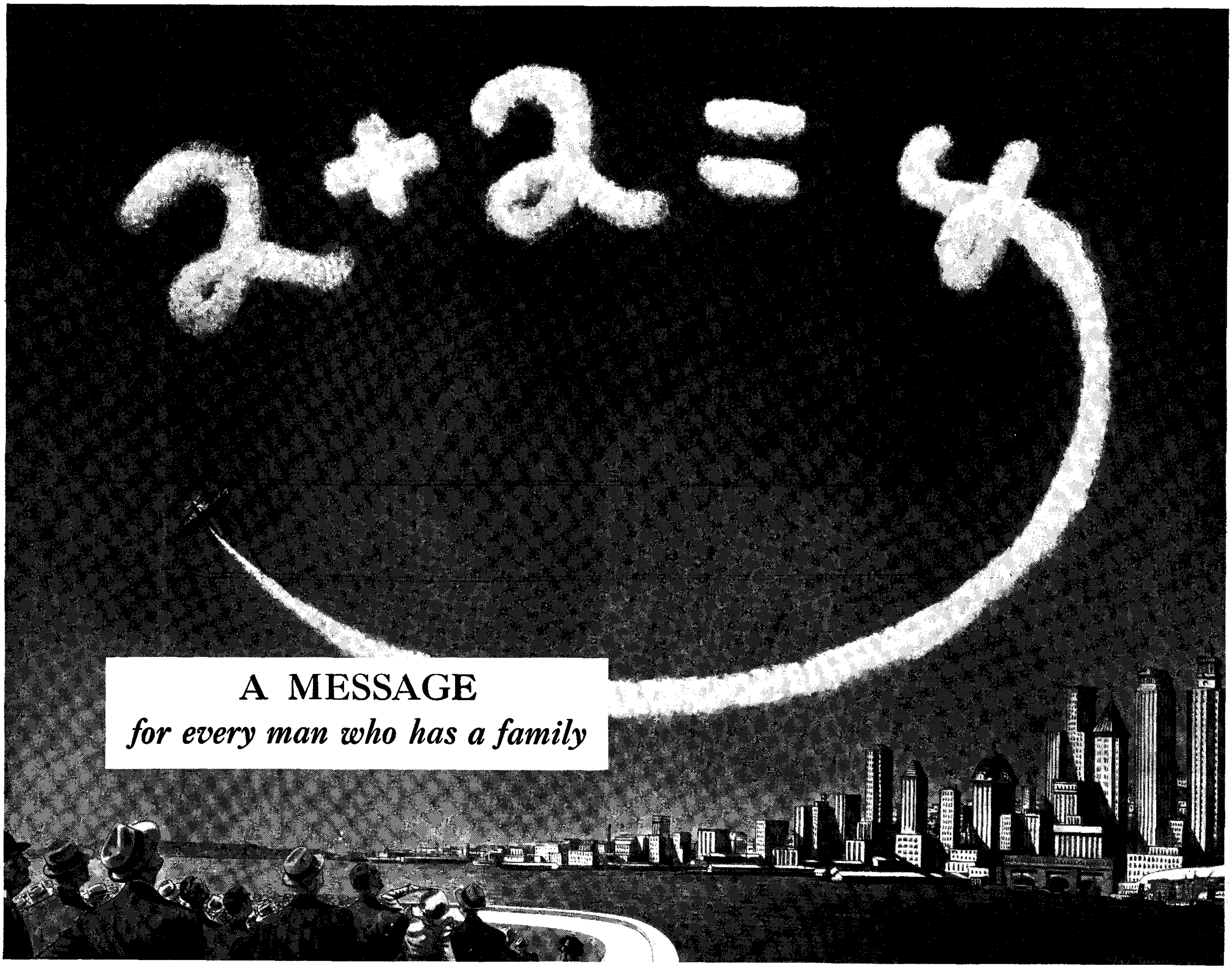
"I've had considerable experience."

Peter leaned back in his chair and considered her. He remarked, "You're very pretty when you're angry." Then, his tone changing, he asked, "Won't you tell me more about yourself? George furnished such a stark and merely factual dossier."

She said, smiling, ashamed of her little outburst:

"There isn't much to tell. The usual schools and Europe. No college. I couldn't bear being away from home. After my mother died my father and I traveled, when we could. Then of course, there was the flying. I couldn't get interested in debutante activities, welfare work, clubs, all the rest of it . . . It all seemed pretty pedestrian and I had to have wings!"

(Continued on page 30)



A MESSAGE
for every man who has a family

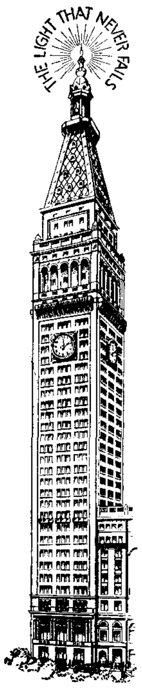
A GREAT publisher* said, "It is surprising how many brainy men dodge plain facts. They waste valuable time trying to make five or six out of two and two."

No amount of wishful thinking can change stubborn facts. When a man faces facts he realizes that he must plan for the things he wants. To succeed, he does not stop with hoping that everything will turn out all right.

If you were asked today to write a check large enough to support your wife and family for the next five years, could you do it? Could you write another check to pay for your children's future education?

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.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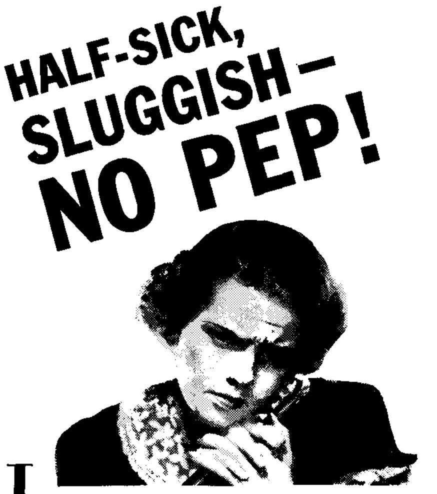
HALF-SICK, SLUGGISH— NO PEP!

I felt dull, let-down, and logy. Didn't care whether school kept or not! I knew what the trouble was. It was simply due to an accumulation of waste—a condition that a good clearing out would probably relieve quickly. I remembered FEEN-A-MINT, because it comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum—took a tablet before I went to bed—and next morning found blessed relief from the miseries of constipation

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(Continued from page 28)

He said quietly, "I understand that. It's all been pretty pedestrian for me, too, since the war. I was a crazy kid . . . I came out untouched . . . youngsters who knew excitement and glamor, and who had seen the clean side of danger—for in my service you generally came back whole or not at all—found life pretty flat thereafter. It did something to them; I think it was because we lived on borrowed time so long. Sometimes I have the feeling I'm still living on it, and have no right here . . . sound in wind and limb, moderately successful . . ."

She said slowly, "I think I know what you mean."

They were silent a moment, and each was aware of a warmth of intimacy not justified by their brief acquaintance. Peter Harris told himself severely, Here, level off . . . are you completely nuts? . . . just because a girl is pretty and, you believe, talks your own language and flatters you by listening. . . !

But he couldn't dismiss Gail as easily. He'd met lovelier women since his marriage to Hildreth although none, he told himself loyally, as lovely as Hildreth herself. He'd met women with great charm and great intelligence, and women who liked him very much and made no secret of it. He was, despite their differences, their basic hostility, profoundly devoted to his wife. And he had been faithful to her in thought as well as deed. No, that wasn't quite true . . . not always in thought. And the other night standing at the windows leading to the terrace he had caught a glimpse of a tall girl with dark hair and something in her carriage, the turn of her head, the brief unsatisfactory glimpse of her face in the changing light, had quickened his breath and he had thought, *If I were ten years younger . . .*

Gail said, "George is lucky. Dolly is a darling. I don't know how you can bear to let her go . . . she's so very young."

Somehow the way she said it put her entirely out of Dolly's class, an adopted elder sister perhaps, or even a maiden aunt. Peter answered, setting down his coffee cup:

"I don't know either. But they'll be happy."

He looked at his watch. "We'll get along, shall we?"

It was a very lovely day, a pale blue sky and the trees in bud. May, thought Gail, beside him in the roadster, noting that he drove very fast, with every muscle under control, was the year's finest achievement.

She tossed her little hat aside and let the wind blow through her fine dark hair, which grew in a deep natural wave above her broad brow. The wind brought color to her cheeks, and her green eyes, and her lips were bright. They didn't talk much.

THEY reached the plant, the great sprawling buildings, many-windowed. They went together into the main office and to Peter's private rooms. He tossed her an identifying button to pin on her brown jacket, and they spent an hour or so in the various shops . . . and a longer time in the assembly bay. The engine division was in another building, and also the experimental laboratory and wind tunnel.

Some of the men glanced up curiously as they passed. Here and there Peter stopped, and once a tall man with a bad limp and a scarred, serene face came hurriedly into the machine shop where Gail was watching the operation of the very new spot-welding machine, and called him.

She had seen the man, she remembered, in Peter's outer office. Now Peter brought him over to her and presented him over the vibrant clamor of machinery.

"Miss Williams . . . my secretary and close friend, Gerald Downing . . . I have to take a telephone call . . . Jerry will show you around till I return."

Gail liked the scarred, limping man. He had the darkest blue eyes she had ever seen. He looked fifty-five or more, his sandy hair receding and feathered with white. Yet when he smiled she realized that he was perhaps no older than his employer.

THEY went out of the shops and stood outside in the spring breeze blowing from the water. Gerald was saying, "Too bad we haven't a ship ready . . . I'm sure Mr. Harris would want to take you up—or don't you care about it?"

She shouted, because she was still a little deafened by the noise, "I love it—I fly . . . I mean I've my license—"

He said, contritely, "Oh, I'm sorry." His blue eyes warmed . . . "Are you *that* Miss Williams?" he asked, smiling.

"I'm afraid so. Do forgive me for yelling." She lowered her voice, in confusion and Jerry said, "Plants are old stories to you, then."

They were talking about the small eight-passenger ship, almost ready for her test flight, through which Gail had been clambering, when Peter returned. He smiled triumphantly at Jerry. He said, "McKenzie's in town. I'll see him tomorrow at the New York office, ten o'clock. And you didn't believe he'd show up."

He was laughing, something exciting had happened, something pleasant. He tucked Gail's arm in his own, inquired, "Had enough for your first visit?" and whirled her off toward the main office. Downing followed slowly because of his hip and stiff leg, his face grave. He hadn't seen Peter like this for a good many years . . . he didn't, very much, like it.

Later, helping her into the car, Peter said, "I know a rather nice little place. Tea or cocktails, as you prefer. We'll be home in plenty of time for dinner. How about it?"

She said hesitantly, "If Mrs. Harris is expecting us early—?"

Peter shrugged.

"Hildreth," he replied, "has a meeting of the Peacepath Society in Jersey today. She's likely to be late herself."

She asked thoughtlessly, a little astonished at his tone, absurdly bitter, "And you don't approve of Peacepaths . . . ?"

"Oh, as to that," he told her, guiding the car away from the main highway, turning into a good country road, "theoretically, of course. War's silly. But it is also inevitable and I wonder people can't see it. Well, we can't all be idealists. I'm not one. And my business depends very largely on government orders. . . ."

She thought, sympathetically: He is on a spot . . . Army and Navy orders booming, the plant working full time . . . and all under the shadow of her disapproval. . . .

They had their cocktails and quantities of unusual appetizers in a roadhouse built to resemble a sailing ship. "Very phony atmosphere," Peter said critically, "but fun. At least I think so—today," and sat talking for a long time . . . about a thousand and one things, none more than trivial on the surface yet all somehow desperately important. It was late when they left. Peter drove very rapidly. He had been moderate in his drinking, two Manhattans only, yet he felt unduly exhilarated.

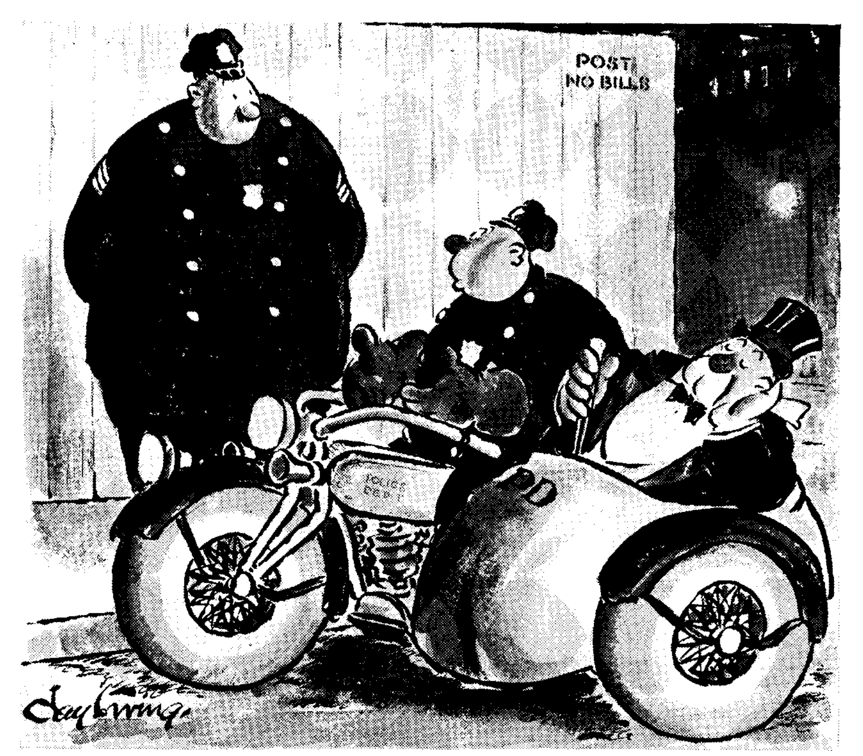
Gail saw the parked truck first in the fading light, pulled off the road but not far enough. She did not clutch his arm or scream. She thought, Odd it should happen like this . . .

He wrenched the wheel, slued the car around; they missed the truck, crashed glancingly into a tree and turned partially over in a ditch.

THE truck driver and his companion came running, cursing loudly because they were afraid. Peter, shaken, and not at all injured, crawled out of the wreckage and managed before the men reached him to get Gail out. He dragged her clear, to the side of the road, and sat down with her in his arms. She was not wholly unconscious, she could feel and move and hear. But for the moment she could not open her eyes or speak. Her side hurt her and her wrist. She did not know her face was bruised and dirty. She felt Peter's arms about her and heard his voice, loud with urgency, "Gail—Gail darling, are you hurt?"

She thought, It's true then; I am in love with him; I'm where I belong; and because the thought so enraptured and terrified her, she began to cry weakly and then escaped, gratefully, into singing darkness and insensibility.

(To be continued next week)



"Looka, Sarge . . . two bucks is two bucks! An' besides he said he only lives a couple o' blocks from here!"

JAY IRVING

HARD ON YOUR ENGINE?
Yes!—but—

A SINGLE START
can cause More Engine Wear!

3/4 of engine wear occurs in starting

ENGINEERS state that approximately *three-fourths* of engine wear occurs in the *starting period.*

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90 PROOF

Look Ahead 10-20-30 Years

Will Nature begin to "lose interest" in you around 50? Not if you give her a "lift" *now.* Watch your diet. Exercise all over, but not over-much. Enjoy moderation—it pays . . . And, if you drink, choose a *kind* whiskey—one that *AGREES* with you.

You can judge fine whiskey-taste. Do you still "grope" for whiskey-kindness? The research instituted by the House of Seagram has provided a reliable guide to whiskey-kindness—to the form of whiskey most likely to agree with you.

The answer to the question, "How does the human system respond to different forms of whiskey?" discovered this guide. After months of investigation, a group* of impartial, fact-finding men proved that Seagram's Crown Whiskies, used in moderation, are *kind* to the average man—*gentle, considerate* whiskies.

This means that Seagram's Crowns are so perfectly blended as to be "A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY."

In addition to all the rich, mellow taste of the finest whiskies, Seagram's Crowns bring you *kindness,* a protection which thousands of moderate men rely upon, for today as well as for the years to come. Ask for Crowns. Serve them to your friends at home. You may choose them with confidence.

**Name on request.*

Say Seagram's *and be Sure*

If you like a lighter whiskey choose Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, and 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May, 1936.

If you like a richer whiskey, choose Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May, 1936.

© *Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices:* N. Y.

Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES

A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

The Bluff

Continued from page 19

left, he put out his hand. "No regrets? Hard feelings?"

"No hard feelings."

"Swell."

Two weeks later, the Advertising Club News announced the formation of a new agency, Hodges & Sawtelle. . . .

LYNN'S first act in the campaign of "keeping a stiff upper bluff" was to move out of his expensive Park Avenue apartment.

He studied his bank balance. "A couple of thousand will do all right for a few weeks," he decided. "I'll hook something in a jiffy. I know my trout."

Seven weeks later the bank balance stood at twelve hundred, and Lynn continued to swing his stick, with blithe skill, in the vertical and horizontal. "Something's bound to turn up," he told himself, followed by two minutes of somewhat anxious reflection upon the character of Mr. Micawber. Not that he was really worried. After all, Micawber hadn't anything really to offer in exchange for whatever might come along.

He called up Mary Hamilton in Brooklyn. "Let's have luncheon. I want to talk about Mr. Micawber."

Her voice was engagingly impolite. "I haven't the time. Over here, we don't go to luncheon. We grab it as it passes."

"I'll come over and hold your arm."

"Can you afford to? Your work."

"My work? You remember me. Never a slave to a clock."

"I remember you. Come along. I'll budget thirty minutes for Mr. Dickens. The Hot Plate, opposite Borough Hall."

"Mr. Micawber was partly right," Mary concluded as they dredged obliquely for their pies at a one-armed lunch. "Something's bound to turn up, only you have to help it along with a spade."

"Honorable tool," said Lynn, "but I fancy the scepter. You can't blame a man for his preferences."

"Nor a woman," said Mary, rising. "I've got a date with Mr. Johanssen."

"Johanssen?"

"My foreman . . . actually."

"Women in business," observed Lynn inconclusively. "Say, I'd like to see the works. Honestly."

"It's come to that? All right—but we discourage bench-warmers."

Mary took him to the section of loft where she designed modern furniture and six or seven men fabricated it carefully into chaste and impersonal shapes.

"We're way behind on orders," she said briskly. "I must get to work. Here, what do you think of this?"

She left him holding a newspaper and went into earnest conversation with a tall, gray-haired man in overalls, who treated her with evident respect.

Lynn sniffed suspiciously at the paper, an afternoon daily, unfolded to the woman's page, across the top of which his eye caught a headline reading: EX-STENOGRAPHER RUNS HER OWN FACTORY.

THEN he saw it was about Mary and he devotedly consumed every word of the two-column, slightly viscous story of the "intrepidity of the modern girl" who had quit the typewriter to establish her own manufacturing business. It was clear that Mary was a success.

And there was a picture of her, staring out from the page in her level-browed, calmly determined way. He looked at Mary, now hunched absorbedly over her drawing board.

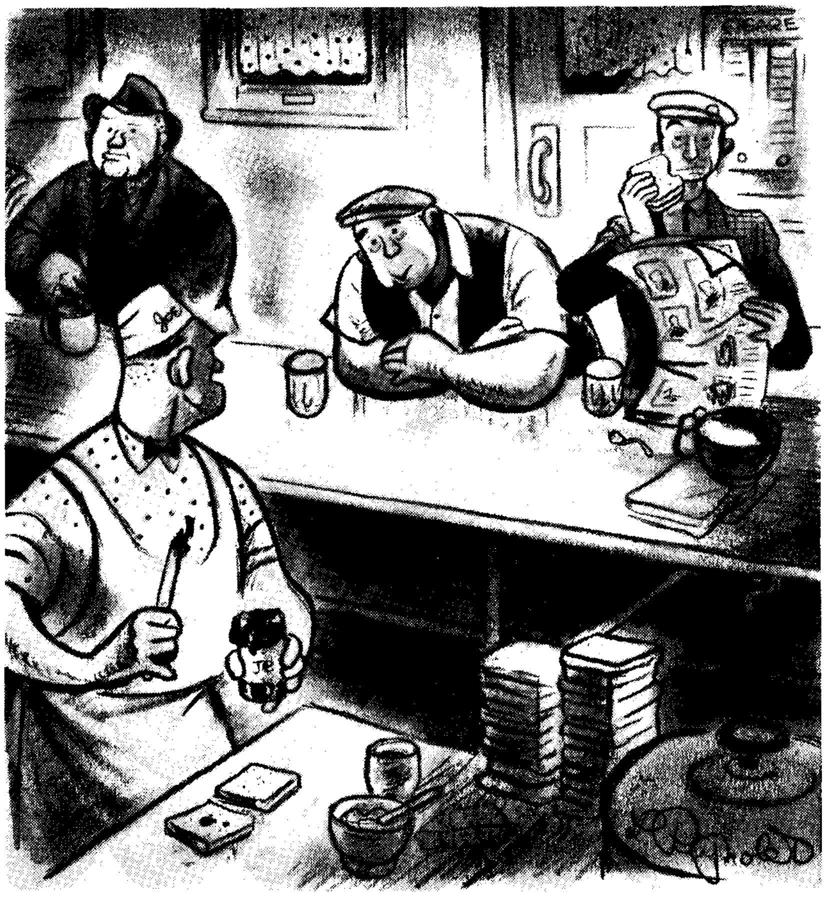
"They've touched up your nose a little," he said observantly.

"That's the most you got out of it?"

"Of course not," he said with ready dishonesty. "I think it's marvelous. Really I do. I ought to marry you and keep it in the family."

Her eyes appraised him soberly. "I wonder if it's worth—oh, get out, Micawber! There's work to do."

(Continued on page 34)



"Could I put my own jelly on?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Motorists! MORE HEAT FOR YOUR CAR WITH THIS NEW "BOILER TYPE" HEATER

REMEMBER LAST WINTER?

● How many times did you nearly "freeze to death" in your car? When the thermometer flirts with zero you need a heater that's more than a "breath of spring". You need the new Goodrich De Luxe BOILER TYPE Heater that will give you fireside warmth in the dead of winter.

Goodrich Dealer: "HERE'S THE WAY TO 'SHIVER-PROOF' YOUR CAR"

Heat your car as comfortably as you heat your home with this amazing new Goodrich Hot Water Heater

HERE'S the greatest heater value ever offered to winter drivers! Imagine being able to install a new 1936 Goodrich De Luxe "BOILER TYPE" Hot Water Heater in your car at a price that's *actually lower* than you used to pay for old type heaters. Imagine having this new heater with its Patented Universal Deflector that will throw heat in *any* direction or move up and out of the way so that you get a full "direct flow" of warm air to every part of your car.

Money-saving features

Working on the same principle as the hot water boiler in your home, the Goodrich De Luxe Heater has a special "heat trap" that stores hot water *in* the heater instead of allowing it to be sucked back into the cooling system before it makes the fullest use of every unit of heat value. Not only that, this remarkable new heater is made with a new and larger Angle Tube Core for *extra* heat and a motor that's built like a full-sized "house current" motor. Thus, you get more heat . . . quicker heat . . . at all car speeds on the coldest days.

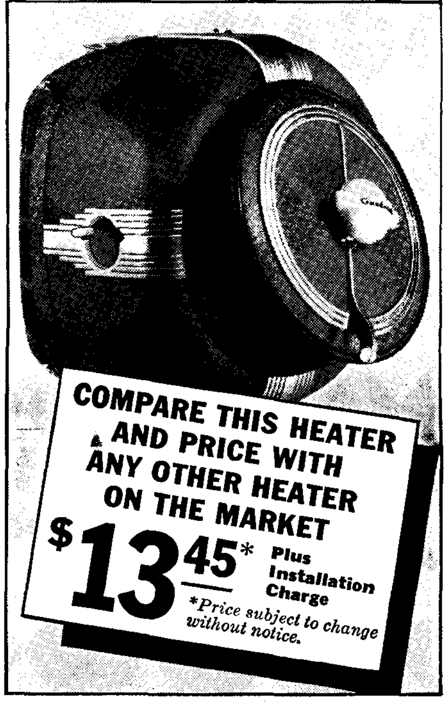
And remember, from the standpoint of appearance you couldn't buy a more beautiful heater—at any price! Smart, modern, streamline in design, it comes in two new colors—a rich gray and a medium shade brown to match your upholstery.

Before the first cold spell catches you napping, be sure to see your Goodrich Tire dealer and ask him to "shiver-proof" your car with the new, beautiful "streamline" Goodrich De Luxe Boiler Type Hot Water Heater.

NO MORE ICY WINDSHIELDS!

New defroster attachment

New Hot Air Windshield Defroster Tube quickly attaches either at front or side. Melts snow and ice on outside of windshield and clears frost and mist inside, thus giving clear, safe vision for winter driving in all kinds of weather. Available at small extra charge.



COMPARE THIS HEATER AND PRICE WITH ANY OTHER HEATER ON THE MARKET

$13.45* Plus Installation Charge

*Price subject to change without notice.

Goodrich De Luxe Hot Water Heater

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

Winter, stay away from my feet!

Brrr! Remember last year? Forget it. Keep warm, dry and smartly shod in Walk-Over MUDHOUNDS. Handsome and husky without being clumsy. Mellow, weather-proof leathers. Triple soles specially oiled for extra wear, flexibility and to resist dampness. Below, with the new squared-off toe adapted from a Norwegian ski boot. Briar brown or black Scotch grain. The SKI $6.75. Prices slightly higher West. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

Walk-Over Mudhounds

SLUSH KING
It's waterproof!

• Plow through puddles. This remarkable new Walk-Over can't leak. It has no seams. Exclusive, patented construction. Triple soles, oiled and flexible. Waterproof brown Puritan calf. Full leather lining. CASINO last. Also Scotch grain blucher, DUNCAN last. Each, de Luxe grade, $10.50.

(Continued from page 33)

Lynn slowly undraped a leg from a chromium bookcase. "I get it," he said resourcefully. "Dinner, Wednesday, as usual."

"Dinner, Wednesday, as—no." Her smooth neck went suddenly pink. "Not this Wednesday. Sorry."

"Impossible! You can't break with the custom of years—a year anyway—just like that. What will people say? Impossible?"

"Impossible." Mary seemed certain.

"What or who?"

"One must study all techniques."

"I'll break each one of his bones separately," said Lynn amiably. "Well, week from Wednesday, then."

He returned to the Hot Plate and sat long over a cup of coffee, his hat, stick and gloves tumbled carelessly in the next chair. Dear Mary, he smiled. But women in business . . . she'd have done better to have stayed with him at sixty a week.

And it was then that Lynn Starrett came out of his coma. He suddenly saw he couldn't pay anyone sixty dollars a week or sixty cents. For the first time since before the bright day of Uncle Dan's advice, he was conscious of limitless space and a profound uncertainty as to his place in it. He was apparently floating. Where there were tangible things, he couldn't touch them. He had no niche. He had no business. Did he even have a personality?

A fragment of ancient conversation came to him and he saw the relevance: "The right goods are there but they're stowed away on the back shelves." Mary had said that. He wondered if she were right.

At two-thirty he was in lower Broadway looking for a job.

But apparently there was a penalty to pay for having been a big shot . . . and then not being one. It took him several days to find that out.

Finally, he relegated advertising to the background—at least for the present. He'd been a great success at it, he remembered. But of course he'd never really *done* any advertising. He'd only talked about it. No, the start had to be more fundamental than that. The front door was closed to him. He'd have to go around to the back.

He walked up Sixth Avenue, nosed along by a torpid afternoon crowd, hands deep in pockets, gripping keys and change until his fingers were numb.

AN IDEA, vague at first, gradually formed in his mind. When it was solid and immovable, he went into action. Three blocks from his hotel, he dipped into a secondhand clothing shop. He bought a suit and shoes and a cap, and changed behind a curtain. He kissed the crown of his pearl-gray Homburg and, with the other discarded garments, wrapped it in a bundle to be called for. Then he walked down to Herald Square and took the Hudson tubes for Newark.

At the employees' entrance of the Munson Company, manufacturers of fine sterling silverware and erstwhile client of Hodges, Sawtelle & Starrett, he was told they were not taking on anyone. He was told the same thing the next day, and the next, and the next . . . for seven days. On the eighth, before going to Newark, he put one thousand of his remaining eleven hundred dollars in a savings bank, moved to a boardinghouse in Chelsea and prepared to dig in for the winter. That day he thought he detected a sigh on the part of the personnel manager as that patient individual combed his stubby gray mustache with two fingers and looked at Lynn with a sort of helpless perplexity.

"There isn't anything, I told you," said the personnel man. "But I'll take you on—as a stock-room handy man. It'll save my seeing you every morning."

So Lynn Starrett climbed in the cellar door of the Munson Company with whose president, Carvel Gibbons, he had once made a tour of New England dishes, silver and alimentary. He had selected the soundest of all Hodges, Sawtelle & Starrett's former clients.

"Sterling silver is solid," the gentle Carvel Gibbons used to remind him, and wouldn't be budged into sky-writing.

Lynn threw himself exuberantly into the duties of handy man, first to the discomfort and then to the delight of neglected muscles. But, while mindful of the benefits derived from learning the arts of swabbing floors, polishing an astonishing amount of brass for a silver factory, learning how to wrap packages without borrowing an extra thumb and how to preserve the tone of the "butler" silver finish, he earnestly applied himself to a study of the merchandise which was constantly under his hand. He liked it.

HE WAS prouder still the first Saturday that he was given a small buff envelope containing fifteen dollars. And his pride was almost indecent when he was informed by the superintendent (who had observed his handwriting to be facile and legible) that next week he could make an inventory of all the articles in stock. None of the other handy men were invited.

"You're a cut above a handy man," said the superintendent, not without a practiced narrowing of the eyes.

"Maybe a stock clerk," Lynn said hopefully.

He took the train to New York. Arrived at Thirty-third Street he had only one idea in mind: to find Mary. It was impossible to wait until Wednesday evening.

But, this being Saturday afternoon, Mary could not be reached at her office or her apartment. So Lynn whistled himself up Fifth Avenue alone.

And then he changed his mind about Mary. He ran into her in traffic. That is, Mary was being driven in a roadster resembling a submarine by an immense, subtropical chap with patent-leather hair. The car was oozing along in the metal lava of the Avenue and Lynn was standing on the library steps.

Mary characteristically overlooked the presence of several thousand other people and shouted, "Lynn, darling!" And then suddenly subsided.

The subtropical chap gave her a look that was intimate and menacing.

With a new reticence, Lynn got as near as he could before replying, "Hello, Mary, I called you today because I hoped—"

She shook her head abruptly and stared down the street. "No," she said. "You understand."

"Of course," he said, completely bewildered. "Wednesday?"

It might have been a slight nod she gave. The car jumped ahead sharply.

"Is there anything?" he cried after her, and nearly got run over for his pains.

She showed up at Nardi's Wednesday evening. Lynn was full of notes on the progress of the inventory, but he repressed them to ask, "Who in blazes was that fellow?"

Mary was oddly nervous and shot a quick look around the room. "Oh that—that was Bernabé Casanevada."

"Not a large description, but enough for me. Big olive oil and sardine man!" he boomed.

There was alum in Mary's voice. "It happens to be rum and cigars. But you wouldn't understand. He does a job of work. A different technique . . . and you don't have to yell so."

Lynn exploded. "It isn't a religious subject! I know very well. The Santiago-Manhattan people. Ex-bootleggers.

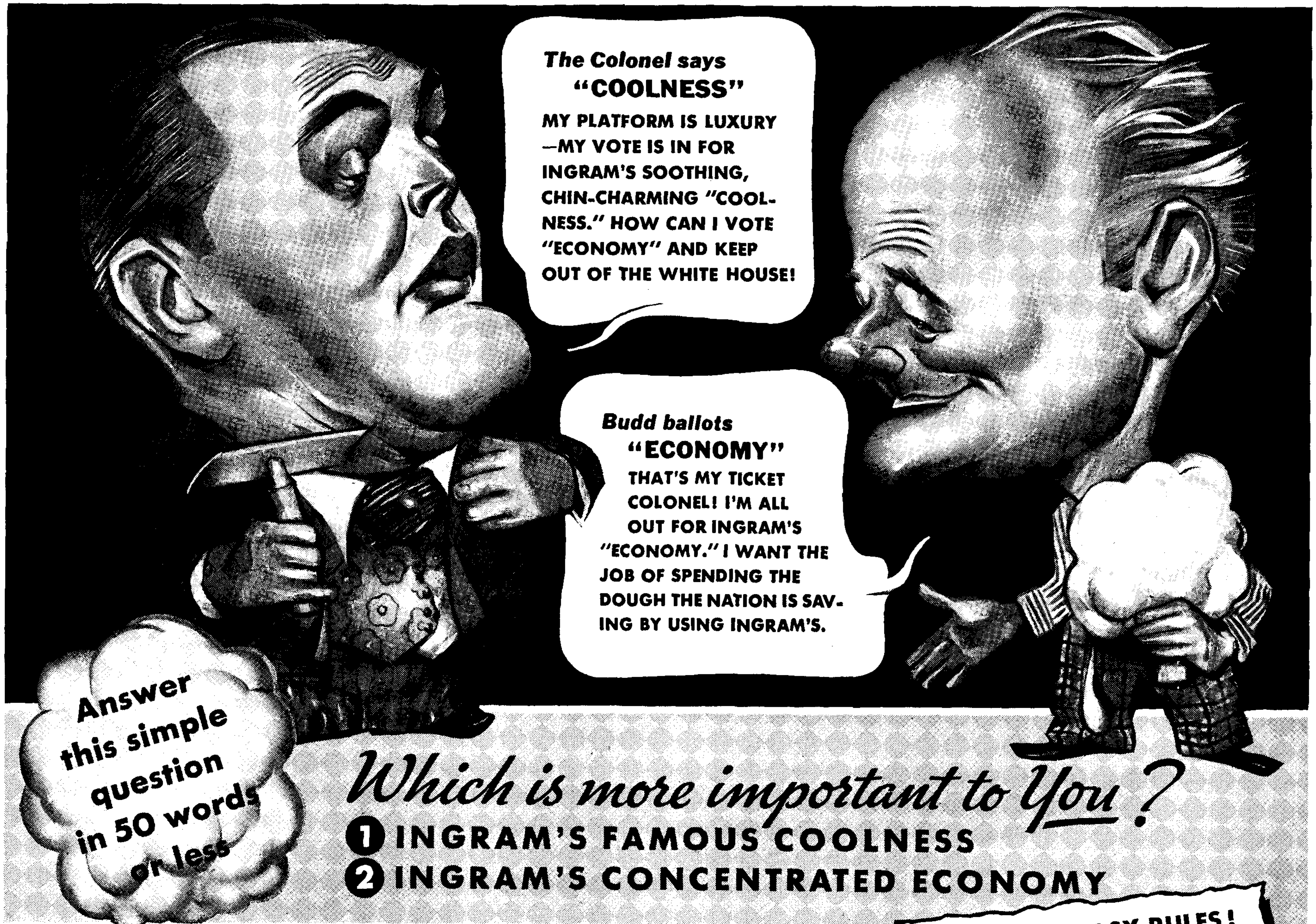
(Continued on page 36)

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD say "*Hurry! Hurry!*

Here's your last chance to win

INGRAM'S $2500 CASH FIRST PRIZE!"

PLUS 10 CASH PRIZES OF $100 EACH • 2000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES • 2011 WINNERS!


The Colonel says "COOLNESS" MY PLATFORM IS LUXURY—MY VOTE IS IN FOR INGRAM'S SOOTHING, CHIN-CHARMING "COOLNESS." HOW CAN I VOTE "ECONOMY" AND KEEP OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE!
Budd ballots "ECONOMY" THAT'S MY TICKET COLONEL! I'M ALL OUT FOR INGRAM'S "ECONOMY." I WANT THE JOB OF SPENDING THE DOUGH THE NATION IS SAVING BY USING INGRAM'S.
Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

Which is more important to You?

1 INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
2 INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

MEN—get in on this easy-to-win contest! Get in today. A simple letter of fifty words can win you $2,500 in cash—or one of the ten $100 cash prizes—or one of 2,000 genuine $2.00 Rubberset Shaving Brushes. You have 2,011 chances to win! But get your entry off now. Don't delay. *All entries must be in the mail by midnight, Dec. 1, 1936.*

The purpose of this contest is to settle one question—what do men like best about Ingram's—its shaving "Coolness" or its downright "Economy"?

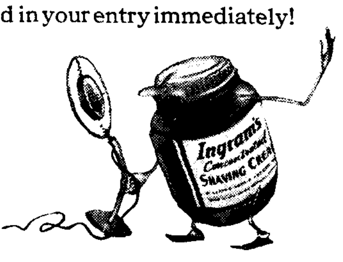
What's your choice? What's your answer? When you see how easily you whip a quarter-inch of Ingram's into a cloudburst of cooling lather, you'll learn a lesson in economy you'll never forget.

You'll discover that a little Ingram's does a lot more shaving—because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and more cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

But as soon as that lather touches your cheek, you'll want to ring doorbells for Ingram's soothing, chin-charming "Coolness." For Ingram's *famous triple-treat* combination of cream, tonic and face lotion in one is a shaving thrill you'll never forget.

IT'S EASY TO BE A WINNER

You don't have to be a Shakespeare or a college professor to win. Sincerity and simplicity will count more than fancy writing. But remember, you'll never get a cut of that $3,500 cash—or one of those 2,000 Rubberset brushes—if you don't send in your entry right away. Get a tube or a jar of Ingram's Shaving Cream—give your face a thrilling, new treat—look over the simple rules—and send in your entry immediately!


Ingram's Concentrated Shaving Cream

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 501, Elizabeth, N.J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in the Jan. 30, 1937 issue of Liberty.

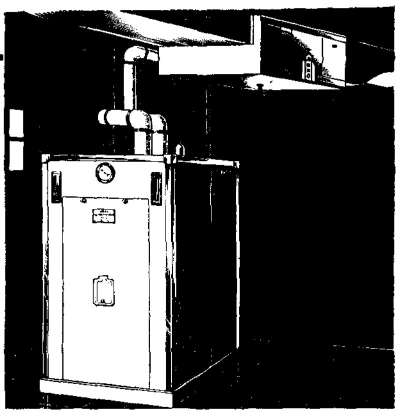
4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 1ST. – *Act Now* – SEND IN YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

PRACTICAL
HOME
CONDITIONING
FOR THE
AVERAGE CITIZEN



You've got to change your ideas about home comfort. Scientific Home Conditioning is now economical, simple, practical. For new American Radiator Conditioning Systems were created for the average citizen to be installed in the average price home. Here's what you get, and it's exactly what you need.

CONDITIONED AIR—Conditioned air, as fresh and sweet as a spring day, cleaned of dirt and dust and then silently circulated throughout your house. In winter, proper moisture is added to provide the maximum of comfort!

RADIANT HEAT—Sun-like radiant heat—as only radiators can provide—insures healthful warmth regardless of the weather outside. New controls and special valves *guarantee even heat distribution,* room by room, from cellar to garret.

HOT WATER—Year 'round domestic hot water, a special feature of these great systems, provides hot water for baths and general cleanliness, day and night, winter and summer.

Any fuel can be used—coal, oil, coke or gas, and everything can be automatic. Get the facts! Hurry up! You can have Conditioned Comfort *now!*

New
AMERICAN
RADIATOR
CONDITIONING
SYSTEMS

Bring in fresh air • Add humidity
Clean the air • Circulate the air
Give sun-like radiant heat
Warm every room evenly
Supply year 'round domestic hot water

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
45 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send your free book, "This New Comfort."
☐ Building a new home. ☐ Modernizing an old home.
☐ Just interested.

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City or Town*__________*State*_____
© A. R. Co. 1936 C-11-7

LISTEN IN! American Radiator Fireside Recital . . . every Sunday 7:30 P.M. E.S.T. WEAF-NBC Network

(Continued from page 34)

Crooked as pretzels. I solicited them once. The head isn't a bad old greaser. This is the cub. He's breezing through the old man's bankbook, I dare say. Darn' right it's a different technique. For Pete's sake, where'd you find him?"

Mary looked worried, started to say something, checked herself and let out a gay laugh that would have been unconvincing to a Punch and Judy audience. "I've not seen you in such a fever about anything since you tried to sell Consolidated Motors fifty-two color pages in the Continental weekly. And it's about as interesting."

Mary pettish. The dark circles under her eyes were real.

"Suppose I'm jealous," he said thoughtfully. "As for you—you're not feeling fit."

"Silly idea—both of them. Perhaps I *am* tired. The shop . . ."

"How does it go?"

"Oh, marvelous!" The note was authentically hysterical. She rushed on: "Let's talk about something else. What are you doing, *really?*"

Lynn thought of the hours with the mop, the brass polishing, with the Paul Revere tea service and the "butler" finish. "Contact work," he said. "Mary, please have a brandy."

"You're such an ass!" she said almost viciously. "You still think you can pull all the old gags when the entire world knows exactly what you . . . oh, what's the use? Can't you see I've got the jumps?"

"I see. *I'll* take you home."

"No. You mustn't." She hurriedly gathered up handbag and gloves. "Please don't try. Please." She stood up suddenly, leaned down, kissed him on the forehead. "I'm going out of town for a few days," was all the explanation she gave him before she half ran between the tables and through the door.

Lynn did such a good job on the inventory, making it not only an accurate record of stock but a lively description of the various patterns, that he was assigned (after due consultation with the assistant sales manager, the assistant promotion manager and the assistant production manager) to the work of assembling the annual catalog. This was an undertaking usually of the advertising agency, but it had gotten out of hand in the matter of costs, what with hundred-dollar photographs and two-dollar words thrown in. It was simpler to raise Lynn to twenty-five dollars a week. Lynn was in an eighth heaven. The day he'd signed Consolidated Motors to the seven-million contract couldn't match it.

THEN Carvel Gibbons had to march in while he labored over photographs and layout in the file-box office they had given him.

"Just time for a two-hour lunch."

The chagrin in Lynn's face seemed to amuse Gibbons. "You don't appear glad to see me," the president said.

"For the first time in my life I've gotten down to work, and you . . . well, I guess you've found me out."

"The better mousetrap," said Gibbons. "Here we watch everybody."

At luncheon, Carvel Gibbons asked Lynn if he hoped to stay with the company and make a career of it.

"No—honestly."

"You have reasons?"

"Maybe they're not sound, but they're mine and I'm fond of them. You see, advertising licked me; now I want to lick it. It's not revenge—merely replacement."

"You're talking symbols, but I get what you mean."

"I had it all wrong. Now I think I'm on the right track. I'll stay here—if you'll let me—until I get a start of my own."

Gibbons considered an abnormally long cigar-ash for an abnormally long time. "Better than that," he said finally, "you can start now. I'll give you part of our account—the brochures, catalogs, posters, counter-cards, direct-by-mail stuff. Stake you to a little capital. You can set up a shop . . . a small one."

"But you can't be certain that—"

Carvel Gibbons' nod intercepted. "The Munson Company doesn't take blind chances. I've watched you a long time. You've always had stuff . . . Have another coffee . . . now you've got sense."

Lynn's thanks were a little delirious. "If you hadn't happened to walk in today . . ." he concluded.

"I didn't *happen* to walk in today."

THAT was Monday. By Friday, Lynn had installed himself in a modest two-room-and-reception on Madison Avenue. On the door was a conventionally lettered sign, "Lynn Starrett, Advertising Counselor."

"Nothing very grand," he explained to Miss Smedley, the angular novice who was to be his secretary—at twenty a week. "*Poco á poco.* That's Spanish for crawling very gradually."

A letter from Wilton, Connecticut, brought him vigorously back to Mary: "It looks as though I'd be here a long time. I wonder if you could just call Mr. Johanssen and see how things are. You remember him. Oh, all my love. M."

There was something queer, or Mary loved him. He decided there was something queer.

He got Mr. Johanssen on the telephone. Mr. Johanssen was satisfactorily direct. "It's the Casanevada fellow," he disclosed, "although she did tell me not to say anything. But the way things are, I simply got to. He's plagued the life out of her. Hangs around here. Hangs around her house, I guess. Believe he's had people following her, because every time she's come to the shop in the last six weeks—and that's not often—he's shown up about fifteen minutes later. I don't know what it's all about."

"That's why she went out of town?"

"Clear as crystal to me, sir. And I wish you'd get her back. We need her something fierce."

"*You* do," thought Lynn. He said, "Thanks. I'll call you." The receiver clattered to its berth while he was already under way.

Thirty-eight minutes later, he came out of the offices of the Santiago-Manhattan Importing Company, his right hand wrapped in a handkerchief, and elbowed his way with great good humor to the nearest telegraph office. He sent a wire to Wilton, Connecticut:

LONG RIGHT TO CASANEVADA NOSE COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL STOP SIGNING WITH MIKE JACOBS UNLESS YOU COME ON ELEVEN TWENTY EIGHT DONT STOP LOVE
LYNN

He met her at the Grand Central and led her to a cab. "Don't talk. I want to gaze. Perhaps later—at my office."

"Your—" But she let it go at that.

When she had come through the reception room and down the little hall to his own private cell, she just stood in the doorway for a long minute, blowing the retroussé nose. Finally, she said, "Lynn, darling, you've done it!"

And there was something in her voice which made Lynn close the door and Miss Smedley thumb hastily the index of "1001 Comforts for Private Secretaries."

After a while, they went out to lunch.

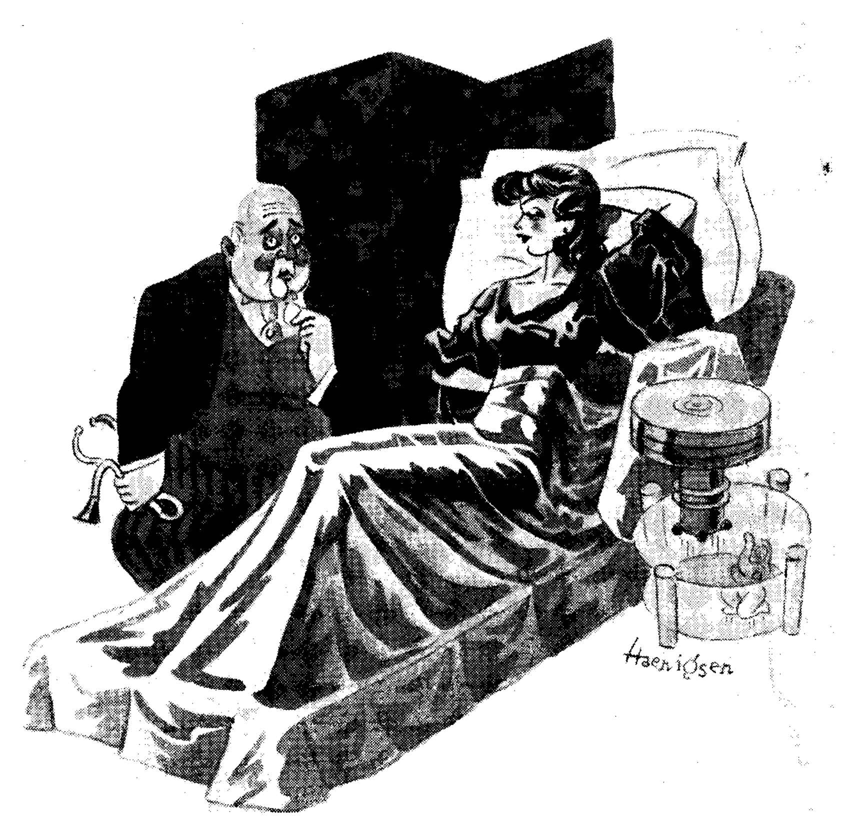
"I want you to tell me," he said commandingly, when a precise waiter had finally worried the Adirondack brook trout into exactly the correct position, "why you didn't let me know about this Dracula a long time ago."

She poked at the trout as though she'd ordered pigs' feet. *But*, eventually, up came the small chin. "He lent me money. Things weren't so good at the shop. Then I couldn't pay it back. And I couldn't go to you, don't you see? If I had admitted—"

"I'll finish it," said Lynn, a great incandescence filling his head. "If you'd admitted that you were in difficulties then I'd have been encouraged to continue along my primrose path—or as you thought it was. Undoubtedly. I hope your children will be easier to raise."

"Oh, darling, after we're settled, will you look into a few things? I don't know what they mean by judgments and attachments and liens."

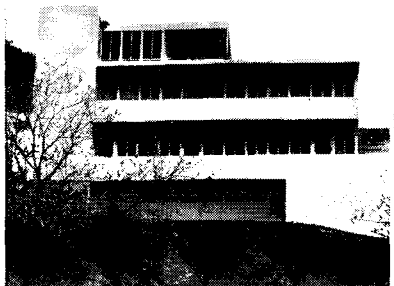
And the little mountain fish got a salt-water bath without the inconvenience of going to sea.



"I know what's the matter with you—some Latin name, but I can't think of it"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

PROOF IN OVER
MILLION HOMES
SHOWN THE LASTING
ENCY OF CELOTEX
FIBRE INSULATION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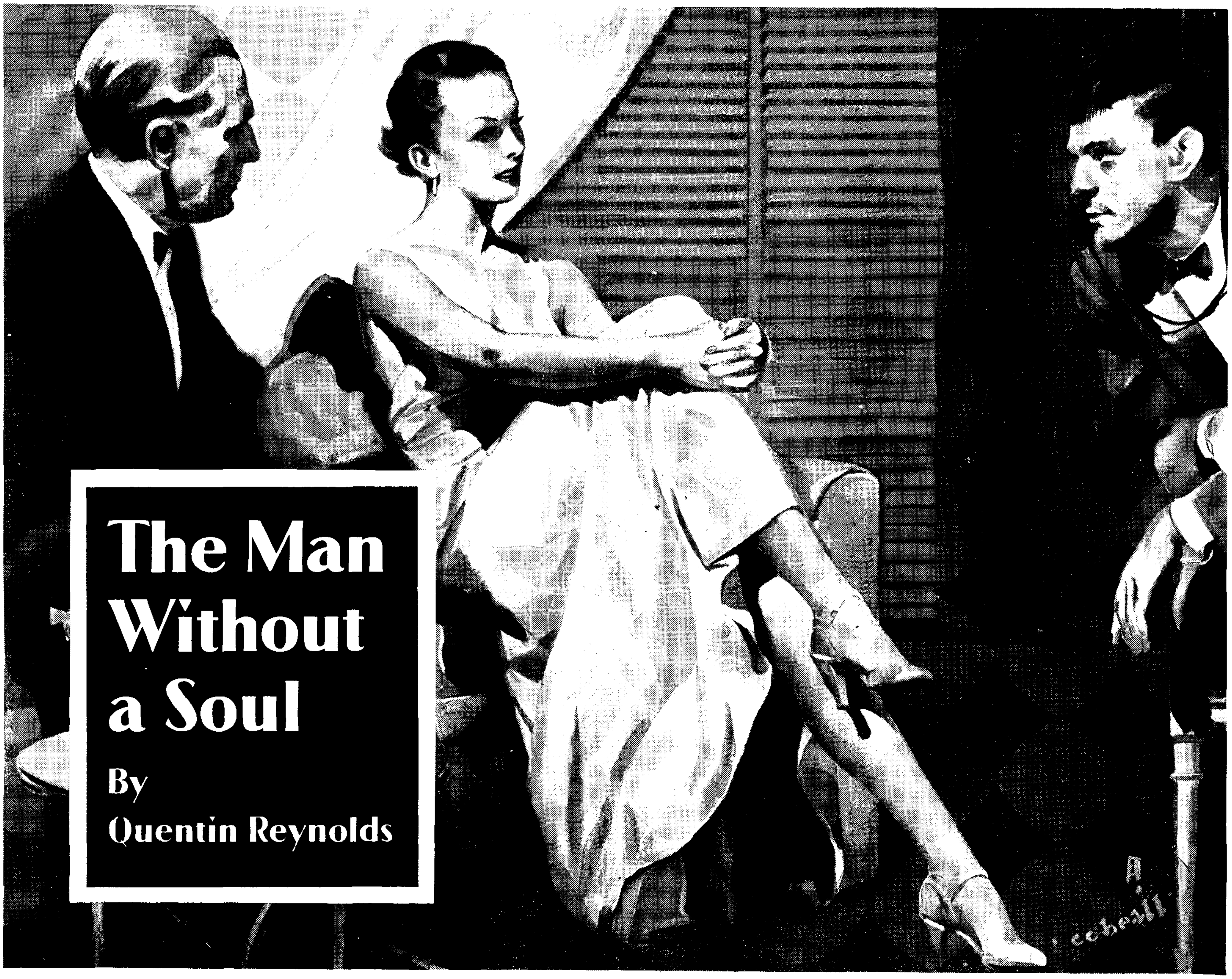

The Man Without a Soul

By Quentin Reynolds

She loved Peter; that was obvious; but she felt that he belonged to her and to her alone

The gripping story of a great scientist, who, for one tragic moment, made a machine live

SONYA STEINHOLM danced through the dying twilight of that memorable Berlin afternoon and her eyes flashed mischievously, then they darkened with anger only again to brighten as sudden laughter came into them. Sonya Steinholm was tall for a Russian girl, and slim for a Russian girl, and she was beautiful for any girl. Sonya's laughter filled my drawing room and the scent of the lilacs and roses of the near-by Tiergarten came into the room and mingled with the laughter that came from the lovely throat of Sonya. Then suddenly the laughter was stilled and the eyes of Sonya darkened. I could see fear stealing into them, fear which came from her heart and her soul, and the fear was mirrored in her eyes.

Sonya and Peter Steinholm and the one they called just Nikoli—they were all in my drawing room that late afternoon and I saw them and heard them talk and watched them live and laugh and suffer—I saw them and heard them through the voice of von Genthner, who had known and loved them. He sat there and told me the story of Sonya and of Peter and of the one they called Nikoli.

It had all started innocently enough. I had come home to my Berlin apartment after filing a story about Peter Steinholm. It was on that afternoon that the announcement came that he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. The whole world was talking of Peter Steinholm and the whole world was worshiping him as a very great humanitarian—that is, the world outside of Germany. In Germany they thought of Peter Steinholm as a traitor, as a pacifist, but they could do nothing about it. After all, he was the world's greatest scientist. Einstein? Ah, but Einstein dealt with abstractions; Steinholm dealt with practical applications.

A FEW months before Steinholm had broadcast that startling announcement that he had discovered an antidote, a neutralizing chemical which would render impotent all known forms of poison gas. It was a gas that would fight gas. The discovery had been too big, Steinholm had said, to be given any one country. So he gave it to the world.

"Sixteen per cent of the British casualties came from poison gas. Thirty-three per cent of the American dead were killed by chlorine, phosgene, chloropicrin, hydrocyanic acid, the dreaded, ghastly mustard gas. Thousands of men alive today are only half alive because of the effects of the gas used by armies of both sides twenty years ago. . . ." Then came the part which had amazed the world: "I have discovered a gas which will neutralize the irritants contained in those fiendish chemical weapons. It, too, can be sprayed or dropped from bombs or shot from trench mortars, but instead of killing men this gas will kill the poison in the gas which is sent against men. All warfare is ghastly—chemical warfare is worst of all. Chemistry which gave warring countries those weapons now gives the same countries a defense against them. Any chemist can make it. Any army can use it as a defense. This marks the end of chemical warfare and perhaps it is the first step toward the end of all warfare. . . ."

Then he gave the formula, meaningless to ordinary listeners, but chemists in every country in the world were listening and they jotted it down. His announcement was made from London over a world-wide radio hookup. It was repeated in fifteen languages. Yes, Peter Steinholm's name was on the lips of every lover of peace, and then he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. His announcement had done more to take the horror out of war than had any single defensive stratagem ever devised. Germany felt, of course, that the invention should be given to her alone, and the Nazi press attacked him bitterly.

I HAD interviewed him that afternoon, I and a dozen other foreign correspondents who were stationed in Berlin. He was tall, Peter Steinholm, and his hair was white, though he was still far from being aged. Clean-shaven, his bushy eyebrows met over enormous blue eyes, sad eyes, kind eyes. The one word which would best describe Peter Steinholm was gentle.

"It seems strange," one of the correspondents said to Steinholm, "that you who invented so many death-dealing machines during the last war should now be awarded the greatest prize that is

(Continued on page 48)

Announcing the Comp
with Selective

The car that is 3 BIG STEPS AHEAD *of all the rest*

For 1937, Hudson presents *completely new* Sixes and Eights! Cars that step to the top in luxury, yet are priced just above the lowest.

First in importance: Hudson's Selective Automatic Shift . . . new, exclusive. Here, at last, are cars that almost drive themselves!

New bodies, on longer wheelbases . . . new styled, lower, wider, roomier. Interiors equally far ahead in new style and beauty. *New* Double-Drop "2X" Frame . . . still stronger, safer.

More power...finer performance . . . *from even less gasoline.* All 1937 Hudsons, Sixes as well as Eights, now have Double Carburetion . . . and *no* Six ever had it before.

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A big step ahead in style and room!

It had to come! Pace-setting *style outside* without a single one of the usual compromises in *room, comfort* or *usefulness inside.*

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In quality of fabrics, superb tailoring, richness of equipment, these interiors not only far surpass the finest of past Hudsons, but compare favorably with the luxury leaders of motordom.

A big step ahead in performance!

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Hudson 129-inch wheelbase Custom Eight Sedan—reproduced from an actual photograph

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But DOWN, down goes gasoline expense. The economy leader of its class *now gives you a further saving of 10% on gasoline!*

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There's no stopping the trend to longer, wider, lower cars; with easier control and more power. Hudson has chosen to *lead* this trend, not *follow* it . . . to take *now* the 3 big steps ahead that sooner or later all cars must take.

It will pay you to compare other 1937 fine cars . . . with Hudson. Look them over. Size them up. Try them out. Then *step* ahead and *stay* ahead, with Hudson!

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*Super power dome, with 107 h. p., optional at small extra cost in Hudson Six.

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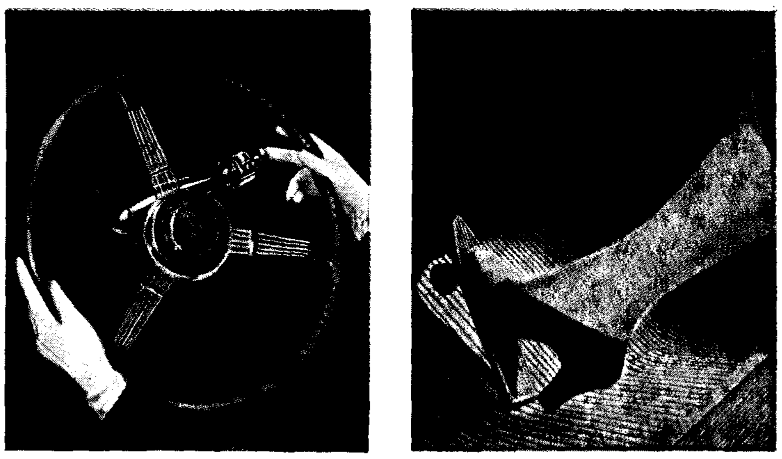


A flick of a finger . . . A touch of a toe!

TO SHIFT! TO STOP! TO GO!

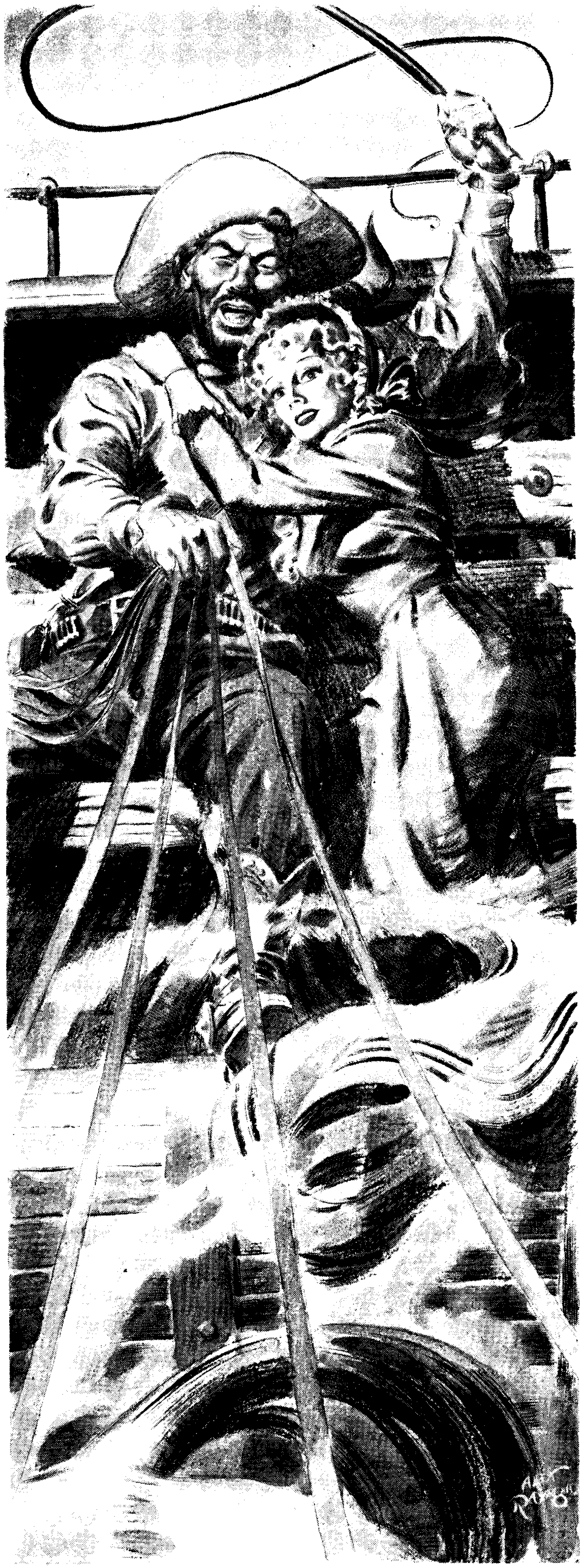
HUDSON
wish we had a car like this!"
"Let my husband talk a while . . .
and I think you will!"

Slade the Terrible

By Owen P. White

He was poison to horse thieves; saloonkeepers either closed up or rebuilt their bars when he went on one of his hard-drinking, swift-shooting sprees—yet he was a militant prohibitionist. We present Mr. Slade, late of the Overland Mail

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND



With joy in his heart and his beautiful wife by his side Slade set out

THE glory of the old-time gory gunman of the West, like that of the modern politician, rests and always has rested more upon the ability of his press agents to build him up than upon his own ability to disturb the peace, defy the law and destroy his enemies.

Take the late Joseph A. Slade as an example. According to his admiring biographers, of whom none was more vociferous than Mark Twain, Mr. Slade was a gunman of so many parts that instead of merely plugging his victims in the ordinary, everyday fashion he made use of a merit system. Thus, if a man had displeased him only slightly, one bullet, properly placed, was all he would waste on him. When his animosity was thoroughly aroused, as in the case of Jules the Frenchman, it was said of him that he would do his adversary the honor of tying him to a post and shooting him piecemeal. Clearly such a character needs investigation.

To begin with, the name of Mr. Slade's first victim is unrecorded. But he is not unimportant because no sooner had he been polished off than the future Terror of the Plains, finding the atmosphere of Carlisle, Illinois, a bit unhealthy for him, joined the U. S. Army and under the command of a Captain Killman went through the Mexican Campaign. This was in 1847, and thereafter, until 1859, when we find Slade, as division superintendent of the Overland Stage Company, dickering with a French Canadian for a stack of hay, we see no more of him.

"How much hay you got here?" inquired Slade.

"Five ton," answered the Frenchman.

"Huh. Gimme that pitchfork."

Merely Heavily Singed

The Frenchman paled a bit but handed over the murderous weapon, whereupon Slade, having first cracked the man over the head with the handle of it hard enough to put him to sleep, went on to investigate the interior of the haystack.

"Just as I thought," he muttered. "Fellow's a damn' swindler. Inside of this pile 'tain't nothin' but brush." The result was that when the Frenchman came to it was to find himself, all nicely tied up, lying on top of the stack to which Mr. Slade with a benign smile on his lips and a torch in his hand was about to set fire. The squealing Frenchman, though, was not entirely consumed. He was merely heavily singed, which was just Mr. Slade's way of showing the ranchmen along the division that he would stand for no fooling and that they couldn't cheat the Overland out of anything.

With horse thieves he was, of course, less lenient. Horses, you see, were motive power, without which stagecoach traffic could not move, and hence whenever any of his stock was missing he immediately went out and did something about it so efficiently that it was his boast, and also that of the Overland, that in all the time he served the line his stages, unless the Indians got them, always came through. The following incident illustrates why.

One morning shortly after Slade had taken charge at Julesburg he might have been seen riding hard on the trail of two men who had stolen four of his stage horses. He knew there were two men because he was following six sets of horse tracks, and yet single-handed he planned to take them. He did. By noon he saw their dust, which he followed until after sundown, when the men stopped to make camp.

You First, My Dear Alphonse

Then, as Slade himself afterward remembered, "just as their coffee can was about to bile over, and they was both reachin' for it, I steps in and invites 'em to stick their hands up. They done it, and then right away after I'd taken their guns off 'em I informs 'em that one of 'em's goin' to be hung quick, and that I don't give a damn which one 'cause the other feller's a-goin' to have to do the job for me. And did that start an argument! Looked as if them two hoss thieves just couldn't agree as to which of 'em needed hangin' the worst and so, finally, I had to settle it myself by votin' that me and the little feller would hang the big one. We done it and then, 'cause you see I hadn't made no promise about anything, I says to the little man that it is his turn now and to step lively as I'm in something of a sweat to get back to the station with the hosses.

"Naturally this starts another argument pretty near as loud as the first one, which again I had to settle. But I done it all right, and then the next day, after I'd gotten back to the station with six hosses instead of four, and am writin' out my report, I sets it down that the Overland, on my division, is richer by two more hosses and two less hoss thieves than it was before."

As far as Slade himself was concerned his personal gain, as the result of this little transaction in horse thieves and horseflesh, was spiritual rather than material. It helped him in two ways. First, it gave him a reputation for being hard that lasted him for the rest of his life, while, second, it provided him with an enemy whose hatred was to endure. This man, who had been fired from the job when Slade had been hired as superintendent of the Overland, was named Jules Reni. He was the big man of all the French Canadians in that section, so that naturally it was quite a jolt

(Continued on page 44)

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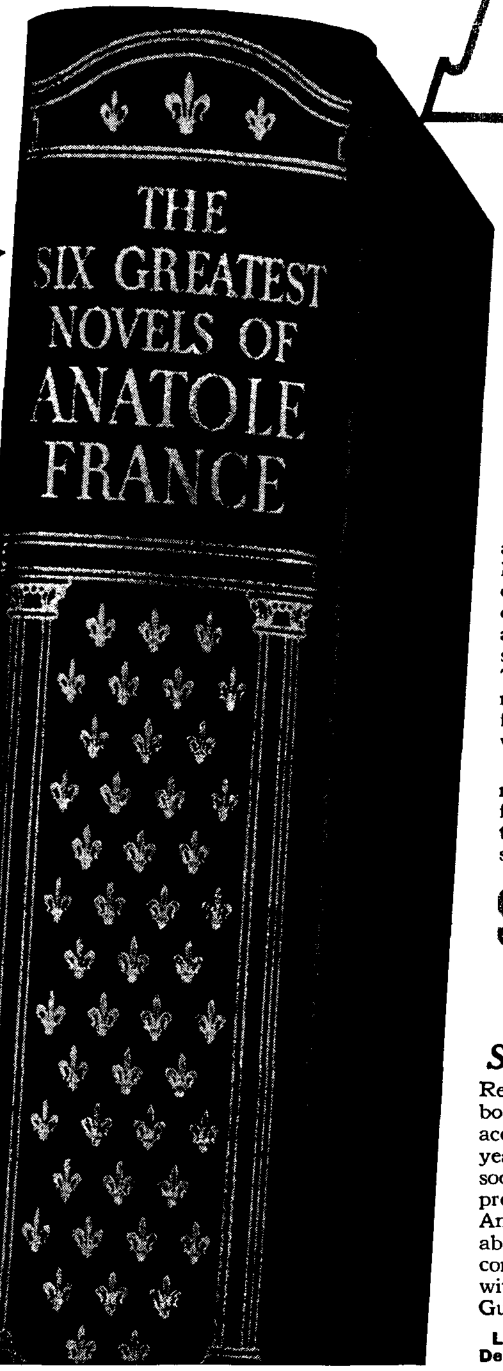
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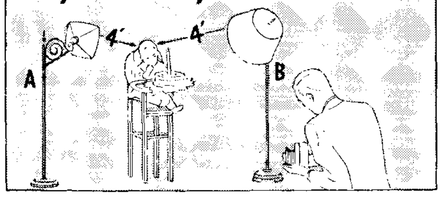

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(Continued from page 42)

to his prestige when Slade, who spoke no French at all, and even little English, but was disagreeably voluble with a six-shooter, came along and replaced him in his position. Add to this the fact that the two horse thieves executed by Mr. Slade had been friends of Jules and it is easy to understand why Jules should have taken advantage of the first opportunity that presented itself to fill his rival full of lead.

According to statistics this certainly should have been enough, and undoubtedly would have been if Jules had not made the mistake of saying to the bystanders: "There he is, boys. When he quits kicking bury him in a dry-goods box and I'll pay for it."

That remark resuscitated the corpse. "Like hell you will," shouted Slade, sitting straight up on the ground. "When the time comes, which it ain't yet, I'll tend to my own funeral. 'Fore that, though, I'll tend to yours. But with no ears on you, 'cause I'm goin' to cut them off and wear 'em on my watch chain."

And Slade proceeded to get well. It took him six months to do that and he still had eight bullets in him when he got through, but what of it? Perhaps they irritated him some but despite that he was still able to handle a six-shooter in such a masterly manner that one day, according to the apocryphal record, when he saw a man he didn't like riding in toward the station Slade remarked to the crowd on the porch, "Gentlemen, I will now clip him on his third vest button." That man, however, who was promptly interred by the admiring audience, was not Monsieur Jules. No, that Frenchman was no longer in Julesburg. Pressing business had taken him across the Rockies, and poor Mr. Slade was just beginning to fear that the happiness of killing his enemy might never be his when suddenly an order came through from the boss of the Overland transferring him to Rocky Ridge. This was splendid. With joy in his heart, his gun in his holster and his very good-looking and faithful wife clinging to his side, Slade moved to his new headquarters.

A Horse-Stealing Depression

Strictly in line of duty he started out one morning without even a gun on him to make his regular monthly inspection trip over his new division. Mr. Slade, however, was no fool. Being the boss of the district, he knew just a little bit more about the probable whereabouts of Jules than did anyone else. When he reached the station at Bordeaux Ranch, where Jules had spent the previous night, he sent out four men on horseback with instructions to capture the Frenchman alive and take him to the station at Chansau's ranch. Getting on the box himself, and doing the driving, Slade followed by the next stage. As he approached Chansau's he saw Jules, all nicely tied to a post impatiently awaiting his arrival out in the horse corral.

There was no taunting, no torture and no target practice. Slade merely jumped down from the box, snatched a gun out of the holster of an Overland employee and, with the remark, "I'm goin' to need this for a minute," went out to the corral. There was a shot; ten seconds later there was another one and that ended Jules.

Such remarkable efficiency as this could have, and did have, but one result. The horse-stealing industry went into a severe depression which of course meant that time now began to hang rather heavily on Mr. Slade's hands. Not for long though. Having been bitten by the reform spider it was but a short while until Mr. Slade appeared before his public in the guise of gun-toting, lead-spitting, militant prohibitionist.

It was an amazing transformation and amazingly did Slade live up to it. Operating alone and without the aid of prayer books, hymnals, tracts or even charts showing the effect of alcohol upon the human liver, Slade went up one side of his division and down the other wrecking saloons. After he had poured as much liquor into himself as he could hold, he poured the rest into the gutters. Naturally there was a reason for such action. According to Slade, who was himself an excellent single-handed drinker, too many of his stage hands got drunk too early in the morning and too frequently for the good of the service, and, therefore, "down with the saloons."

Down they went, too, until finally Mr. Slade became so wrapped up in the righteousness of his cause that he one day entered, and got drunk in, and completely ruined the sutler's establishment at Fort Halleck. Now no man, not even Slade the Terrible, could interfere with the liquor supply of Colonel So-and-so of the U. S. A. and expect to get away with it.

"Slade's on the Prod"

Slade consequently was fired. The loss of his job, however, meant nothing to him. He still had his reputation; he was still Slade of the Overland; he was still known as a man who would tackle anything dangerous.

Slade's many achievements, usually at the risk of his life, kept him well up in public esteem. But there was something wrong with the man. Having acquired a prohibitionist's thirst, he couldn't get rid of it. When he was full of the stuff he couldn't resist the urge to wreck saloons. Now of course other men, even the best citizens of Virginia City, where Slade had at last settled down, occasionally went on benders and shot things up and nobody paid much attention to their antics. These celebrators would usually wind up in jail, or with cracked craniums. Nothing like that, though, could ever happen to Mr. Slade. He was different: he was still Slade of the Overland; everybody was afraid of him, and he knew it. He became known, far and wide, as the most hilarious, periodic drunkard in the territory of Montana. Whenever the word went down the line that "Slade's on the prod again" many of the business houses and practically all the saloons in town would close up and remain closed until the emergency had passed.

Finally the end came. For some time Virginia City had been having outlaw trouble and, as it had just cured a sporadic outbreak of it a few days before by hanging four of the brotherhood to one scaffold, the town was in no mood to extend a very cordial welcome to Mr. Slade, who rode in from his home twelve miles away and, as usual, announced his arrival by shooting holes in the atmosphere of the main street as he galloped down it. Following this there were several hours of wild revelry, accompanied by much destruction of glassware and bar mirrors, after which, as was his custom, Mr. Slade betook himself to the wagonyard where he had left his horse and crawled into the haystack to sleep it off. About ten o'clock the next morning he awoke and headed for the California Exchange Bar, intending as usual now to start in to do some real and sincere drinking.

At the first corner, however, he was stopped by a friend, who told him that Judge Davis wanted to see him at once up at the People's Court.

"What for?" demanded Slade.

"Damfino," replied the messenger, "but I reckon it's important because he told me to tell you to step lively."

As Slade stepped in the door Judge Davis ordered the sheriff to read him the warrant for his arrest. Slade listened to just a paragraph, and then as the situation dawned upon him he let out a

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loud laugh, snatched the paper away from the sheriff, tore it to bits, tramped it under his feet and with his six-shooter in his hand suggested to the court that it quit foolin' and come and take a drink. There being no takers to this invitation Slade went by himself, took several, and then, feeling somewhat better, walked into the general store where he again met Judge Davis, who at once told him to get on his horse and get the hell out of town, or else look for trouble.

"Trouble," answered Slade. "There ain't goin' to be none, Judge, because"—and he shoved his gun right into the pit of His Honor's stomach—"you're goin' to stay right alongside of me and keep it off until I get through drinkin', after which mebbe . . ."

"After which mebbe," interrupted a voice behind him, "you won't be noticin' nothin' because, Slade, we're a-goin' to hang you."

"What," yelled Slade as he turned and faced a group of a dozen miners, "hang me?"

"Sure," came the answer. "It's unanimous. Six hundred for and none against. So come along now and let's get it over with."

That was true. Six hundred miners had voted to hang Slade, and so, despite the fact that Judge Davis pleaded for him, and that Slade himself cried like a child and even got down on his knees and prayed to be spared, they did hang him. They hanged him to the crossbar at the top of the corral gate, and there they left him until his wife, a faithful, beautiful woman to whom Slade had always been kind, dashed in on horseback and ordered "the cowardly curs" who had done this thing to cut him down. It was done sheepishly, because even before the life was out of Slade's body the mob, many of whom had assisted him in his celebration of the night before, had realized that a man was being executed who was guilty of no crime whatever and was not even charged with one.

And thus, except to remark in conclusion that his burial is probably without parallel in history in that he was put away in a tightly sealed, tin-lined coffin, filled with alcohol, Slade of the Overland, Slade the Terrible, passed on.

The Great Snatch

Continued from page 15

could do forty-five opened up and in no time we were heading for Dead Man's Gulch and our own truck.

In twenty minutes, we hauled up beside our own battered vehicle and Omar was first on the ground, off the seat and around at the rear, hauling the stakes from their sockets. Harmony hastened over and started our motor and began backing out of the leafy concealment, and as Omar dropped a stake, there was the sound of a deep, hoarse voice:

"All right, boys," it said. "I'll be with you in a second."

Omar's round face turned the color of a shad's stomach and he backed dazedly away from the truck with a stake in his hand and his lower jaw hanging. Harmony walked around the end of our machine.

"Who you talking to?" he demanded, looking at Omar.

"That wasn't me," gasped our small comrade, moving another foot backward. "That was the gorilla."

"You're crazy," said Harmony.

"I know it. And I'm going to be crazier, I think."

There were muffled noises coming from the cage, grunting sounds, and our gorilla seemed to be struggling with some problem. Harmony pulled his gun and I picked up a stake, not knowing what to expect next. There was the further sound of the cage door being opened and slammed back against the bars, and once again the gorilla spoke. This obviously was a talking gorilla and no circus fraud. The hoarse voice said:

"Take it easy, men, till I get this blasted dang hide offen me. Be with you."

"WHO are you?" Harmony asked in a palsied voice.

"I'm the gorilla," responded the voice, now muffled, because he was hauling the pelt off over his head. "Beasley's talking gorilla, on my way to the circus grounds. But it looks like I been kidnaped and held for ransom. Am I right, men?"

Omar remained rooted where he was. The gun was definitely wobbling in Harmony's hand and as the shaggy hide came off in jerks, there stood revealed a stumpy, square-shouldered, very cross-looking man, denuded now to his undershirt and shorts. He rolled his gorilla skin into a lumpy ball, legs, trunk and headpiece and mopped his face, meantime eying us coldly and with no evidence of fear.

He stared appraisingly, first at Omar, then Harmony, then me.

"Kidnapers, honh?" he said derisively. "Well, you don't look much like it."

He sprawled himself on the tailpiece of the truck, his manner being that of a man who wishes to confer.

"This kidnaping job suits me all right," he announced. "I need a little dough. How much ransom are you askin' Beasley?"

"JUST a minute," said Harmony, who was now beginning to sweat slightly. "There has been a mistake here. We thought we were getting a gorilla."

"I know it. But I'm the only talking gorilla in this holdup. Your mistake is my dough. How much money did you—"

"Listen, mister," said Harmony. "We would just as soon drop the matter right here and now."

"I know you would," the man said harshly. "But you can't. I won't let you, and I am the guy now in charge of this felony. My name is Sam Thomas, workin' for Beasley's Circus. Last year I was stake man. This year, I'm to do the gorilla, and at starvation wages, too, because that old buzzard is a tightwad and always was. I will now collect some real dough from Mr. Beasley."

"Mr. Thomas," said Omar in a piteous and pleading voice, "we thought you were an ape, as the paper said. We didn't know you were human."

"Well, I am human, and a citizen and voter, and you guys have kidnaped me and demanded ransom by letter, thus breaking about thirty laws. You know where that puts you, don't you? You heard of Hoover's G-men, maybe? There ain't a kidnaper in America today who ain't in jail, except you three. And you know what the penalty for kidnaping is—sixty years apiece and no parole."

"But we didn'—"

"Shut your head," Sam shouted. "If you lay a finger on me, or burn my toes with matches or shoot me—that means hanging for all three, and if you read papers, you know how many kidnapers escape. None. You guys are in a hell of a way."

At this point, Harmony Childs slowly stuffed the revolver into his pocket and we realized what Sam Thomas said was

(*Continued on page 46*)

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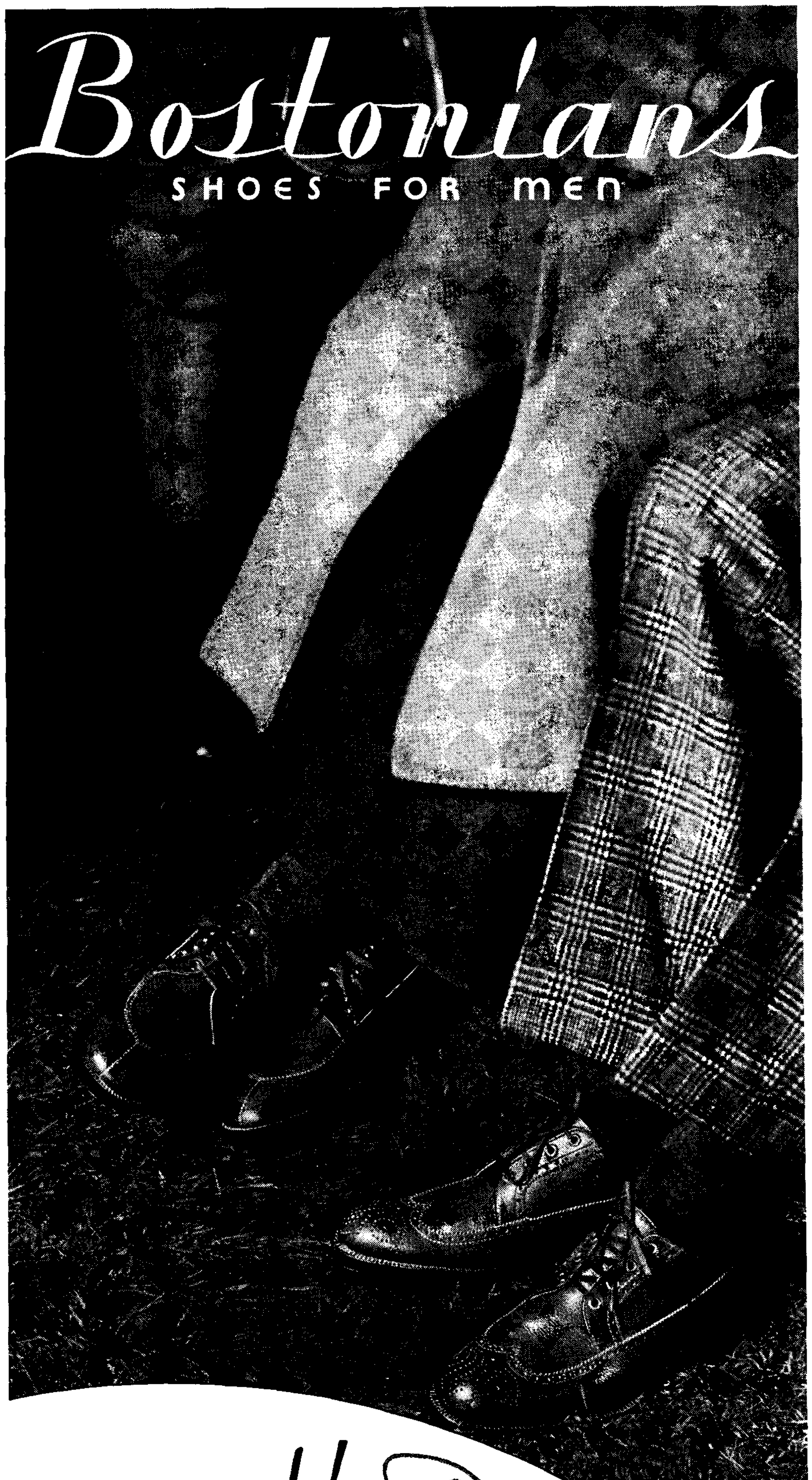

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(Continued from page 45)

gospel truth. We had kidnaped an American citizen for ransom, the same thing as walking into a jail cell and staying there until summoned by the undertaker. Sam continued to act like a man who is suddenly and happily in the money and means to cash in fast.

"Yes," said our leader. "What Sam says is dead so. He's got us, hand and foot. From here on, Sam, you are the boss and we do exactly what you say."

"Now you're talking sense. Where was you taking the talking gorilla? Because let's start."

We found a blanket to cover Sam's comparative nudity, ran the Beasley truck out of sight and drove back to the Ramsay estate. There being no purpose in concealment, we gave Sam complete information.

"He'll never pay it," Sam snorted. "He is Public Skinflint Number One. I ought to know."

Once back in the old homestead, we found some clothes for our captive and sat down to wait patiently for ransom money.

"And whatever it is," Sam warned, "it's all mine. I will hand you crooks some expense money and that's all. Don't make any mistakes, such as trying to duck out on me, for the G-men will have you in thirty-six hours. You have committed a heinous crime and don't forget."

Returning to a diet of tomatoes and summer squash, we sat around and I never got so tired of anything. To pass the while, Harmony and Sam played "ship, captain and crew" for matches and it developed that Sam Thomas, like many a circus hand, was an inveterate and passionate gambler, even for matches. They stuck at this simple but interesting pastime for hours at a time. Omar and I prowled around, hunting for something new to eat besides tomatoes.

Our ransom spot or culvert on the Hefferdon pike is merely a concrete hole let under the highway to afford passage for mythical water in case of mythical cloudbursts. Ordinarily, it is a dry hole and from a kidnaper's view, a perfect ransom place. Nobody could watch you if you stepped out of a car. The country is flat and treeless and you can see for miles.

On the third day, we figured Old Man Beasley had had time enough, so the four of us climbed aboard the truck and headed for Culvert 36 at the crossroad. Sam was driving. In fact, Sam had complete charge and it was he who leaped out, disappeared in the culvert and came up with a newspaper package. We trucked our way out of there without further delay, opening the package and reading the following note:

"Crooks: I wouldn't pay five thousand dollars for ten Pongos and you know now that you haven't got a gorilla, but Sam Thomas, one of my hired hands. I think the whole racket is a frame-up of some kind anyhow. In case it is not, find nine hundred dollars in bills and that's all you ever get. I need Sam to open up this season, or I wouldn't pay you scoundrels this much. Only for the advance billing, I wouldn't pay you a dime, as Sam is not worth it, him being a lazy scut, only he has trained for this gorilla specialty and I can't replace him.
A. L. Beasley."

WE RETURNED at full speed to the farm and our sole desire was to be rid of Sam Thomas, take our truck, leave the vicinity and never see Sam again. And if he wanted our truck, he could have that, too.

"Well," said our victim, counting the money carefully, "I didn't believe he'd come through with nine hundred fish. That surprises me but it helps out anyhow." He stuffed the money into his pocket, Omar's eye following the gesture.

"You going to keep all of it?" he asked mournfully.

"Sure I am. Why wouldn't I? And I'm letting you birds off easy—easy. I been working for that old reptile for six years at low pay and I'm getting mine now. You're lucky to get off free."

"When could we start?" I asked nervously, having an earnest desire to be gone and not have to look at him.

"Any time at all," said Sam. "My work is done. I have no further use for you, as the kidnaping is over."

It took us about ten minutes to pack our simple belongings. Omar growled steadily against the way Fate kicked us around. The truck engine decided to play balky and I worked on the plugs and gas line. In the Ramsay farmhouse, Sam lolled at his ease, smoking one of our pipes and Harmony kept him company.

"I told you from the start," said Omar Gill, "that this was a sour enterprise. It was all wrong at all times. The wonder is, we're not in jail."

"Harmony Childs makes his mistakes like any man," I said defensively. "In this case, the ball slipped out of his hands, that's all. If Sam had been a real gorilla, we would now be back in the money and going nice."

IN AN hour, I had the ancient truck ready for rolling, the bags were on board, we were ready to go and poorer than ever. Now we wouldn't have even tomatoes. Harmony appeared on the porch, smoking a cigarette, walked over and climbed to the seat. He didn't seem particularly unhappy or disgruntled.

"Let's start due West," he ordered. "Horace Greeley can't be wrong all the time."

"Where is that stinkadoro circus man?" Omar asked.

"He's inside. He will be getting back to Beasley's Circus on the first bus. We don't need to bother about him any more. Come on, put your foot on it."

So we started once more for points unknown, Omar driving as usual. I sat next to him in the middle and Harmony Childs leaned back in a corner of the shabby cab. After a few miles, he began whistling through his teeth in a low tone, a sort of hissing whistle and the noise annoyed Omar, who turned and glared at him.

"From now on," said the little man, "I do all my own thinking up. You are through thinking for me. You used to be all right and we could trust you, me and George, but you haven't got it any more."

"Unh huh," said Harmony.

"We might have got shot. Anything might have happened to us and all for nothing."

"Unh huh."

"Never was a chance to get anything out of it. Not a dime."

"We got all there was to get," said our leader, suddenly straightening up. "Not five grand, to be sure, but all there was to be got."

"What do you mean?"

Harmony hauled out a roll of bills from his left-hand pocket.

"Nine hundred bolivars right here," he stated. "Three hundred apiece. That's something."

We looked, with our eyes popping, at the nice green money.

"How'd you get that?" we asked together.

"Sam and I got to playing ship, captain and crew while you boys fixed the engine. Sam is a genuine gambler and a good sport, too. But he don't know much about ship, captain and crew."

With the sun beginning to shine a little more brightly, we drove onward, while Harmony split the nine hundred into three equal parts.

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The Man Without a Soul

Continued from page 39

given for the promulgation of peace."

He nodded sadly. "Yes, it is strange, but then Alfred Nobel, who established the annual Peace Prize, invented dynamite and ballistite, the first smokeless powder. Yes, once I, too, was interested in the business of killing." He passed a weary hand over his forehead. "When one is young life doesn't seem very important. When one gets older one realizes that life and happiness alone are important and that science is important only in that it increases happiness."

"By the way, Dr. Steinholm," another said. "You call your new gas Sonyaphene. That is an odd name. Has it any significance?"

Steinholm straightened and on his face there was the look of a man who has been stricken. Then he recovered himself.

"Yes," he said very gently. "It has a significance. That name is in memory of a dream I once had, a beautiful dream, which, like all dreams, finally passed away."

"You had a dream one night—" The correspondent was puzzled.

"I had a dream that lasted two years," Steinholm said slowly. "Now, please, gentlemen. Let that be all. I am tired."

AND we had left, puzzled, speculating on the name Sonyaphene and on the dream that had lasted two years. When I arrived home the Baron von Genthner was waiting for me.

"How did Peter Steinholm look?" he asked, rather tensely. I was a little surprised. The usually imperturbable von Genthner seemed very concerned, and he was a man who was seldom concerned with anything except his music and his science. Since the war, von Genthner, the only German I knew who kept absolutely detached from the political turmoil of Germany and National Socialism, had retired to the two things he held to be absolutely truthful—music and science. He was a man who thought rather than felt. I was his closest friend and at times I managed to get under his veneer of cultured sophistication, but not very often.

"How did Steinholm look?" I laughed. "He looked like a good insurance risk, except once when someone asked him what significance the name Sonyaphene had."

"Oh, they asked him that?" von Genthner exclaimed in tones of pity. "Oh, they would have to ask him that. Even I who know him best and who love him best purposely remain away from him so that I won't bring back memories which torture him. I would—"

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "I know that you have known Peter Steinholm for many years. There is a mystery connected with that man, von Genthner. What caused his sudden conversion to pacifism? He invented more devilish contrivances during the war than any other scientist. Now he is a pacifist giving his whole life to the cause of peace. Why?"

"I'll tell you," von Genthner said suddenly. "It's a story I've never told and sometimes I hate to live with it alone. It is always with me, that story, and if I tell you perhaps I can. . . . May I have a drink, my friend, and then we'll sit down and I'll tell you of Peter and of Sonya and of Nikoli, whom I always called the man without a soul."

"But all men have souls, von Genthner," I protested.

He smiled. "All right, Irishman, I won't quarrel with you on that. I'll just tell you the story and let you judge for yourself."

So I poured drinks and we sat there before the open doors which led to my balcony.

"I first knew Peter Steinholm during the war," von Genthner began. "Even then he was one of the world's most brilliant scientists. Like Einstein he was first of all a great mathematician. Mathematics after all is the mother of all science. Chemistry was an open book to Steinholm and physics and dynamics were good friends of his, too. But his real enthusiasm he reserved for the study of energy. Energy? Well, I press a button here and a light will go on a thousand miles away. A wire leading from the button to the bulb will carry what we call electricity—that is really energy. It was this which so interested Steinholm even during the war, this business of shooting some form of energy here and there.

"Steinholm reasoned: 'That wire which carries the electricity is unnecessary. Why not utilize the waves which carry light and sound and make them carry energy?' This was not a new thought, but Steinholm was giving it a new application, using it to control tanks for one thing. He had just about perfected his plans when the war ended. His great idea had been to construct a fleet of armored tanks capable of traveling at great speed. They would carry no men at all but would be controlled entirely by light and sound waves. These tanks could be loaded with explosives and then at the push of a button a hundred or a thousand of them could be aimed at the enemy and then turned loose on their horrible mission. The Japanese, you know, do that with torpedoes now.

"Steinholm would say to me: 'Future wars will be fought with machines, not with men.'

"I'd laugh at his enthusiasm. 'I'll agree with you, Peter, when you can construct a machine that can think.'

"'Thinking? Thinking is merely a reaction to outside stimuli. If the outside stimuli are favorable there is no reason why a machine couldn't be made to think.' Peter said thoughtfully: 'Man's thinking is hopelessly untidy, often absurd. It is because man is affected by so many outside elements. A man can't think well if the humidity is bad, or if he is in a crowded place, or if he is hungry, or thirsty. Man is a creature of moods. Moods are merely the expression of outside stimuli—unfavorable outside stimuli. A machine would not be affected by these things. Eventually I'll make a machine which will think clearly, concisely, without being affected by heat or cold, or stimuli which bother men.'

"'WHEN you get this machine done what will you do with it?' I asked.

"'Von Genthner, the science of war is in its infancy.' Peter was very earnest now. 'We haven't advanced very far from the time the Greeks hid themselves in a huge wooden horse. We still depend upon men, and men have fundamental weaknesses. When the next war comes I'll be ready. I'll have planes which I can control from Berlin and I'll send them over London or New York or anywhere else loaded with explosives. I'll have—don't laugh—some form of death rays which will take the place of guns. I'll have—'

"'You're a bloodthirsty devil, Peter,' I laughed. 'Your idea is to wipe out an opposing army in no time at all.'

"'Yes,' he shrugged, 'life is so cheap, von Genthner. Individuals don't count where scientific progress is concerned. From now on I am going to work along

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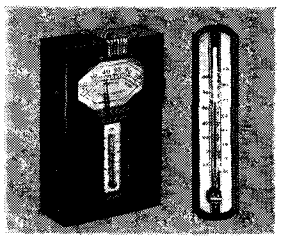


Taylor GUARANTEE OF TESTED ACCURACY

(left) Hampton Humidiguide, **$3.50.*** Indoor Wall Thermometer, **$1.00.***

Taylor
INSTRUMENTS

** All quoted prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.*

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

just one line, a line suggested by Einstein in 1905. You'll recall he said then, “Matter can be transformed into energy—and energy conversely can be transformed into matter.” I feel that I'm on the track of harnessing the greatest source of energy that there is in the universe—the sun. My idea is that light brings energy down to us. Therefore light contains elements of energy. Once I can control that and intensify it—then I'll have something.’

“Of course the war ended before Peter could get his tanks and his controlled planes off his blueprints. Afterward I saw him now and then. He was obsessed with the idea of getting energy from light. He went to Paris and studied radiation with Abbé Georges Lemaître and he went to America to learn about astrophysics from George Ellery Hale. He went about the world learning something here, something there, absorbing the world of the known, the better to delve into the world of the unknown.

“HE WAS gone for two years and when he returned he was full of two subjects—a machine he had made which ran entirely by the energy he obtained from light, and his bride, Sonya Steinholm.

“‘You'll love Sonya,’ he said, his large eyes gleaming. ‘I met her in Paris. Von Genthner, she is one of those exiled Russian noblewomen who really is an exiled noblewoman. She and her family went through dreadful times during the Revolution. How she hates those peasants,’ he laughed, ‘who now run Russia. But tonight you'll meet her and you'll meet my new machine. I'm on the track of something, von Genthner, that is going to make the world forget everything it knows about light waves and energy. I am—but you'll see tonight.’

“I did see that night. I saw two amazing things: one was Sonya Steinholm and the other was a machine that ran by light as other machines run by electricity. Sonya, like Peter, was dark and slim with the poise, the confidence and the charm that only women of great intelligence and beauty possess. Her voice was throaty, almost caressing. She was the most vital woman I ever met.

“We talked of many things—of the war, of mutual scientific friends Peter had met during his long trip abroad. We talked a little of Russia, too, and when Sonya talked of Russia her eyes blazed and her hands clenched.

“‘Those peasants undid in one night what my family had been building for three hundred years,’ she said. ‘My family died. Only I escaped. You can understand why I am not proud of being Russian. You can understand my hatred for the peasants.’

“‘I can understand your hating their ideas, but why hate them?’ I suggested. ‘They were only following a star, trying to build a new world which they thought to be an ideal world.’

“‘To build? They are not builders, they are destroyers.’ Sonya leaned forward and Peter watched her, amused and yet proud, like a parent watching his child. ‘We owned thousands of acres of land and we owned hundreds of peasants and no one had a right to take them from us.’

“That expression, ‘We owned hundreds of peasants,’ gave me an insight into Sonya. Sonya, lovable, beautiful as she was, was, nevertheless, the kind of woman who possesses things. She owns things. Now she felt that she owned Peter Steinholm.

“Oh, it was natural for her to feel that when you consider her background. Of course, she loved Peter, that was obvious every time she looked at him, but she felt, too, that he belonged to her and to her alone.

“‘Peter has told me much about you.’ She suddenly veered away from Russia. ‘Peter tells me that you said you would not agree with his theories until he had built a machine that could think.’

“‘If Peter builds such a machine,’ I laughed, ‘the world will be at his feet and my opinion won't matter.’

“She nodded thoughtfully, and there was a pleased expression on her face. ‘Yes, the world will be at our feet. It will not be long, Baron. Peter has built such a machine—a machine that can think.’

“‘Not quite,’ Peter Steinholm laughed. ‘However, I'm on the right track. But come, von Genthner, let me show you our pet.’

“His laboratory was toward the back of the house. We walked to a large door which was heavily bolted and locked.

“‘Afraid someone will steal your pet?’ I laughed.

“‘I'm afraid he may tire of our hospitality and leave us,’ Peter said.

“‘He?’ I looked at Peter in amazement. *He?* What manner of machine was this that he called He? Peter unlocked, then unbolted the door. There were several buttons on the wall. Then he pressed one of them.

“‘Now, von Genthner, I am going to show you something that only Sonya and I have seen. Don't be startled, but never mock me again when I say I can build a machine that can think.’

“Then he threw open the door—and I gasped. I was looking into a bare room in the middle of which was placed a large, heavy chair. The room was flooded with brilliant white light but it was not that which made me gasp.

“It was what was in the chair. Machine? It looked like a huge steel monstrosity of a man and, as I watched, this awkward thing began to rise. It stood up as an enormous man might stand up—slowly, jerkily. Then its steel head bowed to me. Peter clicked another button and now a blue light flooded the room. The machine sat down jerkily, slowly, as an old man will sit down.

“For a moment I stood there frozen. Then Peter Steinholm slapped me on the back and he laughed.

“‘My man has manners, has he not?’

“‘It startled me,’ I said shakily. ‘What is it—what is the explanation?’

“‘That is what the newspapers call a mechanical man—a robot. He is controlled entirely by light waves and the energy that lurks in light. A bright white light causes him to stand up. A blue light makes him sit down. These lights are outside stimuli which made him *“think”* as outside stimuli make men think. Examine him, von Genthner. Look at him; you still won't be able to discover my secret.’

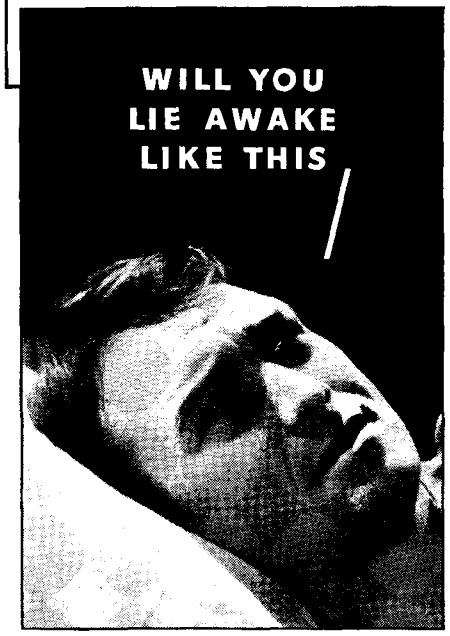
“‘I'm not trying to pry into your secrets, old man,’ I said, and then I looked at Sonya. Pride and something else, which might have been uneasiness, were in her eyes.

“‘I HAVE named him Nikoli,’ Peter laughed. ‘You know, when I finished making him I fancied I saw some resemblance to a Russian peasant. So I bought him a Russian blouse and peasant trousers. I gave him the dress of a peasant and right now he has just about the mind of a peasant. But he is only in the formative state of mind yet.

“‘I have put a sensory center into the body of Nikoli,’ Peter explained. ‘It is that sensory center for which the world of science has been looking for many centuries. In man there is a receiving set which we call the brain. Outside stimuli have an effect on the brain and the brain reacts automatically. For instance, I place my hand on a hot stove. That immediately sends a message to my brain which says, “Snatch your hand away.” I snatch it away and feel that I have done so instinctively. Actually instinct is merely a rapid reaction to outside influences. A white light hits

(Continued on page 50)

How Will *You* SLEEP TONIGHT?



OR WILL YOU
DROP OFF QUICKLY
LIKE THIS

If There's Any Doubt, Try This Natural Drugless Way That Helps So Many Get To Sleep Quickly AT NIGHT

Do you dread to go to bed at night for fear you'll lie awake and toss? And does the morning find you fagged and hollow-eyed—with jumpy nerves, and vitality at low ebb?

Thousands who formerly had this experience have found a simple, drugless way to avoid the toll of sleepless nights. And report that they fall asleep each night almost as soon as they go to bed.

They do this by drinking Ovaltine just before they retire at night.

Ovaltine is a pure food concentrate. It was originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food-drink for invalids, convalescents, and the aged.

Then physicians observed that, when Ovaltine was taken as a hot drink just at bedtime, it also produced unusual results in promoting sound, restful sleep. And, in thousands of cases, it was found that people who took it, not only slept more *restfully*—but they also felt much *fresher* next day.

How Its Results Are Explained

First: As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is “conditioned” for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine, on account of its case of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third: It has also been observed that Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly, but, in many cases, helps to improve the *quality* of sleep. That is why so many users report they awaken in the morning so greatly refreshed—looking and feeling like different people as the result of the sound and restful sleep they've had.

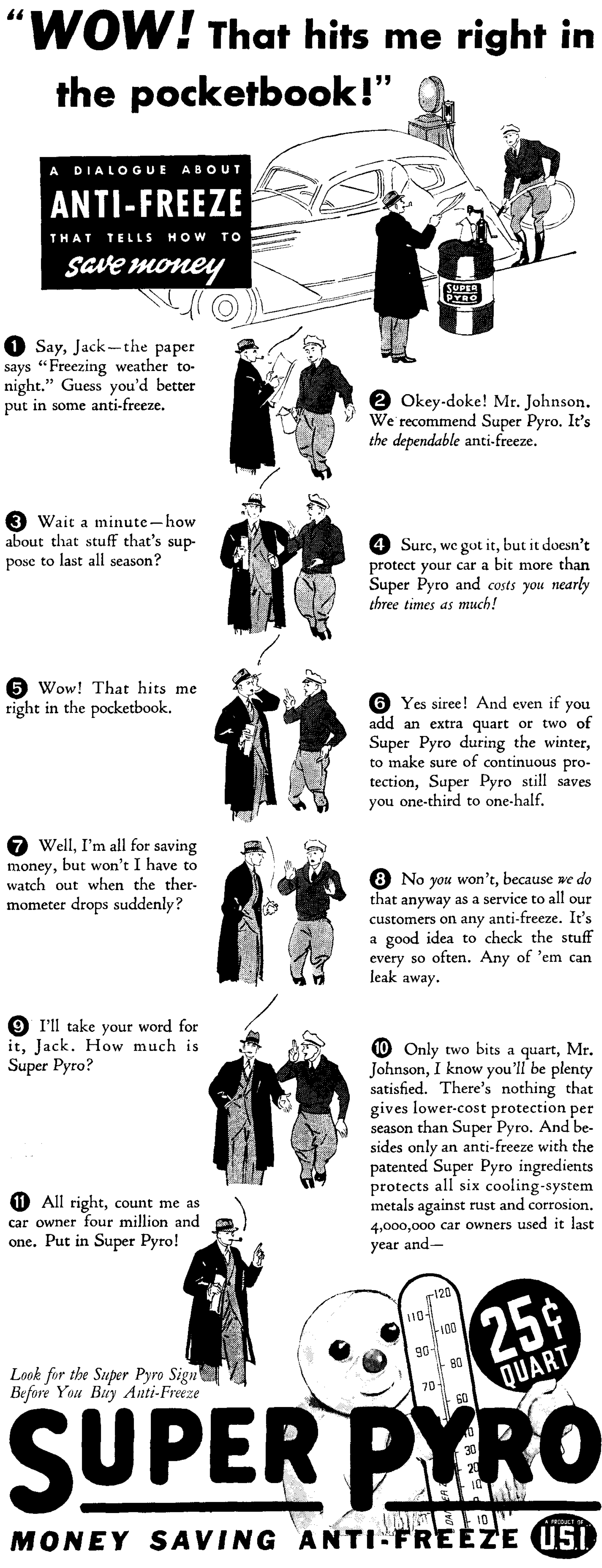
Start Tonight

So if you have trouble getting to sleep—or feel listless and logy when you wake up mornings—we urge you to give Ovaltine a trial tonight. You may be surprised at the difference it makes in the way you *look* and *feel.*

Phone your grocer or druggist for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you get into bed tonight. See if you don't fall asleep more easily than you usually do—see if you don't sleep more *soundly.*

When you get up in the morning, take stock. See if your nerves aren't steadier—and if you don't feel far *fresher,* too.

NOTE: *Ovaltine is now made in America by The Wander Company, 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. It is inexpensive to serve—and can be obtained at all grocery, drug, and department stores.*



"WOW! That hits me right in the pocketbook!"

A DIALOGUE ABOUT ANTI-FREEZE THAT TELLS HOW TO save money

❶ Say, Jack—the paper says "Freezing weather to-night." Guess you'd better put in some anti-freeze.

❷ Okey-doke! Mr. Johnson. We recommend Super Pyro. It's *the dependable* anti-freeze.

❸ Wait a minute—how about that stuff that's suppose to last all season?

❹ Sure, we got it, but it doesn't protect your car a bit more than Super Pyro and *costs you nearly three times as much!*

❺ Wow! That hits me right in the pocketbook.

❻ Yes siree! And even if you add an extra quart or two of Super Pyro during the winter, to make sure of continuous protection, Super Pyro still saves you one-third to one-half.

❼ Well, I'm all for saving money, but won't I have to watch out when the thermometer drops suddenly?

❽ No *you* won't, because *we do* that anyway as a service to all our customers on any anti-freeze. It's a good idea to check the stuff every so often. Any of 'em can leak away.

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❿ Only two bits a quart, Mr. Johnson, *I* know you'*ll* be plenty satisfied. There's nothing that gives lower-cost protection per season than Super Pyro. And besides only an anti-freeze with the patented Super Pyro ingredients protects all six cooling-system metals against rust and corrosion. 4,000,000 car owners used it last year and—

⓫ All right, count me as car owner four million and one. Put in Super Pyro!

Look for the Super Pyro Sign Before You Buy Anti-Freeze

25¢ QUART

SUPER PYRO

MONEY SAVING ANTI-FREEZE

A PRODUCT OF U.S.I.

(Continued from page 49)

that sensory center which is in Nikoli. Nikoli responds by rising. A blue light reacts differently. It makes him sit down. That is *thinking* in the same sense that we think when we snatch our hand from a hot stove. But let us go inside and I'll tell you more about it.'

"We sat down and for hours we talked of energy and of light and of the power of the sun which was waiting to be harnessed by man and used by him.

"'Faraday and those who followed him had the secret of it all in their grasp.' Peter was excited, and his eyes blazed with enthusiasm. Sonya followed him with breathless attention. 'Before I am through,' Peter laughed, 'I promise I will make Nikoli into a living person.'

"'A man?' I mused. 'Yes, he'll be a man, but he'll be a man without a soul.'

"'And the final object, I suppose you have guessed by now.' Peter looked at me steadily. 'The next war will be fought by Nikoli and a million like him.'

"For a moment a vision crossed my mind. Mechanical monsters, trim-looking planes or tanks or ships, perhaps, but mechanical monsters just the same, would be sent hurtling into cities, into opposing armies and mere flesh and blood would be helpless against them. A handful of men with these could control the world.

"'It is all fascinating but, Peter, you forgot one thing—the human element. What of the countless thousands who will die, killed by your Nikoli and his brothers?'

"Peter shrugged his shoulders. 'What of it? Are lives to be considered if they stand in the way of scientific progress?'

"'Peter will be very famous, will he not, when he announces his invention to the world?' Sonya was looking at me anxiously.

"'Peter will be very famous,' I said.

"'That will be good,' she said with satisfaction. 'Those peasants will then come crawling on their hands and knees, won't they?'

"Peter laughed, 'You're not a Russian any longer, darling. Forget that nightmare. It's all over.'

"I left shortly afterward. I saw Peter and Sonya often after that. I got to know and to love Sonya. I loved her for her devotion to Peter. Everything she did she did to please Peter and to help him.

"ONE day Peter phoned me in high excitement. He had just taught Nikoli a new trick and I must hurry over to watch him perform it. He was like a proud father whose son has just walked and who is anxious to show off his prodigy of his to his friends.

"It was late afternoon when I arrived. Sonya and Peter and I went into the room—even I now talked of it as Nikoli's room. There was one window in the room, steel shuttered. Peter drew it open.

"'If we were to depend only upon the light from the sun to give Nikoli life,' Peter said, 'he would, of course, die each day at sundown. But I've solved that. I can bring the sun down here into this room during the daytime and store it so that Nikoli can have it at night. But watch this. I place a red screen over the window. The sun is just going down. Its light, you see, filters through my red screen and it hits Nikoli. Now watch.'

"Nikoli sat there his huge metal arms hanging at his side. Then, slowly, he began to rise. He stood erect and then he raised his right arm, that ponderous arm which must have weighed two hundred pounds. Slowly he turned and faced the sun.

"'You see,' Peter whispered. 'Now when that sun, ninety-three million miles away, sinks below the surface of the horizon, the light connection between it and Nikoli is broken and then— Ah, watch, von Genthner.'

"The red glow faded, the sun had died, and Nikoli's right arm, which had been raised, fell like a plummet. Then, slowly, almost sadly it seemed, he sat down.

"'Interesting?' Peter asked. 'I haven't quite explained that to myself. Why does he raise his arm? What is there in that fading light that acts—'

"'It was the custom among Russian peasants to stop work in the fields at sundown.' Sonya's flat voice, expressionless, almost mechanical, filled the room. 'Then they raised their eyes to the dying glow of the sun and they prayed. Often they raised their arms in supplication. Nikoli is a Russian peasant. He follows the custom of his fathers.'

"I looked at her. Her face was white. Peter laughed.

"'Come, now, dear. You aren't a Russian now. You are my wife, you are a German. And Nikoli only looks like a Russian peasant.'

"'Will you take those ridiculous clothes away from him?' she blazed. 'They make him look human—too human. He looks too Russian, Peter, too much like the peasants we once owned.'

"PETER laughed, but he didn't take the clothes away from Nikoli. It was from that moment, I think, that Sonya's hatred for Nikoli began. It was the first time, perhaps, that Peter had thwarted her. It was a small matter but to her it was a large matter. It meant that she didn't quite possess Peter as she had thought. It meant that part of him belonged to Nikoli.

"Some weeks later I dropped in unannounced and Sonya was alone. We talked of this and that and finally I asked, 'What of Nikoli? What progress is Peter making?'

"She buried her face in her hands. I felt a strong pity for her.

"'I tell you, von Genthner,' she raised her head, 'there is something frightening about Nikoli. He is a prisoner, chained in that room. I feel that he is gradually learning enough, gradually taking enough from Peter, so that one day he will walk through that door and destroy us—his jailers.'

"'Stop this, you fool!' I shook her roughly. 'Nikoli is just a lump of metal, stolid bit of machinery—'

"'The Russian peasants were lumps and they were stolid and one day they arose and destroyed us—their masters,' she whispered.

"Now I understood better. Sonya had turned her ancestral heritage of contempt for peasants into a hatred for Nikoli.

"'Sonya,' I said, arising, 'come with me. Let's settle this once and for all time. Come with me into Nikoli's room, into'—I corrected hastily—'the laboratory where Peter keeps his machine. I'll explain it to you. I'll show you that it is as inanimate as a typewriter.'

"She grabbed my arm frantically. 'Make me believe that,' she pleaded. 'Convince me of that. Tell me that Nikoli isn't human. Save my reason, von Genthner.'

"I took her hand and led her to the back. We opened the door but as we did not turn on the lights Nikoli didn't rise or bow. I looked at the machine. Nikoli no longer wore the Russian costume but I, for a fleeting moment, had the sensation that he seemed more human-looking than ever before.

"'Some five hundred pounds of metal, that's all this machine is, Sonya. Look at him closely as you'd look at a turbine or a dynamo. He is nothing more.'

"'Nothing more,' she said to herself. 'Nothing more,' she repeated more convincingly. 'I'll open the window and we'll see him better.'

"She crossed the room and drew back the steel shutters. It was late afternoon and the red windows again sent in a soft

(Continued on page 52)

Take a Tip *from the* Flagship

What is the most popular drink served at the palatial bar of the new French Line Flagship "S. S. Normandie"? What's the preferred cocktail of the rajahs and royalty, the movie-stars and millionaires who gather from every point of the compass to enjoy the Normandie's celebrated cuisine?

Yves le Cannellec, noted head barman of the Normandie, lets you into a sea-going secret, tells you the special recipe that makes "Manhattan à la Normandie" the favorite transatlantic treat on trip after trip.

G & W

"Manhattan à la Normandie"
½ jigger G&W Two Star, Five Star or Seven Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger French Vermouth
¼ jigger Italian Vermouth

Stir well with cracked ice, pour down your own hatch, and your pleased palate will echo the lookout's cry—"All's well."

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G & W FIVE STAR BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old; 23% straight whiskey; 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

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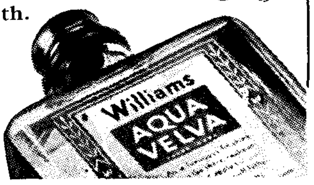

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(*Continued from page* 50)

glow. Nikoli stirred, arose under the stimulus of that light and raised his ponderous right arm.

"'Just a trick,' I said. 'A mechanical toy. Sonya, never be afraid of anyone who has no soul, for a thing without a soul is incapable of thought or of emotion and it can neither love nor hate and those are the only two emotions which can inspire fear. And just look at Nikoli. Is he not a rather ridiculous-looking thing?'

"'He is a ridiculous-looking thing—' She was calmer now.

"'Who is ridiculous-looking?' a quiet voice asked and we turned and there was Peter Steinholm. There was a burning fire in his eyes and the fire seemed to have burned the color from his face, for it was white and he looked gaunt, too. He had changed during the past few months.

"I faced him. 'Peter, there has been a lot of nonsense talked among the three of us about Nikoli. Sonya is not a scientist as you are. She feels. She doesn't live by thought as you do. She thinks that Nikoli has come between you and herself. She thinks that Nikoli has taken you away from her. She is a woman, Peter,' I pleaded. 'Tell her that Nikoli is a toy with which your mind amuses itself. I have been telling her that Nikoli is merely a ridiculous-looking machine—fashioned brilliantly by a great scientist but no more alive than the metal out of which he was constructed.'

"Peter drew a deep breath and he looked bewildered. 'But, but, of course, my Sonya. Whatever gave you such queer notions?' He passed his hand through his hair unsteadily and I noticed that it was thin. 'I love only you, Sonya,' he added gently. 'I have created Nikoli only for your sake. If you were to say the word, darling, I'd smash him into a thousand bits.'

"THERE was a choking sob from Sonya and she threw herself into Peter's arms. For the moment she was only a woman who had found something she had feared to be lost.

"'My Peter, my Peter. How could I have been so foolish?' She stroked his cheeks and then laughed gaily as she brushed a tear from her eye. She turned toward Nikoli. Nikoli still stood there, with his arm upraised.

"'What ever made me fear you?' she laughed, walking close to Nikoli. 'You are stolid, a lump, a peasant, and we Russians never fear peasants. You are a machine, a servant, a toy for us. Even bathed in red light you are no menace to us. I am not afraid of you.' Her voice rose a bit hysterically, and she pounded Nikoli on the chest. 'Never again will I be afraid of you. You cannot hurt me.'

"There was no warning. That ponderous right arm dropped sharply on the dark, sleek head of Sonya Steinholm. It was as though a flatiron had fallen on an egg.

"Peter and I stood stunned for a moment, seeing but not believing, and then slowly, jerkily, cumbersomely Nikoli sat down in his chair. I raised my eyes from where Sonya lay, a crumpled little figure, so irrevocably still, to Nikoli. It may have been a trick of the shadows, but there seemed to be a look of triumph upon the metal face. And as I looked an amazing thought struck me—a horrible thought struck me: 'What made *Nikoli's arm drop at that moment?*'

"Then I realized that the red glow had faded. The earth was in the way of the light beams which came from the sun. The soft light had faded and now Nikoli was just an inanimate-looking mass of steel and springs.

"Peter stood there looking down at Sonya and he didn't say a word. Always there had been a blaze and a flash in his eyes, indications of the active mind which lay behind them. Now he stood there and I looked at him and I saw a man die. I saw that light fade from his eyes. I saw the blaze die down to a spark, and I saw the spark go out. Then, still without a word, he left the room. He returned with a large iron bar and he began systematically to destroy Nikoli. He smashed him into a thousand bits while I carried Sonya away. He smashed the huge arms and legs and body of Nikoli into bits. Then he turned and left. Just before I closed the door I looked back at the wreckage strewn across the floor. Looking up at me was one piece of metal which had survived his fury. It was what had been the face of Nikoli. Now it was only a piece of metal, a piece of metal which looked peaceful and satisfied, which looked like the face of a man who had done his work and who dies in peace. But that, of course, was a fancy.

"I TOOK Peter away for a while. For a time I doubted that he would ever recover. Sonya had meant a great deal to him. In the abstract, people never touched Peter Steinholm. There was his science—that was all that counted. Anyone who got in the way of science and who was destroyed was merely an obstacle that had been removed—not a person. Now? Now Peter realized how wrong he had been. He knew now that Sonya had been his world. Sonya had been killed—been killed by something that he had created. He felt as though he himself had killed her.

"Peter would look at me thoughtfully and he would say, 'Von Genthner, was Nikoli a machine? Or was Nikoli something to which I had unwittingly given human powers. Did I create a Russian peasant which hated Sonya and which suddenly revolted as the peasants in Russia revolted? Did I endow that machine I made with the human capacity for hate and love and revenge? Did Nikoli suddenly turn on Sonya, who stood for everything that the Russian peasants hate, and destroy her?'

"'Nonsense,' I'd sooth Peter. 'You made a mechanical contraption and the mechanism went wrong and poor Sonya got entangled in it. That is all. To think anything else is to court insanity.'

"He'd nod and he'd say, 'You're right, of course. But, von Genthner, I never realized before what a human being could mean to others. Never have I been concerned with the human element. I loved Sonya, you know. Now she is dead, and I feel, too, that I am dead. During the war my machines killed thousands of men and for every man whom they killed—whom I killed, von Genthner—there was someone who felt as I feel now.'

"'Try and forget it, Peter,' I'd say. 'Think of the living, not of the dead.'

"'In my hands science has been a dangerous weapon,' Peter Steinholm said to me thoughtfully. 'After all, science should serve man instead of destroying man. What can I do to make amends, von Genthner?'

"'You can work, Peter. You can utilize one of the best brains in the world to help your fellow men.'

"He nodded. 'Yes. Yes, that's true. I can work. I can work to undo the work I've been doing all these years. Perhaps I can find a way to keep men from being killed by the war machines I invented.'"

VON GENTHNER stood up. He walked to the balcony and the red *glow from the dying sun shone on him.* Then, ninety-three million miles away the sun dropped and the red glow faded. Von Genthner turned to me.

"You wanted to know why Peter Steinholm was converted to pacifism? You wanted to know why he called his *new invention* Sonyaphene? Well," he sighed, "I've told you. And I've told you, too, why Peter Steinholm's eyes are so sad."

Fragrant Traditions

In Hawaii colorful leis are woven and offered to arriving and departing visitors . . . leis as fragrant and fresh as the glasses of pure pineapple juice also offered to guests.

Both the fresh flower lei and natural pineapple juice are characteristic of the Hawaiian Islands. But now you may enjoy the finest pineapple juice—Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii—wherever you are. Unsweetened and natural, the true pineapple flavor retained to the utmost by the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process, Dole Pineapple Juice is *crushed from the finest, sun-ripened pineapples.* Your grocer has it.

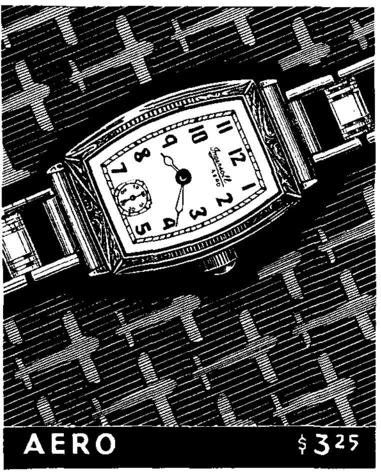
DOLE

PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco, California. . . . © 1936, H. P. Co., Ltd.

Ingersoll

MAKES MILLIONS



AERO $3.25

● Ingersoll makes millions of watches every year—can afford to give you smarter style, smaller size, and tested dependability in a wrist watch at $3.25. See the Aero—you'll like it, buy *it, wear it,* recommend it to friends. Equally good value in Ingersoll Pocket Watches ($1.25 and $1.50) and handsome Ingersoll Alarm Clocks ($1.25 and $2.25).

Ingersoll-Waterbury Co., Waterbury, Conn.

Cold Gold

Continued from page 13

stones with their slim hammers, who never ceased to talk about the Northwest Territories and what their million and a half square miles might mean to the world. Small surveys were ordered by the Dominion Government at Ottawa and small surveys were made. Maps, half scientific and half imagined, were drawn. But who cared? Or who cared enough to go in and stay in and find out?

Well, there always is somebody to start things like this. And as far as the Northwest Territories are concerned the honor goes to Gilbert LaBine. This fellow happens to have been a veteran of a dozen mining adventures. As a stripling he worked in the northern Ontario quartz. As a young man he roamed the wide-open North from coast to coast. He is one of those men who couldn't abide crowds, cities, swarming streets and the softening which comes to you under civilization's roofs. Always on his way from wilderness to wilderness—tunneling, poking about, digging, blasting and sniffing.

Like all such men he had faith. He believed what he heard. And he was not afraid of what belief might bring him. You couldn't laugh him out of his faith.

It was in 1929 that he and Leigh Brintnell, the Mackenzie pilot, sat up all night with a map and exchanged tales of what they had seen and what they thought they knew. Gold in the Northwest Territories? Of course—there had to be. Today the geologists will tell you that they knew it always. But in 1929 they scoffed at the idea of getting at it. Impossible. Gold extraction required hundreds of tons, perhaps thousands of tons, of machinery. How could one get it in? And who could work it in such conditions? Sure, sure. And there probably was gold under the thousand feet of blue ice at the North Pole. But what of it?

Before morning Brintnell and LaBine had struck a bargain. If Brintnell would do the piloting, LaBine would do the expert peering. So a few days later they hopped off from Edmonton. The going was easy at first. They stopped for breath at Fort McMurray and had coffee and some of Mother's life-preserving stew. And then off again above Athabaska River to its conjunction with the Peace.

More Valuable than Gold

This was not new country for Brintnell, nor a new type of country for LaBine. They continued north, soaring above the mighty Slave River to Fort Smith, the humble capital of the Territories.

From the country adjacent to Resolution on Great Slave Lake, soon to become the objective of a new gold rush, LaBine took a few specimens, knocked them apart, nodded his head eagerly and told Brintnell that this was the border of the Promised Land. But this was no time to halt—neither time nor place. In this far, they must look farther. And thus, after several flights to the east, west and north, LaBine arrived on the coasts of Great Bear Lake, North America's coldest and third largest inland sea, fifteen thousand square miles of fresh water, which for nine months of the year is frozen as solid as a cube out of your refrigerator.

And here, on a jut of rock now known as LaBine Point, a mere kick south of the Arctic Circle, the indefatigable man of faith got a shock which had not been a part of his dreams. Gold was what he had come for but gold was not what he found. Even as he drove his pick into the rock he began to forget gold. You and I whose thoughts might soar no higher than gold might have continued to search for the obvious. But the color and texture of the samples that LaBine had found at the point of his pick stopped him.

He had found pitchblende. And out of pitchblende comes radium.

Now LaBine was ready to turn back. Gold? He had seen all that the crazy world could want in other places. Silver? It was there in gob lots. And an old story to him. But radium was something to get excited about. He was. Now it was up to capital, too, to get excited. So LaBine streaked back toward eastern Canada where the money is, and for another year he was back and forth, in and out, staking his claims, recording his finds.

A New Eldorado

Now LaBine had a good reputation in Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto where the money was. But still capital laughed at his enthusiasm. He wanted a million dollars—not all at once of course but that much pledged to develop his pitchblende find and deliver radium to the world. Behind their hands the capitalists smiled discreetly and assured each other that they were sorry to see so fine a man show these growing symptoms of insanity.

And LaBine smiled back at them quite openly, telling them that they, not he, were crazy. Then he went out upon the sidewalks and told his story on street corners. Canada, like the rest of the world, is teeming with small people whose emotions have not been frozen by cold wealth. Nothing much to lose and everything to gain, they flocked to LaBine and bought his stock with their dimes, quarters and dollars.

To him went streetcar conductors, policemen, charwomen, truck drivers, elevator operators, clerks, small lawyers and country doctors and clergymen—hundreds of the humbler folk who had not got familiar enough with money to be afraid of it. Had LaBine not been a man of high repute the authorities might have stepped in with their Securities Commissions and their Crown Attorneys, saying: "See here, you can't take the money of the little fellow to finance your wild schemes. Oh, yes, we know there's gold up there on the Arctic Circle, and possibly radium; but no matter how much machinery you buy you cannot get it in there. So stop."

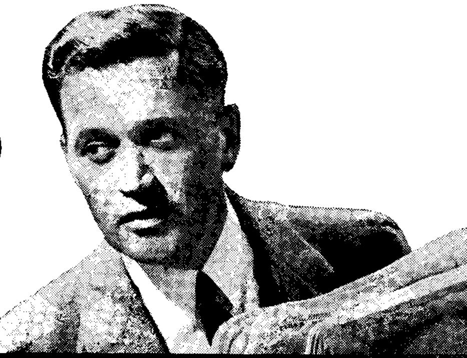
But they would have been wrong. Wealth and authority frequently is. LaBine bought his equipment with the pennies of the poor and set about the business of getting it in to Great Bear. From Fort McMurray he shepherded great crates of machinery and what not down the Athabaska, through the treacherous delta country and on into the Slave River and to Fort Fitzgerald. There every box and bale, every crate and carton had to be unloaded and carried through mud and slime fifteen miles around the rapids to Fort Smith. Those rapids are, fortunately for LaBine and his promises, the only break in three thousand miles of navigable water to the Arctic.

After many days of gigantic labor he reloaded his cargoes on Slave River barges and set forth again. Progress was snail-slow. You can almost see LaBine trudging back and forth upon a flatboat deck, scanning the skies, shaking his fists at clocks and calendars. He probably cursed nature in spite of her goodness to him. But understand this:

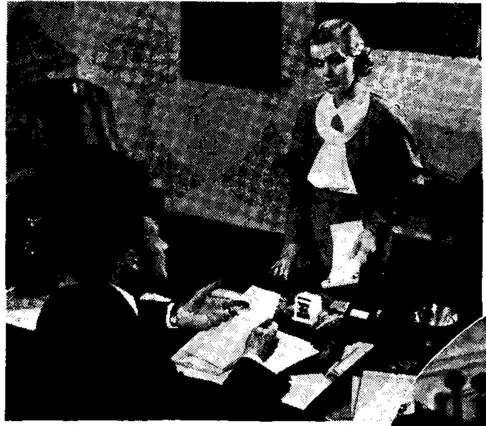
(Continued on page 54)

"They mentioned my firm's name . . .

SO I LISTENED IN"



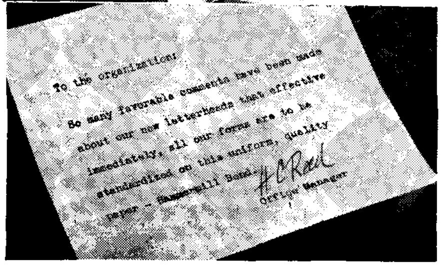
1. On my way to Chicago, I pricked up my ears: "Are Dodge and Jones a good firm?" I listened, naturally, for I'm their office manager. "Well," came the answer, "look, they use pretty shabby paper for their letterheads."



2. Next day I called in my secretary. "Frankly, Miss Walk, what do you think of our company letterhead?" She hesitated, but finally said, "Well, Mr. Reed, I've seen better." "That's enough," I snapped; "get our printer on the phone and ask him to come up this afternoon."

3. Well, to make a long story short, the printer convinced me I ought to use Hammermill Bond . . . for our letterheads . . . with envelopes to match. The thing that surprised me was how little it cost to buy *good* paper.

4. You know H. D.—the chief seldom passes out compliments. Well, he came around day before yesterday. "Reed," he said, "you have the happy faculty of making little things do a big job. I've had three compliments on our new letterhead."



To the organization:

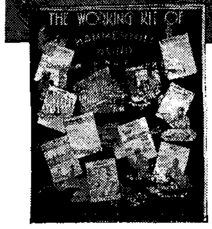
So many favorable comments have been made about our new letterheads that effective immediately, all our forms are to be standardized on this uniform, quality paper — Hammermill Bond.

H C Reed
Office Manager

5. Well, there's not much more to tell—except this: I looked into Hammermill Bond for all our printed forms—and just issued the order above . . . standardizing on Hammermill. From now on, my motto is: When you find a good thing, stick to it!

LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK . . . IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

HAMMERMILL BOND



FREE WORKING KIT
. . to help you plan letterheads and business forms. Contains sheets for designing and ordering printing. Includes examples. Simply sign and mail coupon.

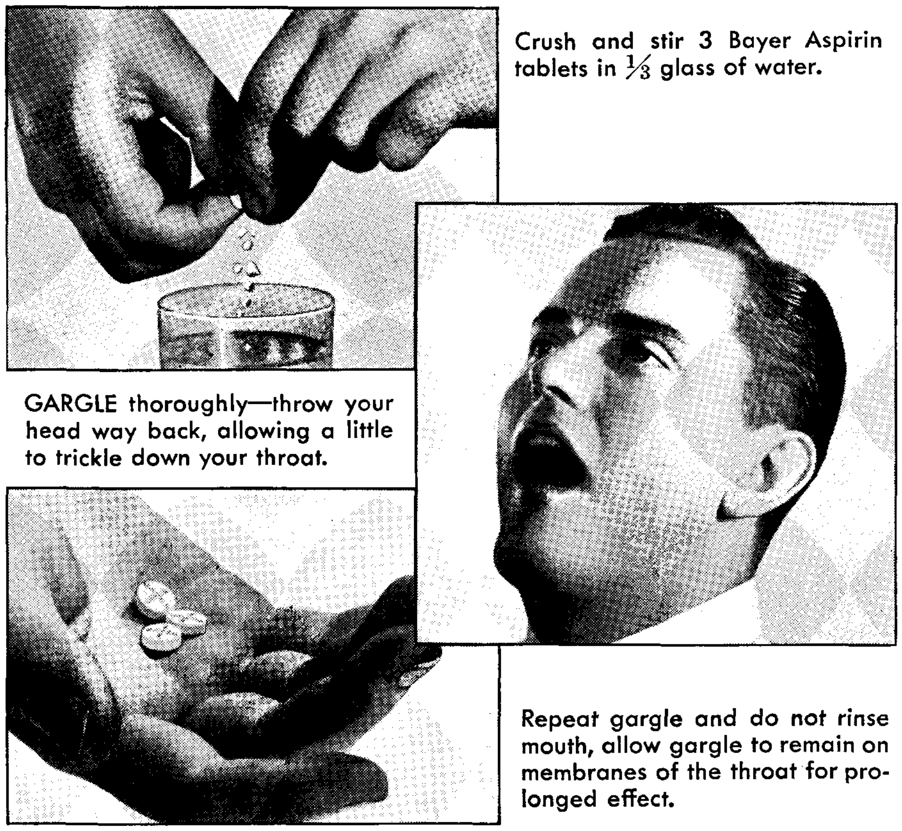
Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa. C-11-7

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your 1936 Working Kit of letterheads, printed forms and envelopes (students and outside U. S., 50¢).

Name________________

Position________________

(Please attach coupon to your *business* letterhead)



Sore Throat Pains DUE TO COLDS Eased Instantly

Crush and stir 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets in ⅓ glass of water.

GARGLE thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.

Repeat gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain on membranes of the throat for prolonged effect.

Just Gargle This Way with Bayer Aspirin

Here is the most amazing way to ease the pains of rawness of sore throat resulting from a cold we know you have ever tried.

Crush and dissolve three genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases almost instantly; rawness is relieved.

Countless thousands now use this way to ease sore throat. Your doctor, we are sure, will approve it. And you will say it is marvelous.

Get the real BAYER ASPIRIN at your druggist's by asking for it by its full name—not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
Virtually 1c a Tablet

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs each
Genuine
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

(Continued from page 53)

Eleven weeks is the average open-water season in the Territories. In that time you must do the year's heavy hauling—or forget it until the next summer.

At Slave Lake he entered the Mackenzie River, the Mississippi of the North—an inexorably flowing giant which can exalt you with its magnificence or murder you with monotony. Several hundred ponderously slow miles brought him and his scows to Fort Norman. And now there were but ninety miles to Great Bear Lake, with the greater menace still before them. Those scows were pulled, hauled, pushed and lifted up those ninety miles of shallows, rapids, whirlpools and narrows. Today LaBine will tell you he wants no more of that sort of going. The world hasn't lure enough to make him change his mind. Once was enough.

Very well. LaBine made it. He doesn't like to talk about it. The mining crew and the freight arrived off LaBine Point just in time to be frozen in for the next nine months.

Where LaBine staked radium-bearing ore in 1930 a modern mining plant is in operation, crushing and concentrating a hundred tons of rock every twenty-four hours. Seventy-six miners have permanent employment there, living in freezing austerity, all the essentials of life provided for but no luxuries and few diversions. It takes strength of character as well as power in the shoulder. No theater, no newspaper, no church, except for an occasional missionary priest's visit, few books.

The radium concentrates are flown out by the ton to the rail head, a thousand miles away, then hauled on rails to LaBine's radium refinery at Port Hope, Ontario, four thousand miles from LaBine Point—the mine they have named Eldorado. In the first eighteen months from more than fifty thousand tons of ore LaBine produced exactly five and a half grams of radium — a "considerable" addition to the world's supply. To date the mine has produced twenty-two grams of this rarest of minerals, a gram of radium at current prices being valued at approximately $40,000. Last year his company, the Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd., made a profit of almost $140,000, an excellent return when it is remembered that the mine is still in the development stage, milling not having actually commenced until 1934.

All the Comforts of Home

Eldorado sells its radium without government interference in a free world market. Its pitchblende is the richest radium ore yet discovered by man. Pitchblende is of light appearance and it occurs in streaky form through the darker rock. Radiograph photos show a sheen given off by the pitchblende streaks, almost a glowing light.

Thus Gilbert LaBine, the man who believed in dreams and made them materialize, started it all. He set the example followed by many men. And it was because he was dauntless that we had come to Canada's vast Northwest Territories to see the latest of the world's new frontiers.

Our plane was not bound directly for faraway Great Bear. We were supposed to follow the trail in order—Lake Athabaska, Great Slave Lake and then, if we hadn't had enough, Great Bear.

We reached the north coast of the lake on a long tangent from its southwest corner. High over the shore line, our pilot gave us a sign, pointing down. "Goldfields," he shouted, stabbing his finger toward a wing-tip. It looked like a brand-new real-estate development. Somehow we resented it. What we saw was a cluster of buildings in commonplace alignment and rows and groups of box-square houses stepped back from the shore. Behind them, two shaft heads on the higher ground. Frankly we were disappointed.

And the view grew no better as we tapered down toward an icy landing. A few mine officials met us, helped us remove our dunnage from the plane. No whiskers in sight. Not a six-gun nor a dog fight. Of course it was cold—bitter—but everyone was dressed for it, in mackinaw and parkas, and nobody insisted that we take a drag of Old Hellfire out of his flask. We strongly suspect that no one had a flask. Tractors were grinding up the hillside, dragging logs. Smoke plumed from a boiler-house stack. Electric light bulbs hung from poles along the trail leading to the mine buildings. As seekers after local color we might as well have been in Wappingers Falls, Junction City or Salem, New Jersey. They asked us whether we'd like a hot bath before luncheon. For luncheon they gave us purée of tomatoes, steak, tea and pie. They didn't ask us for bridge until later. And this, please try to remember, was a gold-rush town.

Bewildering the Natives

There's church, when the priest or bishop comes to town by air. And there's a school. And there's a hotel where, for three dollars a day, you get your money's worth. There are stores where you can buy anything within reason—from a cigarette lighter to a complete wardrobe. At the staff house at Jack Byrne's Athona mine you read by electric light and a steam-heat plant keeps the house as warm as any in Maine or Connecticut.

This is serious business up here in the Northwest Territories, not a racket nor a hoodlum paradise. As we've told you, it would be a wicked waste of time to barge in and look for work. All workers are recruited outside, skilled foremen choosing men they know—tough, reliable, industrious, sober and experienced.

Men thus chosen are paid well—from four to four and a half dollars a day for common labor to seven and eight a day for the skilled. When a man signs up he agrees to remain inside for, say, a year. His transportation in is paid by the operators. If he sticks to his bargain his transportation out is paid. But if he is dismissed for whatever cause, it is up to him to buy his way back to civilization. We can think of far more comfortable things than to be out of a job and a home in that climate.

But the country will help protect you from yourself. The airplane company won't want to take you if you haven't the outfit, the job and the cash. The police will dissuade you, quietly steering you away from it, if you have the earmarks of the unattached tenderfoot, not by legal process, but by polite implication. This is no country for a greenhorn.

And while we wouldn't for the world discourage you, we still think you ought to know what it would cost you to visit the gold discoveries. You'll need an eiderdown sleeping bag with a waterproofed canvas exterior. You'll need heavy woolen underwear. And windproof breeches, a heavy parka, knee-high leather boots with rubber feet, and moccasins, for the depth of winter. Don't wear boots with nailed soles—the nails carry too much cold through to your feet. And don't forget your snowshoes. Heavy flannel shirts, heavy wool socks, heavy mittens—not gloves, or you'll freeze your fingers.

Your transportation from Edmonton to Goldfields—the nearest strike—will cost you about $200, depending somewhat on the weight of your luggage. And just to be sure you're not going to be embarrassed you'd better have a nice fat bank roll in your pocket. Just in case, you know. There's a hotel at Goldfields and it will be crowded. There's none at the diggings on Outpost Island in Great

(Continued on page 56)

Banners of industry . . . American cane sugar growing in the Territory of Hawaii

TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U.S.A.—

Creator of Interstate Commerce

MANY MILLIONS of dollars annually pouring into channels of American business! *New business created by the Territory of Hawaii—new* because it grows out of the soil —most of it in the form of sugar . . . a million tons each year! Trade that benefits every individual in the United States.

Millions of dollars . . . buying California's fruit, Washington's lumber, Montana's cattle, Wisconsin's cheese, Illinois' meat, Pennsylvania's steel, Carolinas' textiles . . . dollars spreading to every state in the Union.

Dollars flowing through every channel of American industry—important alike to the shoemaker of New England, the oil driller of the Southwest, the cotton planter of Dixie and the motor maker of the Great Lakes.

Why is the Territory of Hawaii able to create and distribute these millions? Simply because millons of fellow Americans buy what she grows—chiefly cane sugar, an agricultural product that has never known domestic over-production.

These facts pulse with life. They stand for jobs, for pay envelopes and comfortable homes. They illustrate that the progress of one branch of American industry spells the progress of another—and the importance of the cane sugar industry in the Territory of Hawaii . . . *an integral part of the United States* . . . to American industry as a whole.

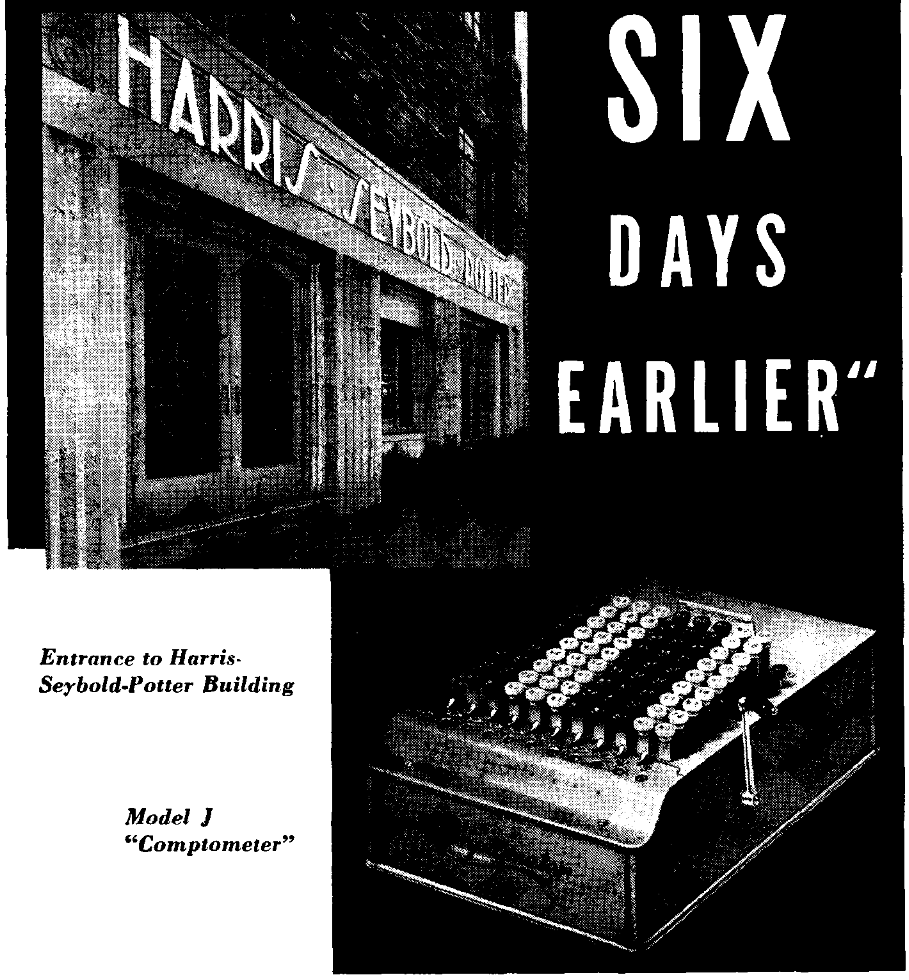
HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U. S. A.

A voluntary association of plantations, providing year-round employment for 50,000 people in the production of cane sugar, paying the highest wages in the American sugar industry.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

. . . The Territory of Hawaii, compared with the states of the Union, is 46th in size, 45th in population, but 30th in payment of Federal taxes. Since 1900 she has paid into the nation's treasury $175,000,000 in internal revenue taxes. Over $5,500,000 in 1935 alone! A payment greater than any one of nineteen states. ☆ ☆



"MONTHLY REPORTS... SIX DAYS EARLIER"

Entrance to Harris-Seybold-Potter Building

Model J "Comptometer"

To PRACTICAL business men, *results* are more convincing than *rhetoric*. The following letter is concerned with *results* obtained by a typical "Comptometer" user:

"Less than two years ago, a decision was made to handle all our figure work on 'Comptometers,'" writes Mr. H. B. Markle, Office Manager of the Harris-Seybold-Potter Company, manufacturers of printing presses and paper-cutting machinery in Cleveland, Ohio.

"As a result, we are now turning out *twice* the volume of figure work with the *same number* of figuring clerks.

"Monthly reports previously compiled on the 11th of the following month are now ready on the 5th—*six days earlier*. Overtime has been eliminated.

"These savings can be credited to the speed and accuracy of the 'Comptometer' and trained operators, because our figure-work routines have not been changed materially.

"Quite naturally, we are sold on the value of standardizing on 'Comptometers.'"

Hundreds of large and small concerns achieve similar results with the "Comptometer." The broad flexibility and speed of the "Comptometer" make it a valuable economic factor in handling the accounting work involved in the Social Security Act.

If speed, accuracy, and economy in handling figure work are essential to the efficient conduct of your business, telephone the "Comptometer" office in your locality. Or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Illinois.

COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 54)

Slave Lake, although you'll find a boardinghouse at Fort Resolution, forty miles away. It is equipped with chicken-wire bunks. You'll need that eiderdown sleeping bag. And it will be crowded.

What we saw at Goldfields on Lake Athabaska, the camp nearest to civilization, was velvet luxury compared with the stark, bitter loneliness of Outpost Island on Great Slave. There at Outpost Island nothing but man's insatiable hunger for gold makes it possible to stand it. And at LaBine Point, five hundred miles north of Outpost Island, the natives still stand around shaking their heads. The white man is crazy.

And the hermitical town of Fort Resolution watches us come and go with her mouth ajar and her eyes bemused. For more than a century no man came to Resolution unless he had furs to trade for food and clothing, gewgaws for the Indians and Eskimos and the makings for himself. The only talk was of furs and prices. What news there was of the outside world the Hudson's Bay Company's factor had and he gave it out, meager as it was, with all the superiority becoming a personage of such importance. Today planes sweep in out of the storm fetching him would-be customers for things he has never had and doesn't think he ever will have. He, too, thinks we're all a bit crazy. Maybe more than a bit.

Today his trading post rings with high words and debates of gneiss, greenstone, quartz, schists, shear zones, diabase dikes, arkose and intrusives—miner talk. The factor shakes his head, bewildered.

For all those hundred years Resolution has been satisfied with what wealth fur pelts brought. And all this time it has been sitting at the doorway to an empire of gold and the strange stuff they call radium. The innocent ask you about radium. What is it? What does one do with it? How much could one buy for, say, a hundred silver foxes? Or how much of it would you give for a silver fox? When you tell them they set you down for a liar. Where did you learn all this nonsense? Montreal, Chicago, Toronto, New York? See here, my friend, do you mean that you've come here all the way from New York just to see gold-mad brothers tempt the Arctic blizzard? You haven't come to dig, just to look? My friend, you should have been examined before you started out. Clearly, you're far, far from normal.

Deep, Rich Veins

Life is far worse than tough at Outpost Island in Great Slave Lake. The place is properly named. Somewhat to our astonishment we descended out of the high-flying wind at the right place. Right or not, it was the place. Just a huddle of log barracks. There's nothing more to the place—two square miles of ice-armored rock off the mainland in the middle of ten thousand square miles of congealed water, Great Slave Lake. There are no women here, as there are at Goldfields. No school. No church. No stores.

Except for the digging on Outpost Island and at Yellowknife, the Great Slave Lake development is largely in the prospecting stage. If you're hardy you might strike out on long treks down the lake's coast. Then you'll see men living in conditions that would discourage the hardiest native. Day and night they're clinging to its craggy rocks, picking, scratching, dynamiting, inspecting and hoping. But they're finding gold in deep, rich veins—plenty of it. If that's all the reward they want, they have it.

We came too early, perhaps, to gather reliable estimates of the wealth of these rocks. But there's so much that the prospectors stumble into the huts at nights forgetting the gale sweeping down unhindered from the Arctic wastes, forgetting the hell of their isolation, forgetting the blood congealing in their veins in the sixty-below blast. Yet their eyes live. They've seen the gold—carloads of it, caverns of it, enough to build a wide, wide stairway to heaven. The sight of so much wealth does things to men, puts a spell on them.

"You stay here long enough and you'll understand," they tell you. "You think we're insane. Well, stick around. You'll join us. It'll get you. You'll curse the rocks and love them for what's beneath them. You'll curse the nights and live for the morning. You'll be sick enough to die, but you'll live. The sight of gold will keep you going. You sneer now—but stay here a little while. Get those hands of yours hardened. Let a pick widen your shoulders. You won't understand until that happens."

Back to Civilization

Well, we'd seen it all—all that we'd wanted to see. So we took off, flying into the face of a storm that moment by moment gathered fury, moment by moment shut out our sight of the world we had just leaped from. The gale tossed our ship as a dying March wind buffets a toy balloon back in our mild home town. We pitched, dipped, tilted, were bounced upward, a plaything in the northern wind, a fly with an engine in its nose. We skirted storm-cloud banks, were driven down to treetop height to keep a sight on the world below. And we sat there, on our dunnage, numb with the cold, and curiously calmed by the knowledge that there was nothing we could do about it. Once we thought we were freezing. But we weren't—just gripped in that unearthly calm that comes to one when his capacity for fear has been exhausted. There is always something remindful about that feeling. We remembered once when we thought we were dying, in no pain and in full consciousness.

But suddenly (so it seemed to us) we were nosing down, engine throttled back, our pilot shouting something, and pointing forward and down. Ahead of us lay Fort Smith on the bank of Slave River, the Territorial capital. Three hundred people live staid, prosaic lives in Fort Smith. The government offices are unlovely painted houses imprisoned in picket fences, but a well-mannered group of government officials and clerks reside in them. We spent an hour with them. And then to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, hard by the winter airport, founded seventy years ago, a veritable haven of refuge in more than a million square miles of wilderness. To these gentle nuns come the halt and the sick and the maimed from all the isolated corners of the Territories; the blond giant whose frozen feet will have to be amputated, the old-timer whose mind has given way under the pressure of the silence, the youngster brought in too late, dying of the ravages of hunger and exposure—all these and a thousand other tales can be told by the sisters at Fort Smith's hospital sanctuary. We got to talking to one of the sisters. In her gentle indirection she gave us to understand that the yellow reward up yonder could not possibly be adequate to the cost.

Just to keep her with us for a few moments we attempted to debate the question. After all, we said, were not men suffering even more in the beautiful capitals of the civilized world? She said that she supposed they were and added: "For why?"

All the way home, thinking of the bludgeoning cold, the frozen loneliness of Outpost Island and the numbing dreariness of Goldfields, we heard her question shuttling back and forth through our mind.

HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
BOSTON STYLE
HEINZ
EST'D 57 1869
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
H.J. HEINZ CO.

Carrying Beans to Boston

The House of Heinz invades the sacred precincts of the Cod and scores a notable success with Boston's own favorite delicacy — prepared by Heinz cooks to an old New England recipe.

57

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HEINZ
OVEN BAKED
RED
KIDNEY BEANS
WITH PORK
HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
BOSTON STYLE
HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
WITHOUT MEAT
HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
PORK
TOMATO SAUCE
H.J. HEINZ CO.

Boston-style is not the only kind of beans among the famous 57 Varieties. Heinz bakes beans vegetarian style—with rich tomato sauce, but without pork. Then there are beans with pork and tomato sauce, in the true mid-western manner. And finally, baked red kidney beans, in their own sweet sugar sauce. All are oven-baked through and through in dry heat. Visit your grocer and stock up!

WE'LL ADMIT that we were just a little nervous when we carried our first lot of Heinz oven-baked beans to Boston, years ago. Not that *we* weren't sure of these Boston-style beans. What worried us was how real "Down-Easters" would take to their sacred dish prepared by outsiders—however skillfully.

But what a reception Boston gave us! Our most confirmed optimists never dared to hope for such acclaim. Boston took to our beans ravenously—stocked its shelves with carload lots. A charming old lady from Back Bay even wrote that she hadn't tasted such genuine New England goodness for years.

The truth of the matter is that we've put everything into these beans that Bostonians do. All the skill, all the care, all the patience, all the enthusiasm. We follow the time-honored New England tradition that the tender pork should be from plump pigs "fattened one day, battened the next." And Heinz cooks are absolutely prodigal with the rich molasses sauce they use! Our beans are choice and carefully selected. First we soak 'em. Then we bake 'em in hot, dry ovens. Bake 'em till they're ready to burst with rich mealiness—with tender wholesomeness! Till they're ready to absorb all the savory goodness of those plump pieces of pork. Then, and not until then, we drench them in succulent molasses sauce!

Can you picture an old New England kitchen on a Saturday evening long ago? The kettle singing on the hearth, and the air heavy with the aroma of molasses and rare spices in which the traditional beans are baking! How good it would be to have *your* kitchen filled with this same, sweet savor! You can! Listen:

Some night soon, plan a *real* New England supper. Serve Heinz oven-baked Boston-style beans—the kind in the yellow-labeled tin. Ask your grocer for individual bean pots. Fill them with Heinz beans, and heat them in a moderate oven, until the juicy, aromatic sauce bubbles merrily. Then serve with plenty of piping-hot brown bread and butter, and great pots of well-sweetened cocoa. We'll warrant your reputation as a hostess will be made! And if you've invited any New Englanders to your feast, you can rest assured that you'll be stamped a real Down-Easter—whether you've ever been in Boston or not!

• • •

Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air*. Full half hour—Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, 11 E. S. T.; 10 C. S. T.; 9 M. T.; 12 noon Pacific time—Columbia Network.

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans

So Can You

By Barbara Blake

You needn't hire a chef to have chef-cooked meals at home. Just get yourself a can opener, and open up your dinner, prepared by experts. But being a born cook yourself, you'll want to tinker with a dash of this and that. Barbara Blake has, with palate-tickling results

IT'S a known fact about cooks the world over, whether amateur or professional, that the one thing they are totally unable to do is let well enough alone in following a food-preparing formula. Mrs. Adams may beg a recipe for apple pie from Mrs. Baxter next door, convinced at the moment that it's the most heavenly dish she ever set teeth into; but let her get that recipe home, and does she follow it? Up to a certain point, yes, because she's a sensible little woman and knows a good thing when she sees it. However, if she's also a born cook, and therefore an individualist of the first water, she'll tinker. In will go an extra dash of cinnamon, a little nutmeg, a whole clove or two; and when the pie is baked it isn't Mrs. Baxter's kind of pie at all, but something bearing, for better or for worse, the unmistakable mark of Mrs. Adams, cook and prima donna.

This fact representing as it does a great universal truth, you can see that it was only a question of time until the cooks of the world started tinkering with the food that comes in cans. Granted that it's more than a little presumptuous to try to improve on recipes developed by experts who are, many of them, the really great chefs of our time (for, whether you know it or not, that's what you get when you buy canned food), it's a thing that was bound to happen. The Mrs. Adams of our example would borrow a recipe from Oscar of the Waldorf and tamper with it as unhesitatingly as she would tamper with Mrs. Baxter's apple pie; and, after all, why shouldn't she? Taste is a pretty personal matter, and none of it more so than the kind you have in your mouth.

Having argued you, I trust, into a properly receptive state of mind, let me unveil a suggestion or two which I flatter myself may open up for you a new fascinating field of cookery. Perhaps you are ahead of me, and have started your own school of canned-food tinkering; but even so, even so . . .

Here's an easy one to start with. Did you ever stir a spoonful of chili sauce into canned consommé just before heating it for the table? Try it. Or, if that's old stuff to you—did you ever chop a handful of chives into hot canned cream of tomato soup, drop in a bouillon cube, thicken with a bit of flour, and serve it as sauce with a meat loaf? Try that one, too, and if you don't find it an effort justified to the hilt—I'll eat it. Willingly.

Another thing you ought to enjoy tinkering with is canned beans. Some

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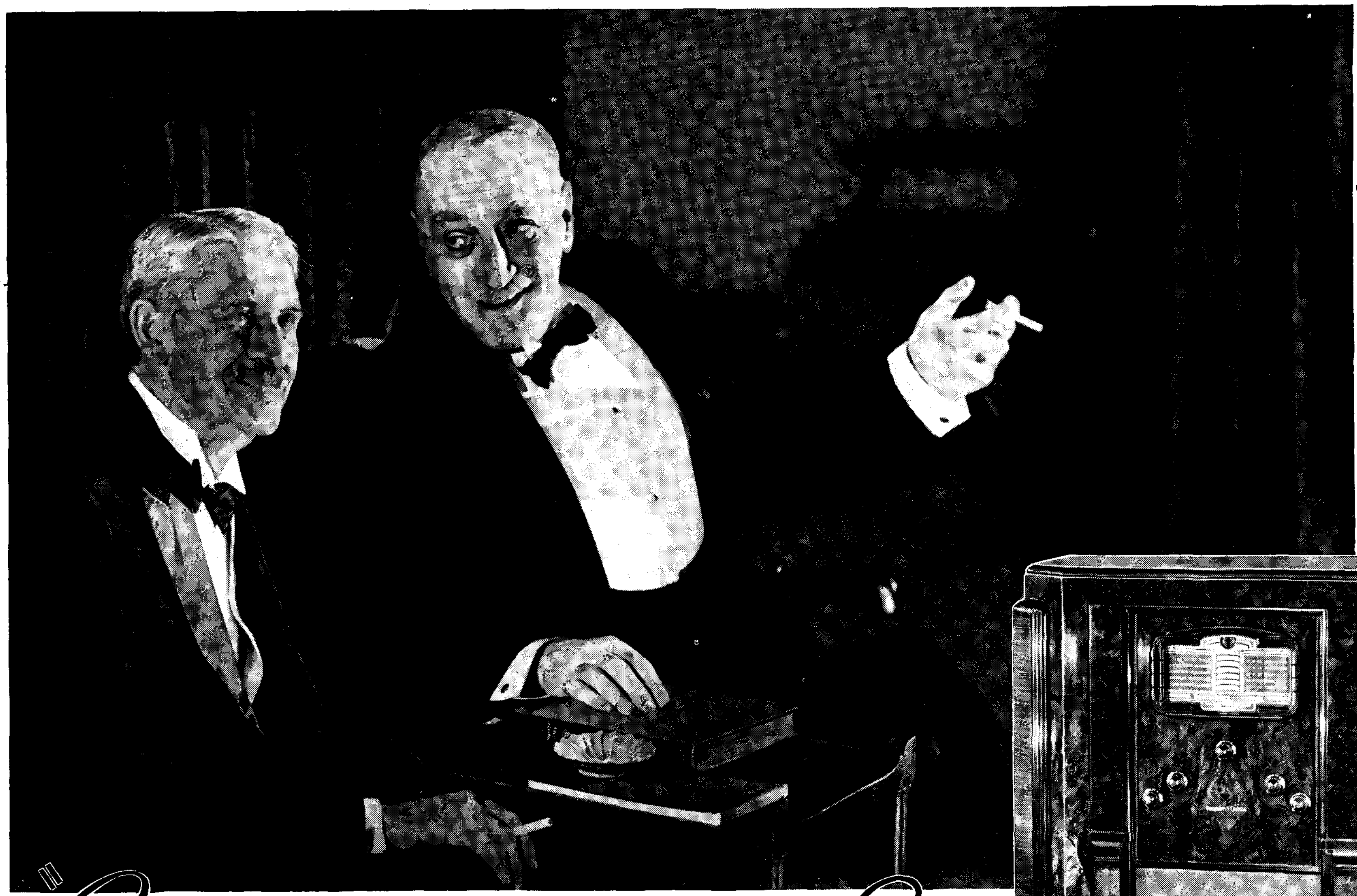

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THAT'S MY *LABYRINTH* RADIO"

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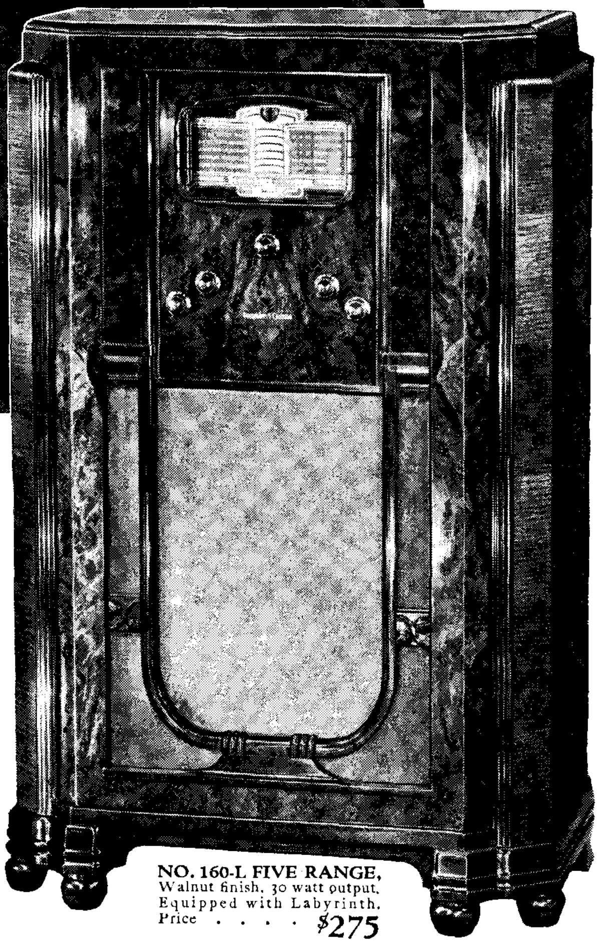

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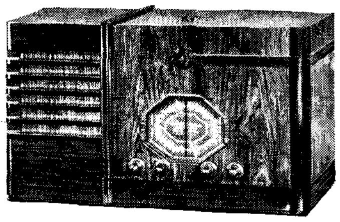

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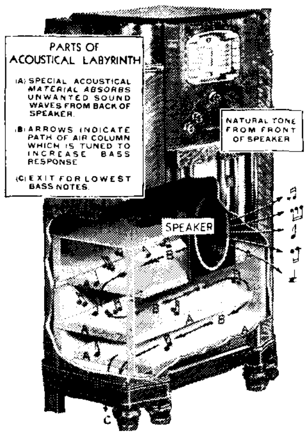

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WE BELIEVE HE WILL TELL YOU...

1. Teeth and gums need more exercise than soft modern foods ever give.
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ORALGENE *helps do these three things!*

All chewing gum gives exercise, but ORALGENE is of a special firm consistency that is particularly valuable in helping to strengthen the spongy tissues that support the teeth.

ORALGENE helps relieve mouth acidity all the time you are chewing because it contains enough dehydrated milk of magnesia for this purpose.

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That's why we say . . . see your dentist at least twice a year and

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE—
USE ORALGENE

EACH PIECE INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

people, of course, are still suffering under a mental canned-bean handicap which grew up out of those Sunday nights long ago when Aunt Ada and the boys used to drop in without warning, just at suppertime, and Mother ran out to the kitchen and opened a tin of beans, apologizing all around. You have to remember that today's beans are something to boast about, not to apologize for. Put up Boston style, without tomato sauce, they are so good just as they come from the can that even a New Englander will eat them with relish; but the things you can do to them with a little mustard and brown sugar! We have a simple system with beans at our house, a dandy for beginners at canned cookery because of the wonderful results you can't help getting. It goes like this:

Empty one large-sized tin of Boston, or New England-style, beans into a casserole, or individual bean pots. Sprinkle with dry mustard powder, about one tablespoonful, and two of brown sugar, add a teaspoon of Worcestershire—more, if you like it the way we do (I'm purposely keeping the quantities of sharp spices and seasonings low in these recipes, because of the way tastes differ). Then cover the entire top with thin bacon strips, tucking them in well, but loosely, allowing for about fifty per cent shrinkage, and bake in a very slow oven for a good hour and a half. The bacon should end up brown and crisp enough to crumble at a touch; the beans underneath will be bubbling in a superb red-brown sauce, giving off a heavenly aroma.

If you serve canned brown bread and butter and enormous helpings of coleslaw on the side, two large cans of beans done this way will make supper for six.

Then, tuna fish. Treat it right and it will give you a Sunday night supper dish you'll keep in your repertoire forever. It's a pie, and it takes two seven-ounce cans of tuna for four to six people, depending on appetites. Break up the fish neatly in a casserole or deepish baking dish, seasoning well with salt and pepper. This gets covered with a topping of onion rings to a depth of half to three quarters of an inch or so, loosely packed. Then you pour two cans of cream of mushroom soup over the whole thing, cover the dish, and leave it to bubble in a fairly hot oven for half to three quarters of an hour, or until the onions are limp and transparent and the sauce has cooked down to a rich creaminess.

A Twist of the Wrist

In the meantime, roll out a piecrust made of prepared biscuit flour (using diluted evaporated milk if necessary). Tuck this over the top of your cooked fish and onions, increase the heat of your oven, and brown the crust quickly to a turn. Don't worry if there seems to be a lot of sauce bubbling around the fish when you lay on the crust; the dough will absorb the excess and be that much the better for it. But your oven must be good and hot, or your crust will end up as dumplings. This dish is at top form with a mixed green salad.

You can do a really good trick with canned beef stew, which always is full of diced potatoes. Use two cans of this to make a meal for two people, and begin by carefully separating the meat from the potatoes. Drain the latter well, combine with chopped onions, brown the mixture in hot drippings, and you achieve a nice dish of hashed-browns. The meat, gravy and vegetables go into a pan with a good dose of chili sauce stirred in. Thicken the gravy with flour, put it all on the table with a tomato-and-lettuce salad, and you have a twenty-minute meal nobody will believe came out of a can.

Of invaluable aid in varying the flavor of canned foods is that amazing Italian dainty, the dried mushroom.

We put our dried mushrooms to soak by pouring over them just enough boiling water to cover, about half an hour before starting to get dinner. If you like them, they'll improve almost anything you cook (particularly poultry stuffing and meat loaf), but they seem to be at their best with veal, and will turn a can of veal goulash into something special. We like the kinds that come packed with noodles. Add a half cupful of soaked mushrooms, drained, to a can of veal goulash with noodles (or without), dust heavily with paprika and let simmer gently until bubbling all over, in the kind of dish that can go right from the stove to the table; then at the last minute pour in half a cup of evaporated milk. Or more, if you like a very creamy sauce. When the milk has blended, let the goulash bubble up a minute, and serve at once, poured over toast slices.

Pre-established Harmony

Canned spaghetti is another fine quickie that becomes ambrosial when treated with dried mushrooms. Our special spaghetti dish adds a few other things, too. We make it like this:

Cut up half a cup of the mushrooms and soak. Open a large-size can of spaghetti in tomato sauce; heat gently in a covered pan over a low flame—or set in a slow oven, in a covered casserole. While this is warming up, heat two tablespoons of olive oil in a skillet. Into this, cut up four fat onions and, a little later, a green pepper. When they begin to turn a golden brown, add your mushrooms and a teaspoon of Worcestershire, and let simmer.

By this time the spaghetti should be heated. Transfer—carefully, so as not to break the tender strands—to a serving bowl (if you use the casserole system it doesn't have to be transferred, of course) and pour everything in the skillet on top. Serve immediately, or keep piping hot in the oven until ready. Grand food, especially if you have a green salad to go with it.

You can make a good chicken dish, too, with dried mushrooms. Soak the mushrooms as usual, a small cupful of them. Drain them and let them curl up a little in hot, frothing butter. Add a can of boned chicken, liquor and all; pour in evaporated milk to make a rich cream sauce. Serve on hot wild rice and have with it a green vegetable or another one of those green salads that seem to keep cropping up.

Canned shrimp and lobster have the complete devotion of all the can-opener cooks I know because of the triumphant rice dishes you can make with them. Here is a formula for shrimp creole with rice. Put a large can of tomatoes and a can of shrimp to simmer over a low flame, with a lump of butter for luck. While this goes on, fry three slices of bacon, cut small, in a skillet, and when the pieces start to crisp add two or three onions, sliced, and a big green pepper, chopped fine. Let them brown a bit, then add to the tomatoes and shrimp and mix the whole business thoroughly into a bowl of hot buttered rice. Sorry, but you ought to have a green salad with *this* one, too.

All this, you understand, is merely a beginning. You start playing with cans, combining the contents of one with another, and it becomes fascinating; you can't stop. Each new can is a direct challenge, and better possibilities are always just around the corner. Right now we are in a fever over a brand-new idea which has come over us like a wave. Herbs! We are aghast at our failure to have thought of them before. Next week we shall lay in a supply of dried herbs, put up in little airtight bottles. Who knows what may come out of a few sprinkles of basil, added to a can of meat loaf with gravy?

Flowering Jade

Continued from page 11

Perhaps I should've been a detective. Although the devil of it is that the head should be here when—"

"Can't you think of anything except that horrible plant?" Sara demanded. She pulled her arm away. "I hate it!"

"It is a hateful thing," Scott admitted quietly. He stared toward the temple, behind which were the swelling mounds of tombs and the smooth bare flank of the hill, burning in the noon sun.

"Bedside manner," he said. "Is that merely a professional question, Miss Goddard?"

Sara said primly, "Certainly, Doctor." She went on contentedly, "Remember the girl with the fracture? She embroidered pajamas for me. Pongee silk with chrysanthemums. When the district head saw them—"

"He did, did he?"

"When they came, idiot. But if you can't develop a manner when you see them, I give you up. Oh, Johnny, it's wonderful you're back."

Scott leaned forward; they kissed.

"And not a missionary left," Johnny Scott mourned. "Have a heart, dear."

"Haven't. It's yours. I don't care about missionaries." Her face was warm, her hand in the man's.

"Just the same, I'd like to have the district head back." He added cryptically, "There're a lot of things I want to show him . . . not including the pajamas. I'd like to do everything right. Well, I'm a workingman, woman. Do the dishes, and I'll be along later."

"I'll wash," Sara said, standing, "you'll wipe. Later. I'm coming with you."

Scott grinned.

"Sure, come along."

Sara had seen Chinese troops before, but these seemed different. Orderly and well equipped. No looting of the shops. Guards posted. One machine-gun company. As she walked beside Scott, the salutes given him were snappy.

They passed through the temple gate. The courtyard was flagged. A tree spread its plateau of green overhead and above an image before which a basin of dark oil reflected a burning taper. Against one wall were the temple drums, on another was fastened the bell which regulated the prayer hours.

THEN, at the instant they rounded the tree, and the sun struck down again, the priest of the temple came padding out. But neither man nor girl saw him. At the end of the courtyard, supported by bamboo poles, both saw the vine.

It was in flower. Huge blood-red blooms, star-shaped, with long stamens of gold.

The old priest L'un shuffled over to them, and, in his robes, he looked like a caricature of the great blossoms. Red and gold. He stared at the white man, and, at Scott's curt greeting, answered as shortly.

The two men, Sara realized, were fencing. Once or twice Sara caught understandable phrases or words. *Yü*, Jade. The word was repeated many times; what had jade to do with anything?

The priest, Sara saw, was angry, and perhaps a little frightened. Shouting, he called his son's name, and L'un Sui came out of the temple. Instead of speaking to his son, old L'un screeched at Scott, in a dialect Sara had never heard; Scott, apparently not understanding, shook his head and looked puzzled. The priest, at once, spat words of the same sort at L'un Sui, who, after one insolent stare at the girl, hurried away.

The discussion continued, with the word *yü*, jade, constantly involved. Then the white man seemed to lose patience. He blew on a whistle, and an officer and men filed into the courtyard, as if they had been waiting a summons. Scott indicated the flowering vine, and, while the priest frowned, the soldiers surrounded it.

"Let's go," Scott suggested. "The old boy isn't as mad as he's letting on. He thinks he's slipping one over on me. If he realized how much I know—"

"About jade?" Sara demanded as they walked off.

Scott tucked her hand under his arm. "You're going to be curious," he said. "A curious wife. I'll bet you even go through my pockets. Anyhow, I do know a little about jade. I know that blue-green jade represents heaven, and yellow is for earth, red for fire, black for water, and white, darling of my heart, for man. I really am what you'd call a smart person. For example, when we were quartered in a temple down Canton way, I learned that certain flowers only bloom when enclosed in white jade, and that's worth knowing."

Sara sniffed, "Is it? You are conceited. Thank heaven there's something I know which you don't. That vine, numskull, is a hibiscus, according to the district head."

SCOTT looked at her curiously. "According to the district head," he repeated. "But he didn't tell you that it's a variety of hibiscus *rosa-sinensis carminatus*, did he? It took a great brain like mine to find out something like that."

"What you don't know," Sara told him, "is that the hibiscus, to the priest, is a nature deity. That's why he fairly worships it. The gossip is that the vine will turn into a woman who'll give L'un back his youth and save the village."

"You shouldn't believe all you hear."

Scott stopped once and spoke briefly with an officer, who, frowning, nodded.

Back at the mission, the doctor said, "Stay inside. There'll be a guard. You won't be bothered again. Now kiss your old man and he'll go to work. Where's the Japanese pharmacy? Don't tell me there isn't one."

"It's on the street of Many Foods—and the district head has tried every way he knows to get rid of it. They—"

Scott, as the gate guard saluted with his rifle, grinned. "Be glad he didn't. It makes everything easier—that, and the priest's belief that I didn't know what he said to his son. See you soon, darling."

He went off, whistling.

Sara Goddard, smiling a little, went into the empty hospital. She, also, began to whistle, but faintly and happily.

The hours passed, quickly now. . . . the moon had swelled to fullness, cold and compact, before Dr. Scott returned to the mission. He looked, and was, very tired; his face, Sara saw when they went inside, was scratched, four deep indentations on which the blood had dried.

"Been playing around, have you?" she demanded.

Scott grinned. "I like 'em when they resist," he said.

"Well, go wash your face. From now on all the scratches you'll get will be from me."

"Going to resist?"

Sara said, wishing that he'd tell her what had happened, "The matron will hear my screams if she's twenty miles down the river, darling."

She painted the scratches when he reappeared; it made her throat throb a bit as she watched the way he ate familiar

(Continued on page 62)

YOU DO THREE TIMES AS MUCH WORK AS I DO—YET YOU NEVER SEEM TIRED—

THEN I DISCOVERED HOW A DELICIOUS IRON-RICH FOOD TONIC

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How I used to envy my next-door neighbor! She did three times as much work as I did, yet never seemed tired.

"I'm always so worn out," I told her one day. "There are times when I have to force myself to get up in the morning. Even a simple task, like sweeping out a room, seems a great effort to me."

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The experience related above is typical of thousands. Cocomalt contains 6 important food essentials that everyone needs and MUST HAVE for strength, energy, pep. It supplies assimilable Iron needed for rich red blood and strength. It contains Carbohydrates for furnishing the food energy needed for the strenuous activities of our daily life. It is rich in Proteins for building solid flesh and muscle. It also contains Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus for strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt is quickly digested and easily assimilated.

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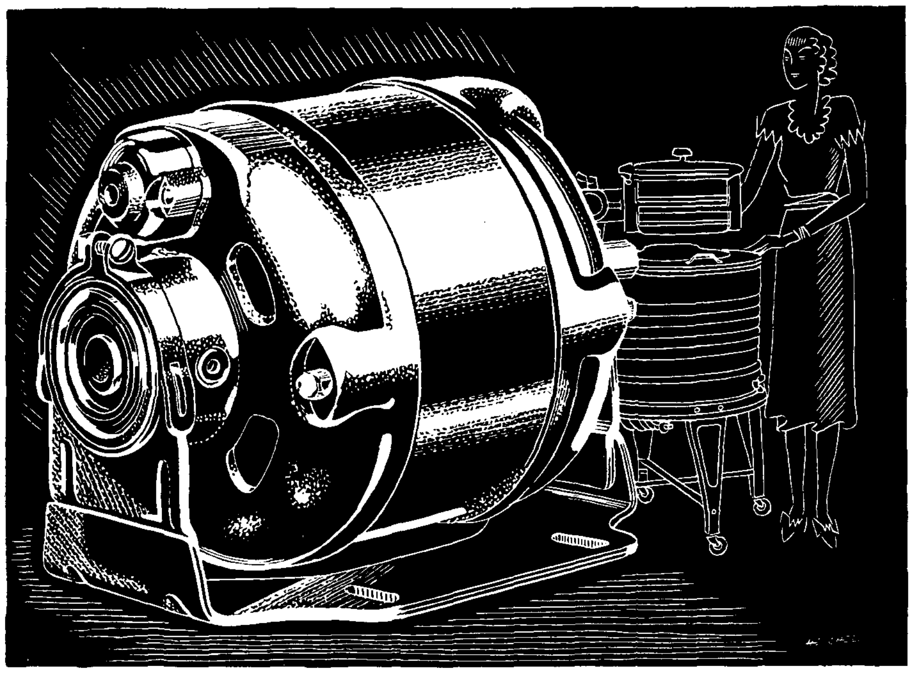

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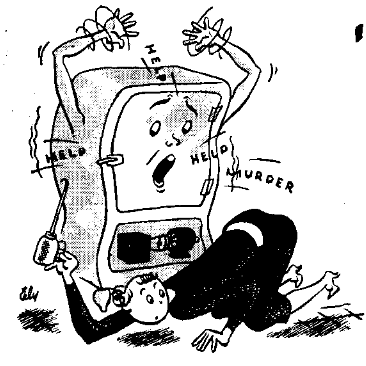
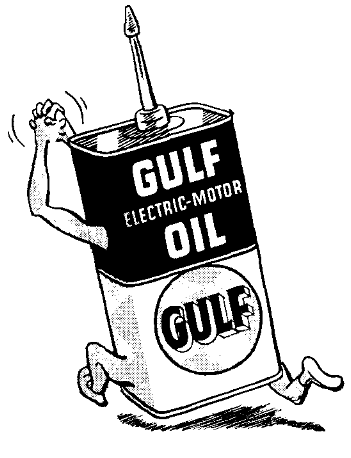


"PUH-LEEZE LADY— YOU'LL KILL IT BY INCHES!"



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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

WORTH LOOKING FOR

(Continued from page 61)

food. He was quiet after dinner, almost as if he were listening for something. The door was open; Scott hardly took his eyes from it, and once, twice, he looked at his watch.

Sara, quietly, slipped out of the room. When she returned, she wore the pale-hued pajamas embroidered with chrysanthemums.

"Well?" she demanded.

Dr. Scott turned. The glaze of his eyes broke as he looked at her.

"Haven't you any sense?" he demanded. But he was smiling. "Haven't you any sense at all? Come here, woman...."

THERE was a disturbance at the gate, raised voices. If this was what the man had been expecting, waiting for, he did not hear it now. His arms were tightly about the nurse; their lips were together. Nor did either hear footsteps.

The district head, the matron, the three nurses and doctor who had taken Scott's place, found them so a second time. It was the matron who gasped, "Miss Goddard!" although who it was that said, "Jade!" could not be determined.

Dr. Scott, arm about Sara's shoulders, face showing a more complete weariness, bowed slightly.

"Jade," he repeated, half under his breath. Then he said, "I'm back."

The district head said sadly, "That's obvious, Doctor. And—although I'd been hoping I'd been mistaken—back at your old tricks."

"Miss Goddard," the matron ordered, "I'll ask you to get dressed!"

"Miss Goddard," said Johnny Scott, "to the pure all should be pure, so don't change. Just get a coat, because we're going for a walk shortly." He grinned at her, and Sara nodded; then he spoke to the district head. "Sir," he said, "you found so much trouble, rioting, fighting, that you had to return. That's right, isn't it? Well, I'm here so there'll be no trouble in the village which controls the river traffic, and—"

"Doctor," the head said, "I don't think you quite understand. Miss Goddard, being a nurse at a mission hospital, is more than a nurse. She is in our charge. I must report this, naturally—and must ask that you leave."

Johnny Scott said, "I have more sense this time, sir. I've found out that being angry is senseless unless you do something about it. Take the narcotics—"

"You did," the matron muttered.

A nurse said, "But you yourself said, after Dr. Scott went away, that someone had worked at the staples, and perhaps the cabinet hadn't really been unlocked."

"That's what happened," Scott said. "I don't steal narcotics. I—wait; we have company. Let me do the talking. It's vitally important."

As two Japanese officers stepped into the room, and saluted, Sara, also, with a cloak over her pajamas, returned. The room became silent, tense.

One of the newcomers said, in excellent English, "Sir, I must compliment you on your men. There is complete order. No rioting whatsoever. We had heard otherwise. We were informed that our nationals were endangered."

"Everything is quiet here," Scott said.

The Japanese said, smiling, "One thing, Colonel. Our nationals—two Japanese druggists—where are they?"

"Oh," Dr. Scott said. "I'd forgotten about them. Yes. I believe they are in jail, Captain. They—"

"I must demand their immediate release. At once."

Scott said, "Glad to do you a favor. I'll order it."

"Nor can we tolerate incarceration." The officer was smiling broadly. "If you will move your men out, Colonel, we'll occupy the village. Such an offense to our nationals cannot be tolerated—"

"Of course," said Johnny Scott, "I'll keep the statement they gave me."

"Eh?"

Sara, at the ejaculation, plaited a fold in her cloak. She thought, "Oh, Johnny, you are a swell person, and I can't help loving you."

"Statement," said Scott. "Signed, sealed, and, as a matter of fact, already on the way south to headquarters. It seems, Captain, that your druggists were handling narcotics. In a room of the pharmacy. Here's how it's done. There is a wicket, big enough for a man's arm—coolies, anyone, stick their arms through, the money in their hands is taken—they get their shot.

"That's been going on for some time. But, this afternoon, money wasn't needed. Just an identification tag, proving that they were soldiers. On the theory, perhaps, that a good shot'd make them quarrelsome and there'd be rioting."

The Japanese said, "This you have in writing?"

"More than that. Some time ago, the druggist ran short and stole narcotics from the hospital in order to care for a particular customer who wouldn't wait—the customer who went from here to your camp, Captain, and reported that all was going well. He only missed one fact. The men, poor fools, did get their shots. It was too much to expect that they'd refuse a free one.

"They weren't disappointed—not immediately, anyhow. I gave it to them. Sterile water. Just so you'd hear that all was as it should be."

"We know nothing about this!"

Johnny Scott said, "So the druggist and his assistant said. The two of them, by the way, didn't fight badly at all. But when we'd finished discussing the matter, I'll be hanged if they didn't change their minds. They remembered all sorts of names and orders and—"

"They intend returning to Japan after their release from jail?" The captain rubbed his hands together. "They should be rewarded for not easily submitting."

"I don't think they want the reward," Scott said.

THE district head, the matron, were whispering together.

"It has all been an unfortunate mistake," the Japanese said. "I am really delighted to find such order here."

"Not only that," Scott agreed, "but absolutely peaceful. Glad to see you—any time, Captain. Care to look over my machine-gun detachment?"

This was the sort of conversational fencing which the Japanese admired. He bowed to the white man.

"I have other duties," he smiled. "Possibly, some day, I can show you what we have developed in quick-firing weapons?"

"Possibly," Scott said.

When the two officers had bowed to everyone, and trotted away, the head said uneasily, "I see complications in this, Doctor. It can be said that you, connected with the mission, have, by joining the Chinese, placed our mission—"

"Let's hope not," Scott said. "You can always claim that I'm no longer a part of the mission hospital."

The district head said slowly, "I should hesitate to do that. You have handled things well here in the village. I apologize about the narcotics. Did you insinuate that L'un Sui stole them? But how about the merchant who died? His money? And your behavior in Miss Goddard's room? And—"

"One at a time," Dr. Scott said. "If you don't mind, I wish you'd come along now, sir."

The doctor led the way, Sara beside him, to the temple.

The lamps in the courtyard were all burning, and, under their light, the great blossoms of the hibiscus had almost a horrible beauty. They were as red as if gorged with blood.

Scott said to the Chinese officer on duty, "We are ready," and the other, saluting, marched away, only to return with a squad carrying picks and shovels. "Dig," said Scott, and the first flagstone was pried away.

The old priest fairly ran out of the temple. His eyes were staring, and there was a fleck of foam at his mouth. At first he cursed; then, on his knees, he began to pray, facing the vine.

The picks kept tearing at the earth.

Dr. Scott said, "When I joined the army, I did it because of hunger. I met all sorts of Chinese. Scholars, merchants, priests. I wanted to find out why it was a man should lose his head. My patient had been murdered, decapitated." Shovels kept the dirt flying. "I learned—"

Sara, watching, saw soldiers and, between them, L'un Sui, sullen.

"I learned— So you came back, did you?" Scott said, seeing the priest's son. "Your luck has held. The Japanese wouldn't have cared much about you. Not that I consider you a rose."

L'UN SUI snarled at his father, the priest, and the old man suddenly snarled back at him, so vehemently, so forgetful of who might be listening, that the district head said gravely, "That proves who took our drugs. But this violation of the temple, Doctor, will surely cause trouble."

"Wait," Dr. Scott promised.

He was standing just out of range of the picks' arcs, and as the soldiers began to clear a wide space around the trunk of the vine, his arm went about Sara's waist. . . .

One of the soldiers went to his knees and began to remove dirt with his hands. Something gray appeared. Roots? The soldier stolidly kept at his task, and, in doing so, kept rubbing at the solid substance until it turned to white and gleamed under the moonlight.

The matron gasped, covered her mouth with her hand. Sara Goddard caught at Scott's fingers, tightened her own about them.

Scott began to speak again. "There's only one way to make this vine blossom," he said. "It must be planted in white *yü*. White jade. White jade is the symbol for man. That is, it is in China." He looked solemn, although Sara was sure that his eyes, for one instant, twinkled. "I learned even more. It's best to transplant a non-blooming vine into a *yü huan*—huan means ring, or to ring about, or to encircle—and the priest put his own interpretation on what that must mean."

The soldier kept on removing dirt.

"Where could he get white jade? It's expensive. He needed money to keep L'un Sui going. Perhaps he started saving, which was why L'un Sui stole narcotics, but even that wasn't enough. So he began, China fashion, to reason things out. White jade—man. What part of man? Some part which could hold the root of the vine. Therefore, it must be—"

"It's horrible, horrible," one of the nurses whispered. "Oh, look!"

The soldier had pulled away enough dirt. The root of the vine was growing out of a skull.

"At home," the district head said, shivering a little, "some plants won't bloom unless they are pot-bound."

Dr. Scott said quietly, "That's it, sir. They don't explain things so simply in the Orient. It must be kept mystical."

The vine shook, moved from side to side and, without warning, fell. The old priest screamed and before hands could catch him, was tearing at his son. Men pulled him away, half carrying him into the temple. L'un Sui, face yellow-green, demanded of Scott, "What of me?"

"You'll be tried. Or d'you prefer going back to the Japanese lines?"

Barely audible, L'un Sui whispered, "It has been the custom that when a man is executed he may have—many pipes."

"Very well." Scott waited until the man was taken away. Then he turned to the district head: "Is it all clear now?"

"It is."

"In China," said Scott, "you enlist for whatever period you wish. If I stay in the army, I'll be a general. I won't have enough room for all my medals. So—do you want me back, sir?"

A soldier tramped across the fallen vine, his boot smashing one of the blossoms. Sara almost believed that a reddish juice ran from it and over the flagstones of the courtyard.

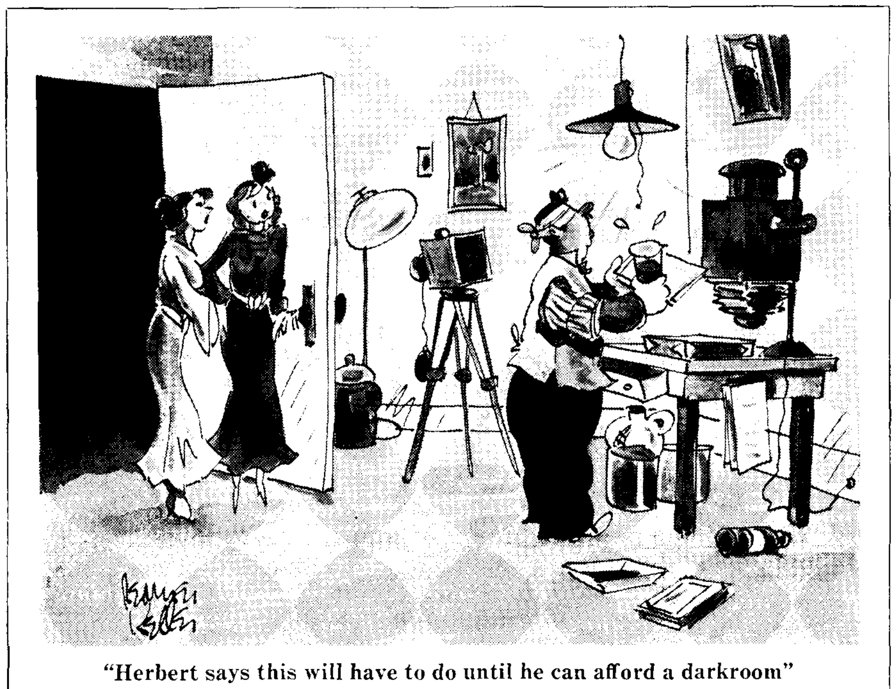
The district head said, "You'll want to be assigned to the same hospital as Miss Goddard. I'm afraid, under the circumstances—"

"As a married man, it won't matter," Johnny Scott grinned. He was chuckling when they left the courtyard and Sara, who knew why, was humming:

" 'There's something about a soldier— something about a soldier . . .' "

They walked slowly and in the shadow of the gateway, with the others ahead, kissed quickly.

The words of the song rang in Sara Goddard's head. Fine, fine, fine!



"Herbert says this will have to do until he can afford a darkroom"

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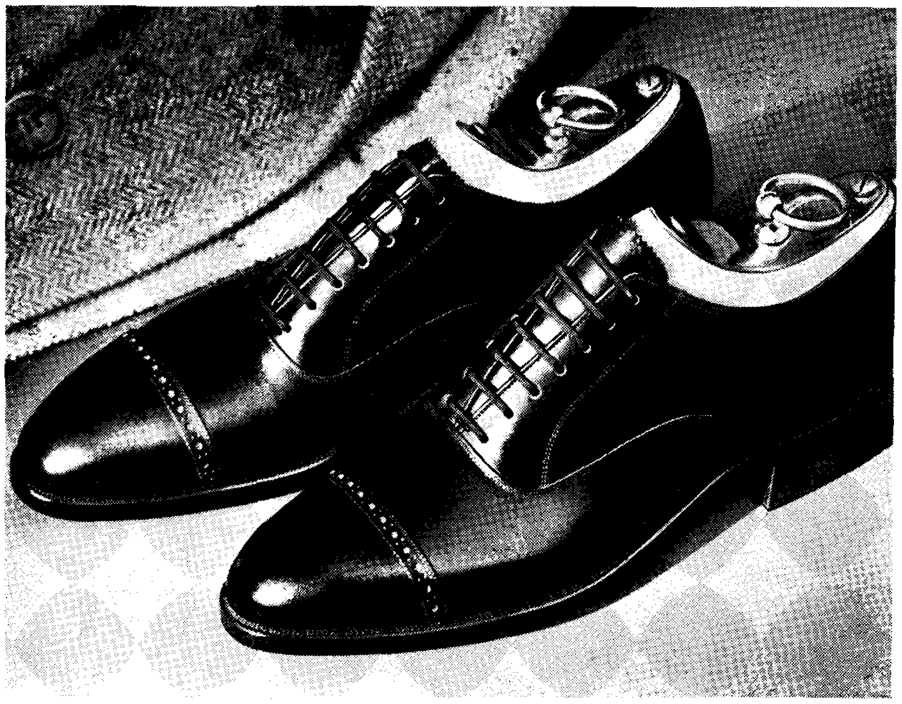

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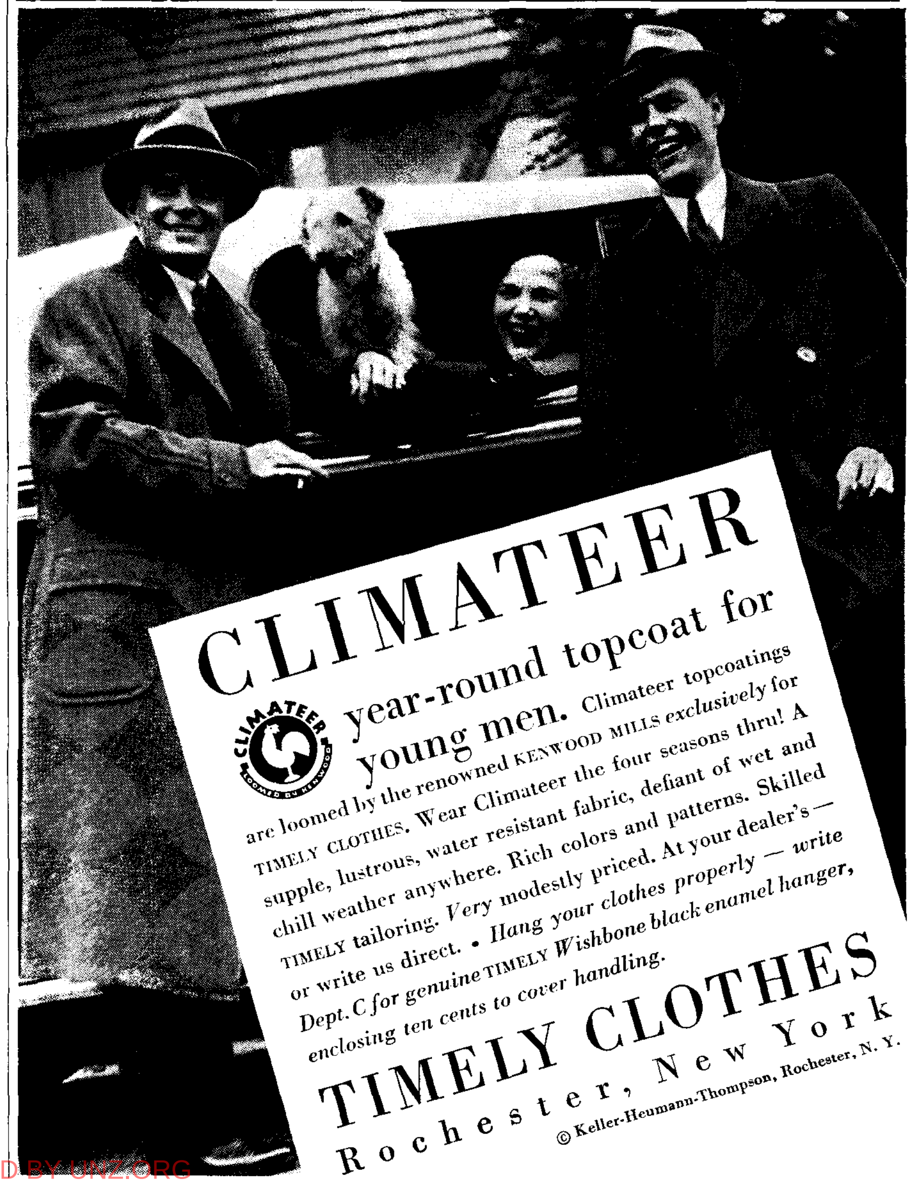

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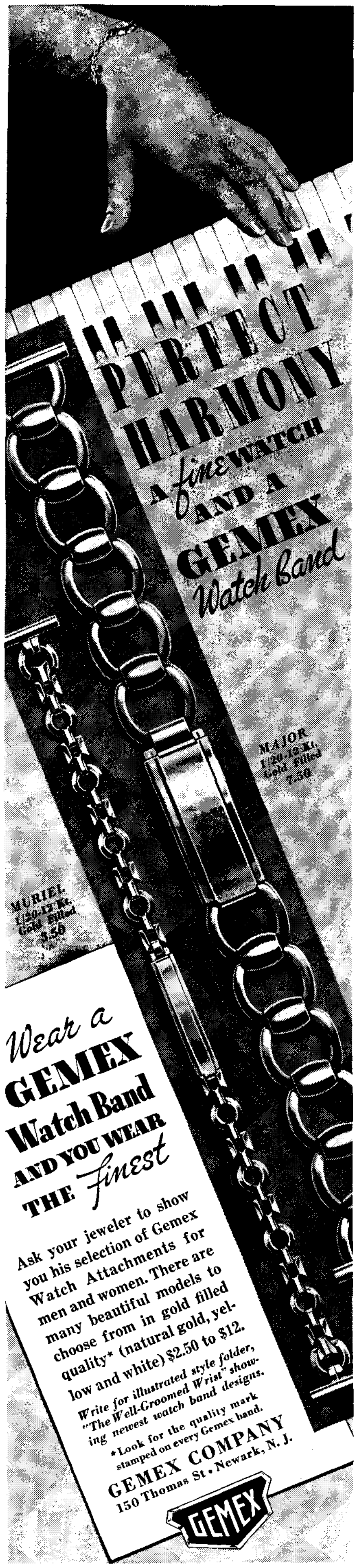

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Inn About Town

It started quite simply as a young inn in the Austrian Tyrol. Then it grew older and took to wandering — Berlin, London, Paris and points east. Now it has hit New York as a full-size spectacle. Here it is, with its owner, Mr. Erik Charell

By Kyle Crichton

Bright-faced youngsters in Tyrolese costumes form one chorus of Erik Charell's the White Horse Inn

THE stage doorman at the Center Theater in Rockefeller Center is a cynic. He sat with his feet up and a sneer on his face in the midst of what looked like the left wing of the battle of Gettysburg. People were screaming to the right, left and rear of him; the sidewalk outside was jammed with debris; workmen were lurching about with planks resting on their shoulders and aimed at innocent citizens; and above it all could be heard a lady practicing her scales.

"The annual massacre of the Center Theater," said the man sourly.

The Center Theater is one of those errors of the rich. At intervals, brave knights come forth to rescue it, but for the most part it sits there and mocks its masters. Their only revenge is to tear it from its moorings every time they use it. They spent $150,000 ripping it out to make ready for The Great Waltz. In this instance, they were making over the place for Erik Charell's production of the White Horse Inn. The backstage had been manhandled, wings had been built to jut out from the stage, and in general the place was getting a bouncing around.

For Charell it was nothing new. New York was getting the White Horse Inn late in its career. Travelers have been coming back from Europe since 1930 to bore their friends with tidings of the show. In the meantime Mr. Charell, possessed of the greatest meal ticket in recent stage history, has been going about in London, Paris, Vienna and a dozen other cities of the Continent, rebuilding theaters and charming the natives with the simple tale of the hotel in the Tyrol.

The stupendous part of the proceedings are easily handled:

Cast—175 people.

Orchestra—65.

Stagehands—56 (same as The Great Waltz).

Principals — William Gaxton and Kitty Carlisle.

Gain or loss—?

The thing started at the Grosse Schauspielhaus in Berlin in 1930. The theater seats 5,000 and was under the management of Max Reinhardt, and Max Reinhardt had a headache.

"Erik," said the master to Charell, "take this thing off my hands before I go *veruekt*," which is German for nuts.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY REMIE LOHSE

Erik Charell and William Gaxton, producer and a star of the White Horse Inn

The first stupendouser Mr. Charell put on was The Mikado, and the Gilbert and Sullivan addicts went around Berlin uttering little shrill shrieks of pain because he had taken liberties with it. The circumstances are not quite clear, but it seems that he had the chorus running up the sides of the proscenium arch while Pitty Poo and Wacky Woo and the rest of them were standing forlorn and alone out in the center of a stage which resembled the Atlantic Ocean in extent. The audiences liked it and Charell followed with The Merry Widow (a new version with two new songs by Franz Lehar), and then with The Loves of Casanova, in which he had three revolving stages going around like mad.

By this time he was both exhausted and out of ideas. Answering an invitation by Emil Jannings, the old movie star who used to walk down long corridors with his shoulders humped up, he went down to the Tyrol for a visit. While there he had lunch with Jannings at the White Horse Inn, an old tavern overlooking a lake. The place was so beautiful he felt all his worries leaving him and it reminded him of the German proverb that when one goes to the mountain, the mountain conquers one and one comes home a new person, one does.

"Then I found there was an old farce 'At the White Horse Tavern,'" says Mr. Charell, "and Hans Mueller adapted that and the show went on."

It went on so well that it ran for 416

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BERNARD TELKAMP

performances in Berlin (1,500,000 people saw the show), one year at the Colosseum in London, four years at the Magador in Paris (seating 2,600), three years in Vienna, two years in Munich, and long runs in Rome and Milan. There are two companies still touring in England and two in France.

"We rewrite it for each country," says Charell. "If we're playing in London, the people who come to the Inn are English people—bankers with troubles, girls with love disappointments, tough guys with hard hearts."

Charell has had quite a career. His father came to America from Germany and had a factory in Connecticut which manufactured steel wires for hoop skirts. It made money and Papa finally retired and went back to live in Breslau, where Erik was born. What Papa wanted Erik to be was a businessman; what Erik wanted to do was paint or write or dance. When he was eight, his papa and mamma took him to his first show.

"When the lights went down and the curtain went up, I got so hysterical with excitement that I got sick and they had to lug me home," says Charell. "After that they wouldn't let me go again until I was about thirteen."

He attended high school and was headed for college when something happened to knock him sidewise. The family was in Berlin for the winter and Erik went to see the Russian Ballet.

"It utterly floored me," says Charell. "Think of a company like that—Nijinsky, Karsavina, Fokine, Fokina, Ida Rubenstein, all dancing in one production. There's never been anything like it in the history of the world. You can't imagine what it was like."

It stirred him so deeply that he went to Max Reinhardt and told him he wanted to join his company. Because he had no experience, Reinhardt looked at him with the stare given all presumptuous people, but when Charell told him what the Russian Ballet did to him, Reinhardt, who had also been shaken by the Russians, saw the point. Charell was with Reinhardt a little over a year and then started out with a company of his own. That went on for seven years and

(Continued on page 66)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY REMIE LOHSE

Billy House and Kitty Carlisle, two central figures in the show

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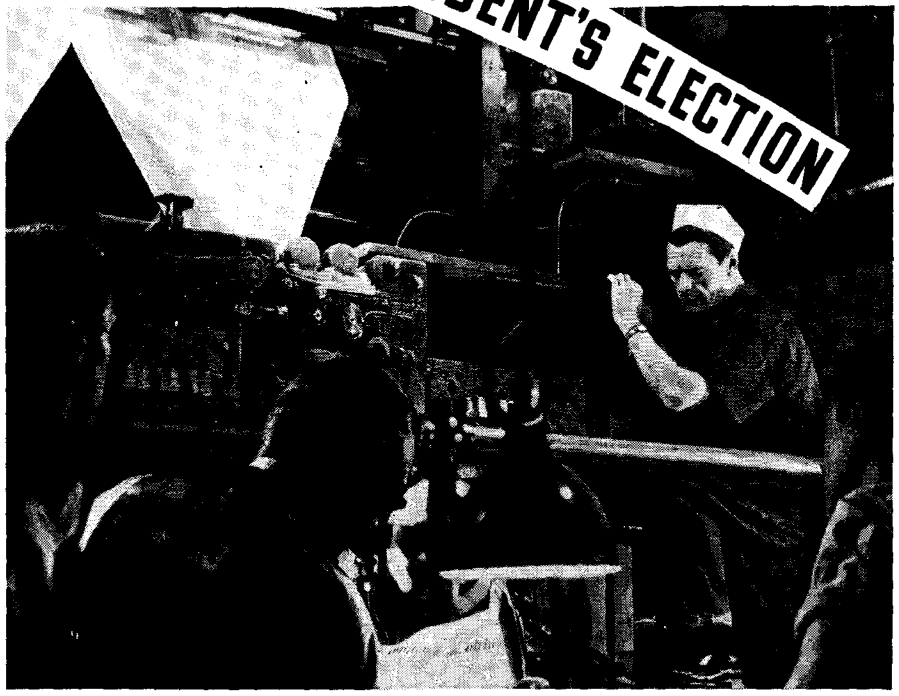

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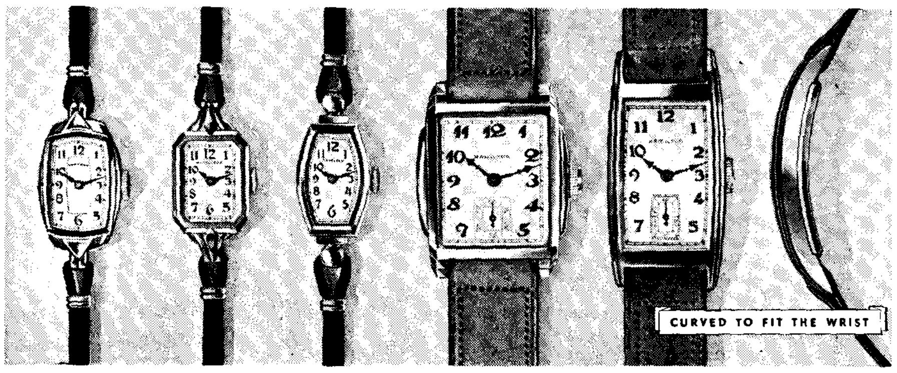

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(Continued from page 65)

took him all over Europe. When he was tired of that he met Reinhardt again, who wanted him to come to America to help him put on The Miracle for Morris Gest. Charell said no; he was sick of the theater. Then he ran into a nice American gentleman in Venice whose name was Otto H. Kahn and he also insisted that Charell must come. It turned out later that Kahn was backing Gest in the venture. He came over in 1923 and was here six months.

"What I liked over here was the Music Box Revue and the colored show, Running Wild," says Charell. "It was something new again, an experience for me like the Russian Ballet. In Running Wild there was a scene where a Negro roustabout sleeps on a wharf. A whistle blows for him to go back to work. He stirs. The whistle blows again. He slowly unwinds, yawns, then gradually gets up and in that slow shuffling way starts his dance. I'd been doing stuff about princesses, high ballet material, but this was the people in action. I wanted to do that now."

He went back to Berlin and did musical comedies—the first called For Everybody, the next For You. After that came the White Horse Inn, which still keeps the Charell pot boiling.

A Three-Ring Circus—Plus

The Warners have bought it as a movie, and Laurence Rivers, who did The Green Pastures, is doing it on the stage. The Rockefellers are in on it because of their beautiful white elephant called the Center Theater. They try it intermittently as a straight movie house but so few guests show up that it is either a question of supplying a bodyguard with each patron (the place seats 3,500) or taking a chance of having them wander around in that wilderness until exhaustion overtakes them.

Charell has done movies himself. His big success was Congress Dances, which started Lillian Harvey on a great career which lasted exactly as long as the awful pictures Hollywood gave her. Marlene Dietrich got her first part in Charell's first revue, For Everybody. He also developed Tilly Losch, the dancer who was over here in The Bandwagon. When White Horse Inn is done in movies, Charell will direct it.

The show has 1,100 costumes and the settings, costumes and properties were all on hand before rehearsals began—something unheard of in American show business. It's hard to explain the show, but it has everything—drama, sentiment, a huge chorus, Viennese music and a production so stupendous that it officially passes as a spectacle.

The show is in three acts and 22 scenes. There are twelve changes of setting, with eight distinct changes of costume for every member of the chorus. Not since Joe Cook displayed his hundreds of gadgets in Rain or Shine and Fine and Dandy has a show had so many properties. The property man estimates the number at 1,500. They include 20 rifles, 2 shotguns, 3 drums, 6 miners' mallets, 56 cow bells, 24 beer mugs, 18 baskets of fruit and flowers, 1 plucked chicken, 8 butter churns, 300 papier-mâché plates, 1 butterfly net, four property cows, one property pig, a sightseeing bus with seating capacity for forty persons, 1 yawl, 6 fire axes, a steamboat (on which the Emperor Joseph arrives), 6 huge Swiss cheeses, 145 umbrellas, etc. Among the live properties are two goats, a dachshund, two pigeons, a horse.

Max Mueller—Dr. Max Mueller—the author, is here to help Mr. Charell with the production. The Viennese medical profession had a habit of deserting stethoscopes for literature and Dr. Mueller followed in the footsteps of Arthur Schnitzler, after first going through four years of war with the Austrian army.

"It was nothing like the war on the Western Front," says Dr. Mueller. "Gay, that was us. . . . You know; charging riders, flashing sabers, the gallant Viennese spirit. The Austrians lost 700,000 men in the battle of Lemberg."

But that spirit helps White Horse Inn. Charell has frankly adopted the movie technique for his spectacle.

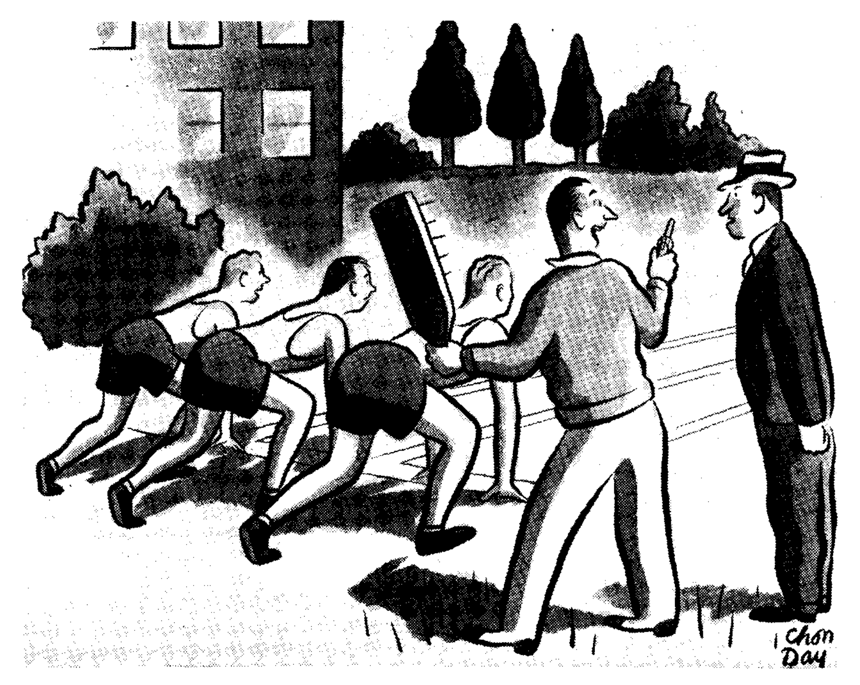
"There are no little scenes played simply to give time for scenery changes," he says. "Everything carries the story on. By using the revolving stage and the parts of the stage sticking out at the side and the windows and balconies of the inn, we're able to make a steady progression."

Charell is a short, dapper, athletic type of man, with a decided accent and great enthusiasm. He gets half out of his chair and starts waving his hands around when he gets excited about a stage idea. It is getting near the end of the cycle with this show but he doesn't seem to be bored.

The bored one was the doorman as we came out. The revolution was still going on around him, but he seemed at ease.

"What next?" said we.

"Next they'll be tearing it down for a parking lot," said he, still keeping his feet aloft.



"Jones doesn't hear very good"

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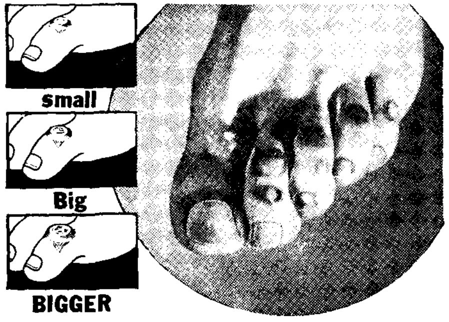

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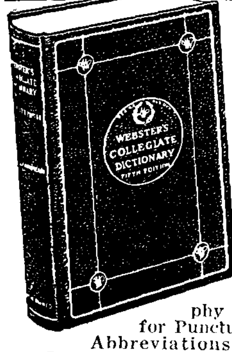

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Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 21

horizon, swiftly and completely, like a napkin caught in a fan.

The wind still roared through the miserably tormented palms, and the towering seas were still smashing high upon the reefs; but very evidently the Malangai group had only been brushed by the outermost wing tips of the storm. Before nightfall the rest of the wind would probably die down, and Malangai would relax into the sultry tropic lethargy of its normal way.

Under the clean brilliance of the sun, Malangai's primitive village lay disheveled; what few brown people were going about their affairs moved disconsolately, leaning against the wind, through a drifting trash of broken fronds. I went on past the long ranks of stilted huts to the quarters at the far end of the village, where Suva Jim Cooper held forth.

"Henry Shane," I said, watching Cooper's face, "was murdered last night."

"So I heard."

"That's interesting," I commented.

"What's interesting about it? I got it from my mess boy. Don't you suppose that everyone in the village knows a thing like that an hour after sunup?"

A GOOD many things were difficult to know about Suva Jim. As, for instance, his age. I supposed that he was somewhere in his thirties, but he might have been older than that. One thing I will say for him—he knew the South Seas, and he knew Asiatic waters.

"Who do you suppose would do that, Suva?"

"How the hell should I know? You got a bunch of Moros working for you. You don't know how to handle Moros, and neither did Shane. Probably one of them stuck a kris in him. Things like that happen all the time."

"Shane never had any trouble with the Moros."

"How do you know he didn't? Sometimes you can insult a Moro by just passing him on the wrong side."

I waved my cigarette impatiently. "A kris is not used for stabbing," I said shortly. "It's a slashing weapon."

This was a statement of the obvious, which Suva Jim Cooper had reason to know better than I; he accepted it without a comment. Cooper had been born aboard an island trading vessel; he had never been out of the islands in his life. He knew a vast sector of the South Pacific, and no other quarter of the globe. The days of barbed-wire boarding nets were not so far gone but that Cooper could remember them; it was said by some that Suva Jim himself had sometimes so fortified his vessel in trading with some of the remote tribes of the Solomons. In some ways, in the conflict that was now inevitably rising between us, Suva Jim had every advantage.

Yet Suva Jim had reason to resent my presence upon Malangai; he had reason to resent me, to the point of a smoldering hate. It was I, and not Jim Cooper, who had now swung my anchor into Tunganan—and now that I had shown the way, Cooper knew well enough what kind of a thing I had there. Fuller, more accurate data, and a quicker resource in obtaining capital, had obtained for me what might some day be a rich tropic port—and had left Suva Jim stranded in the shallows of Malangai.

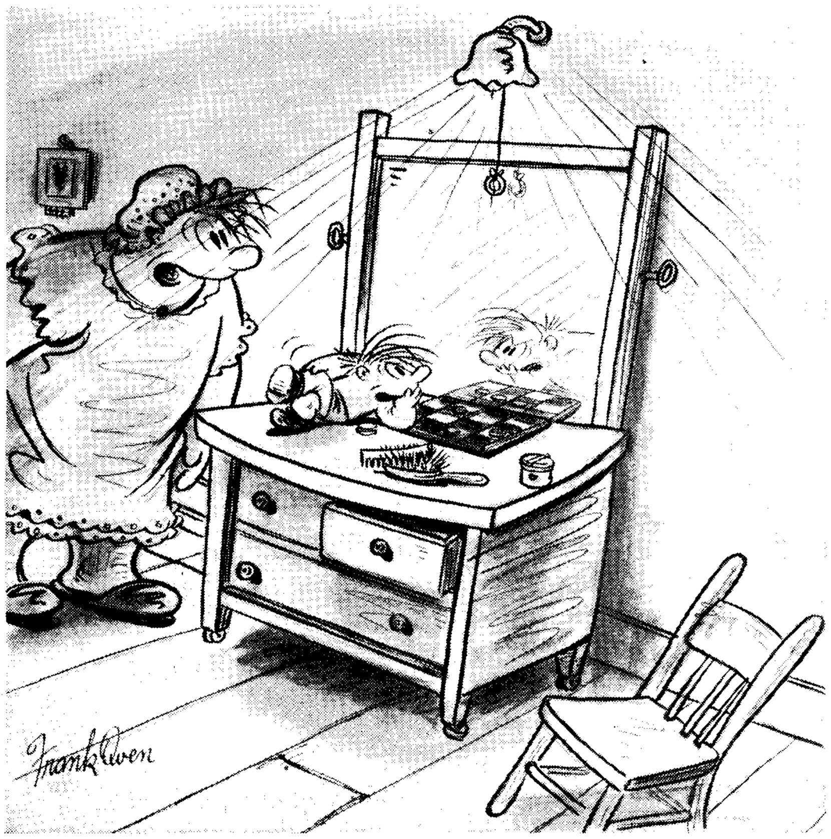
Not that Suva Jim Cooper intended to rest there. His filling warehouses gave ample evidence that he, too, had obtained new backing. I had reason, and more than reason, to know that Suva Jim wanted what I had—and meant to get it.

"When you get good and ready, and in your own sweet time," I said now, "I want you to turn in to me the killer of Henry Shane."

(Continued on page 68)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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PLASTIC WOOD

(Continued from page 67)

Cooper blew smoke at the ceiling lazily. "Is that what you came here for?"

"No," I said. "I came here to find out if you knew anything about this. I consider that I have found out what I wanted to know." I stood up. "Suva, you know who killed Henry Shane."

Suva Jim Cooper's triangular eyes snapped down upon me, sharp and hard.

"Barrett," he said, "you take some awful chances. I'm going to have enough of you some day."

"I don't doubt it in the least," I answered. "I'll be seeing you, Suva."

"Sit down!" Suva Jim commanded.

I did not obey, but I hung my thumbs in my belt and waited.

"Now I have one or two questions to ask you," Suva Jim said. "I understand that you are holding Mrs. Merriam."

I stretched a point to deny this. "Nobody's holding Mrs. Merriam. She came to us voluntarily, and she's with us as a guest. She'll stay with us as long as she feels like it." I considered that the message I had had from the Jolo constabulary was no one's business—yet.

Suva Jim's strongly muscled lips shut down hard upon his cigar, so that the tight-wrapped tobacco splayed and flattened. "I won't have it! I won't have it! You understand that?"

"You won't have what?"

"Mrs. Merriam is—is a passenger of mine. I am responsible for her. When my vessel is ready to sail I'm going to send for her; and then she is going to come."

"Would you like to offer odds?"

WITHOUT changing color, Suva Jim's face was altered by an effect of uncontrollable congestion. And I knew then, unquestionably, that here was one more man to whom Tonai Merriam was an uncontrollable thunder in the blood.

"I wonder at myself," Suva Jim said. The words were slow and measured, but the voice was repressed so strongly that the vibration beneath it could not be concealed. "I can't understand why I don't wipe you out."

"I'll tell you why," I grinned. "Because you have a deal on with Justin Lowry. Because if you pull any rough stuff now you'll scare Lowry out of his wits, and the deal will be off. Because there isn't anything in this world that means more to you than a dollar, and you're afraid now to make a false move for fear you might scare one away!"

I did not like to turn my back on Jim Cooper then, but I did. I crossed the room without hurry, and went out into the heavy push of the wind.

BOLONG, my number-one morning boy, came to meet me at the entrance of the hedged compound.

"Anybody up?" I asked.

"Everybody, pretty near. Everybody wants you, señor."

"Who, for instance?"

"Señor Llewellyn, he come barrio. Señor Bates, he come, too. They wait now, in *oficina*. Jefe Lowry, he have chow in own room. He want you come there, *pronto*, señor."

"Missy Lowry—where is she?"

"She no up, señor."

"All right. Go back to your work."

"You want I tell Jefe Lowry you come, señor?"

"Don't tell anybody anything. I'll tell you when I want you to do something."

"*Bueno*, señor."

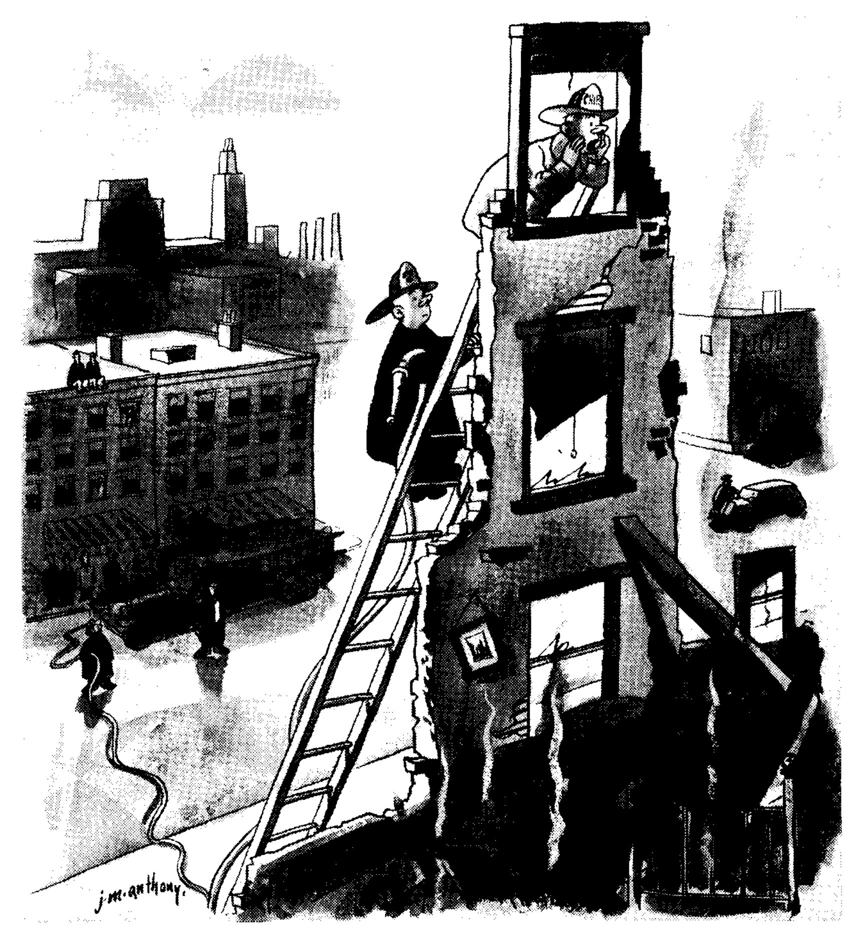
I went directly now to Mrs. Holderness' door, and I knocked. I was hoping she would be up, and out of there by now, and for once I was right. It was Tonai Merriam who called out in answer to my knock, and I went in.

Just as I was opening the door, Utok came wandering along with a breakfast tray, and I turned back long enough to take it out of his hands. The bed which had been made up for Tonai Merriam was in Mrs. Holderness' sitting room, directly under the window. She lay propped up on one elbow, looking out into the bright day.

"Chow come now," I announced.

She turned furiously. "You get out of here and be—" She stopped. "Oh—"

By the mistiness of her eyes, I knew that she had somehow managed to sleep. Even before breakfast, Tonai Merriam was a striking person to look at. Her rumpled hair and sleepy eyes were par-



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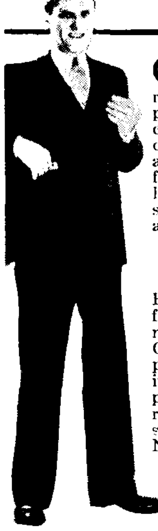

ticularly becoming, so that she had an endearing sort of appeal, such as no one has a right to, before she is up. Just the opposite of what you might expect, in anybody, whoever she might be.

I said, "Do you feel all right? You look all right. I hope the service—"

"I suppose," she said sulkily, "you think you're funny."

"I? Funny?"

"You're standing there grinning like a gibbon ape."

"Sorry. You're a sort of wild, game kind of arrangement, aren't you? I thought for a minute you were going to claw at me."

"Well—I didn't know it was you."

I set down the brass Moro tray I had brought. Briskly I shook up her pillows, propped them behind her, and straightened her blankets. Then I balanced the tray upon her knees, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Something a little bit informal about this," she commented frostily. "But don't mind me."

I said, "I want to tell you something. I believe your story. It may be that I can prove your story; at least, I mean to try. But it isn't going to be easy, and it isn't in the bag."

She said slowly, "It isn't over yet?"

"I'm afraid it's only begun."

"And now," she said wearily, "I suppose you want to go on with the inquisition."

"There are a couple of things I think you ought to tell me. If I'm going to work for you, it isn't fair that I work in the dark."

She studied me, then, speculatively. "I believe I'll answer you, if I can. But I don't promise you I will. What's first?"

"Have you remembered yet where you saw Henry Shane?"

"No. For the life of me I can't place him. While we're on the subject—have you remembered me yet?"

That one was a surprise. "Should I?"

"Oh, no. Though, of course, I do remember you. I've seen you more than once—though only at a distance. At Zamboanga, in the Overseas Club. Other places. But we didn't meet. I guess I thought that everybody knew who everyone else is, out here."

"Well—I do remember hearing your name. Tonai is a pretty name."

"Thanks. And your first name is John. Have a fishbone, John. This is very clubby. But it doesn't get us anywhere, does it?"

"Mrs. Merriam—"

"If you're going to be formal, I think you ought to get off my bed."

I shrugged. "All right, Tonai. But this is serious. Perhaps more serious than you know."

SHE turned quiet then. After a moment she said in a queer, soft voice, "Hardly, I think."

"Tonai," I said, "where is Neal Merriam?"

She was instantly motionless. Her fingers were still, and her eyelashes—even her breathing. Then she turned her eyes to me, without moving her head.

"John, I tell you honestly—I don't know."

Silence, while a man might count fifty.

"I want to know," she said, "why you asked me that."

I told her why. Not because I trusted her. I didn't yet. But because she would know soon, anyway; and because, depending principally upon myself, I was definitely intent upon finding out what was happening here. I told her of my conversation with Jolo, including the fact that she was supposed to be held.

Suddenly she met my eyes; and I knew that both of us were thinking the same thing, then.

Nobody would have had any purpose in killing that colorless nonentity, Henry Shane. That little wanderer was killed because of something else that had happened—something that was close to Tonai.

I knew then, as well as I was ever to know, that when I knew where Neal Merriam was, I would know what had happened here, in my house, to Henry Shane.

But I knew nothing at all, yet, of what had become of Neal Merriam.

If you think that I was pushing hard into something that was not my business, I ask you to remember that not only four years of my life, but much more than four years had gone into my plans for both Malangai and Tunganan—plans that depended upon Justin Lowry. In my conception, this thing that had happened was threatening many more things than myself. I was willing to fight to the limit of my ability, but first I had to know what I was against.

I said, "In God's name, Tonai—"

"I'll tell you," she said quickly. "I'll tell you what I know."

WHAT she told me was not so important, I think, as the picture behind what she told me. Anyone who knows the tropics, even a little bit, can easily imagine what happens to a girl who marries an undercapitalized coconut planter.

"I'm trying to tell you how I got here," Tonai was saying. "You see, I hadn't been at Kivasawan for nearly six months. I'd been staying away, at Zamboanga. All that time, Neal Merriam was still at Kivasawan, of course. But after the rains, Neal sent for me to come back. So—"

"I take it," I said, "you were having a good deal of trouble with your husband?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I understood you to say that you were away from your husband for six months, in Zamboanga."

Tonai Merriam bit her lips. "I was getting on his nerves; no question about that." She said it humbly and quietly, without resentment. "I didn't want to leave him. He needed someone to take care of him—his health was very bad. But it got so that I thought I had better leave—at least for a while."

I know little about Tonai Merriam, because it had never been my purpose to know very much about any woman, except Marise; but I know something about Neal Merriam's plantation, because it was my business to know things like that. So I knew what was behind what Tonai Merriam said. I could see Kivasawan. I knew that ragged stand of beach jungle, five miles deep, which shut Kivasawan from the Gulf of Davao.

Within the barrier of the beach jungle, on the higher ground, a broad belt of rank cogon grass stood, waist-high, every blade with its own cutting edge. When you walked through that grass you kept thrashing ahead of you with a cane, and you kept a pistol ready to your hand; because here lived the big king cobra—the only snake in the world, except the bushmaster and possibly the African mamba, that will turn out of its way to attack a man.

When you stirred one up it would raise its black armor-plated head high above the grass, and come swaying in; and, very often, after you had killed one, a second rose up and came on. Here also, in the ragged brakes of the Sulu brush, lived the wild pigs, which came down at night to root through the fences and destroy the young coconuts Neal Merriam set out.

Neal Merriam had set out to plant coconuts in that country of eternally wind-waved grass. His house was well built and pleasant, for he had put more of his capital into it than he should have. But, because he was a man who should never have attempted planting in the tropics, something here was very wrong.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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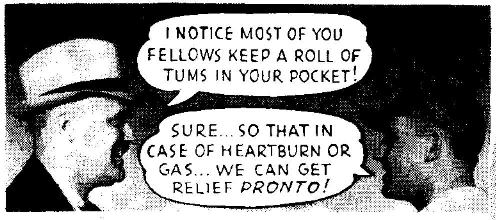

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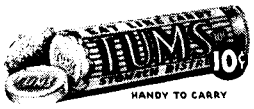


(Continued from page 69)

It was not only that Merriam was a sick man; he had malaria, of course, together with a dozen kindred tropic ailments, but everybody who lived in the bush expected his share of those. What was wrong was that Merriam was of no fiber to hold together under these things.

"Do you mean," I said, "you were afraid of him, Tonai?"

"A little, I guess. When he was in a spell of fever, yet not quite down, I would wake up and find him looking at me in a—a very funny way. Yes— I was afraid of him."

"Threaten you much?"

"I don't see any need," Tonai Merriam said, "to answer that."

"Well, just let it go."

"I'm trying to tell you what happened—if you want to hear."

"Please go on."

"At the end of the monsoons I got word from Neal that he wanted me to come back. He wrote a letter, and I went back to Kivasawan. I went on Suva Jim Cooper's boat, because that was the only boat that was going. We landed—"

I interrupted. "How well did you know Suva Jim Cooper, Tonai?"

"I had traveled on his boat before. But I had never thought about him. I hardly knew him at all."

"All right. Now, in the Gulf of Davao—he landed you at Salter's store?"

"No, we landed at Neal's own anchorage; he has a makeshift dock there, where the trail from Kivasawan reaches the beach. It's five miles south of Salter's store. Supplies are brought inshore in whaleboats, or on lighters made of whaleboats lashed together. He meant to improve the landing, some day."

I didn't care a damn what the vanished Neal Merriam had meant to do; but I let her go on.

"From the beach," Tonai Merriam said, "we walked the six miles to Kivasawan—Jim Cooper and I."

Tonai Merriam slowed up and stopped, so that I felt the need of saying something to start her up. "And you found, at Kivasawan—"

"Nothing!" The girl showed a sudden emotion, which she controlled with convincing difficulty. "Just literally nothing. That's what made it so terrible!"

"Just what?" I insisted.

"I mean there was just nobody there. Everything else was just the same. Used dishes on the table, all polished clean by ants; bed slept in—everything the same, as if Neal—somebody—had been living there. That is, up to within a few days. But the camarines where the planting crew lived, and the shacks where the Filipinos always were—all those were stripped and empty."

"No sign at all of what had happened to Neal?"

"Well—" she seemed to hesitate, then went ahead falteringly. "There was just one rather strange thing—"

Low over the house an airplane engine roared; my constabulary man from Jolo had evidently wasted no time.

"Go on," I urged Tonai. "What was it you were going to tell me?"

She visibly drew into herself. "Nothing. Just imagination. Not worth mentioning."

And nothing I could say would draw anything more from her on that point. I went out to meet the plane.

GEORGE BATES, hands in pockets, was pacing nervously about the hall as I came out of Tonai Merriam's room. Bates had a master's ticket, and skippered the Mindoro Maid when Lon Llewellyn did not. Stocky, blond, usually impassive, very deft with his strong hands, and very literal in his head—he was a reasonably dependable man, I thought, within his limits. He came quickly toward me now, and planted himself squarely in my way.

"Look here," he said, his voice low and urgent. "Lowry's raising blue hell. He's got to see you right away."

I thought, "Damn Lowry," but did not say it aloud.

"But first," Bates hurried on, "there's something you got to know. Look here—you been talking to that dame?"

"Well?"

"What did she tell you? What did she tell you about Henry Shane? I don't mean about last night. I mean about before that. Did she tell you she knew Shane before that?"

"No. She can't remember where she ever saw him before."

"It's a lie! She did know him! Don't you let that dame go pulling no whizzer on you like that! Of course she knew him!"

"Bunk, George! I tell you she never—"

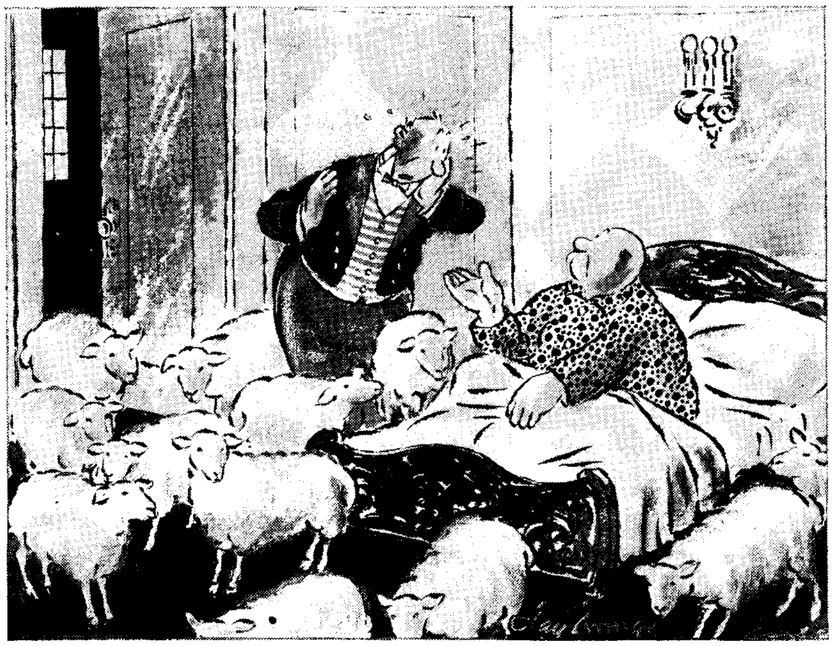
"How could she help knowing him? Why, he worked for Neal Merriam a full season, over at Kivasawan, on the Davao. How the devil wouldn't she know him, with him working right on the place?"

"How do you know this?"

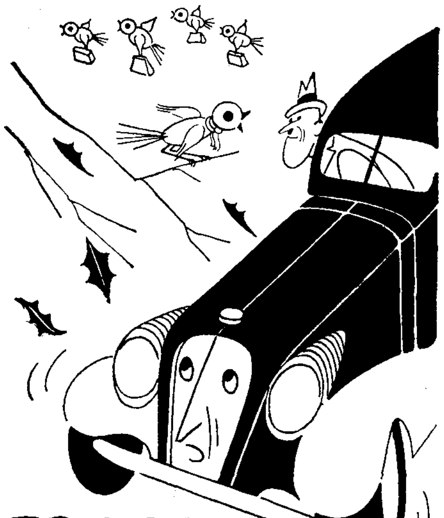
"Because I know. I can prove it. Ask Lon Llewellyn. Ask anybody. Don't you let that dame talk you into anything, Chief!"

I said, "Okay. Thanks, George." But as I walked away from him I was feeling blackly morose.

(To be continued next week)



"... and then, and then I woke up! And there they were!" JAY IRVING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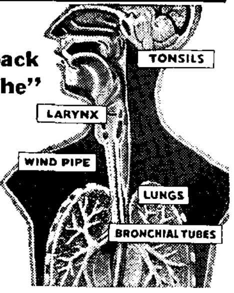

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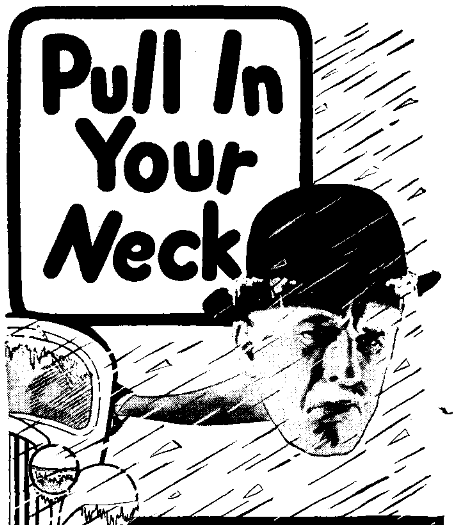

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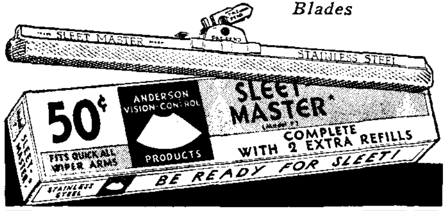
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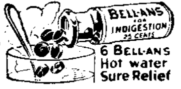

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EYE-GENE

Take a Look Inside

By Hannah Lees

What happens when a child is rushed halfway round the world for a seven-minute operation to remove a nail from his lungs? This is the story of bronchoscopy, the delicate science of fishing in one's insides

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A good many bronchoscopists have machine shops right in their own cellars or attics

IF YOU read the papers, and people who read magazines are apt to read the papers, you have probably already run across a good many news stories about bronchoscopy and about Dr. Chevalier Jackson, who is pretty well acknowledged to be the master of that valuable little science. So I am not going to start by telling you of the small boy who came all the way from Australia last spring to have Dr. Jackson take a nail out of his lung. And I am not going to tell you about the missionary's small son who some years ago was shipped over from the middle of India with a large glass bead reposing in his bronchus, and how that same light-fingered gentleman extracted it. As we go along a few cases you haven't read about may crop up, but the thing I really want you to know is what actually happens when your morning paper says casually " . . . in one, two, or seven minutes the pin, bean, or penny whistle was removed and the child began to breathe naturally again."

There is a lot of work behind those casual words every time you see them in print, and many, many years of patient trial and error and more trial. Because the bronchoscope isn't new. It has been nearly forty years since a man named Killian first thought of putting a hollow tube down through people's mouths into their chests and looking around to see what was wrong. He didn't do badly with that first rough instrument, either. He fished a good many dozen foreign bodies out of the bronchial tubes of the subjects of the old kaiser, with the help of a strong light and a mirror on his forehead to reflect it down into the tube. But that indirect lighting made it pretty difficult to get a good look, and bronchoscopy, as you read about it today, actually dates from the time, not many years later, when a young man out in Pittsburgh—Jackson by name—had the bright but simple idea of taking that tube of Killian's, running a wire down the side and putting a tiny electric light way down inside the end, so that he could really see what was going on there.

That was the beginning and they've gone a long way since. If you should wonder just how long, you need only ask a certain patient of Dr. Jackson's from whose lungs a few years ago he removed a shawl pin in two and a half minutes. For that particular shawl pin had been in those particular lungs twenty-two years, and twenty-two years ago Dr. Jackson himself and two other famous bronchoscopists had known it was there but had not been able to find it. They had called it one of the five impossible cases. Not one of those cases would be impossible or even difficult today.

The amazing thing is that even in its present high stage of evolution the bronchoscope is basically so simple: a long hollow metal tube with a handle at one end and a tiny electric light in the side of the other end. You'd wonder why a simple straight thing like that should still have been waiting to be invented when such complicated things as the X-ray and the fluoroscope were well under way. Well, the reason was that the passage they had to put that bronchoscope into wasn't simple at all and was very far from straight.

Imagine a tree upside down, or better still a grapevine. The original trunk is your windpipe, trachea if you feel scientific, which divides into two forks, and those are your bronchi. Then those forks begin to branch and branch and branch, first into your smaller bronchial tubes, then into your bronchioles, which by that time are very small indeed. And after a good deal more branching each little bronchiole ends in a lot of almost microscopic bunches of grapes, and those are what make up your lungs. When you breathe in something you shouldn't—which doctors say, incidentally, is practically always the result of your own or someone else's carelessness—it gets sucked right on down until it sticks and blocks your airways, and it is into whatever branch the foreign body happens to stick that your bronchoscopist has to send his straight tube of a bronchoscope.

Suppose the safety pin is open. That's not very uncommon either and it presents a nice little problem

Fishing for a Safety Pin

That means putting you in such a position that your mouth and throat and trachea and bronchial tubes are all in a straight line, and when you consider that your mouth, just for one thing, opens at the side, you can see that it takes some doing. Then, after they get the tube in place, a tube sometimes less than half the size of your little finger, they have to get elaborate long slim instruments down inside that, to scoop or snip or grab. It is just about as fancy a job as trying to write the Lord's Prayer on a dime, but they manage it.

Here's what they do: Suppose a child is brought into a hospital having serious trouble with breathing, and his mother has an idea that she is short one safety pin. That is a fairly logical thing to suppose because Dr. Jackson's clinic alone has taken close to three hundred safety pins out of people's insides, every one of which, along with every nut, bolt, dental bridge and what not that the clinic has ever removed, is preserved in the Mutter Museum in the Philadelphia College of Physicians. Well, the first thing they do after tapping and listening a bit is put the child under an X-ray and photograph his innards from a number of different angles. If they are lucky the safety pin shows right up on the plate like a black sheep, and with a thing like a safety pin they are pretty apt to be lucky.

Then they study the plates and study the child himself under the fluoroscope until they know exactly where that safety pin is and in exactly what position. Let's suppose the safety pin is open. That's not very uncommon either and it presents a nice little problem for the bronchoscopist to work on, just the kind of problem, in fact, that he likes.

So then, knowing exactly where the safety pin is, does he go right to work and take it out? He does not. Your really trained bronchoscopist has a dummy that is almost as important to him as his bronchoscope, and he works everything out on that first. The very best dummy is a flat, cloth-covered board with several pieces of rubber tube fastened down on it, and the first thing to do is hook the safety pin in the cloth just the way its brother is inside Junior, and try with a variety of long slim forceps getting it out without tearing anything. After our expert has that down pat he fastens the pin in the cloth again just below the tube of the right size and practices some more until he has figured out the very best way of getting it through.

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Bronchoscopy students are taught sixteen different ways of extracting open safety pins, practically every one of which calls for different instruments. Sometimes it is a good idea to straighten out the pin, sometimes to bend it, sometimes to cut it up in pieces but most often of all to close it.

Perhaps our pin will turn out to be in such a complicated position that the bronchoscopist finds he can't get it out at all with the instruments he has on hand. Then, if he's a good one, he's more than likely to go right to work and invent something that will do the trick. A good many bronchoscopists have machine shops right in their own cellars or attics where they make or modify their own instruments to fit special problems.

But even after the doctor has finished practicing and decided on his method of approach the battle has only just started. The operation may take only ten minutes. It may even take no more than one or two, but the shorter the job the more vital the preparations, and bronchoscopy requires more drill and teamwork than any other operative work except possibly brain surgery.

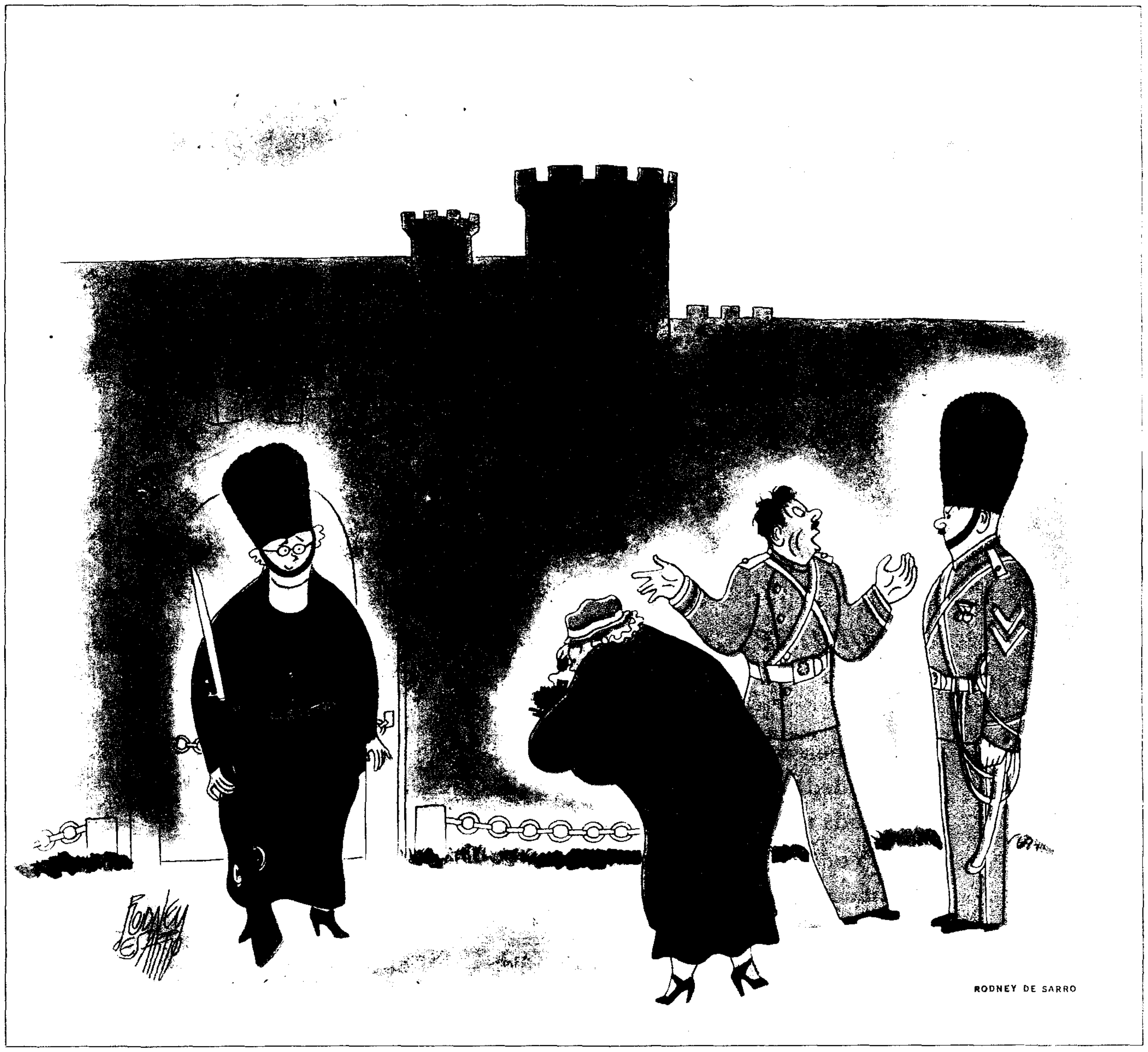
Ten Hands with a Single Purpose

Teamwork, what's more, really means a team. There's the instrument nurse, who has to be ready to hand the bronchoscopist anything he might possibly need at any moment without getting in his way. There's the spectacle nurse, who has to stand by with extra pairs of glasses in case those the doctor is wearing to protect his eyes might become fogged or spattered. There is the medical assistant, who has to learn to hold the patient's head in exactly the right position, and sometimes another assistant to hold his shoulders.

Ordinarily with children a skilled bronchoscopist finds he can work best with absolutely no anesthetic, either local or general. This isn't as cruel as it sounds, for most operations of this sort aren't really painful in trained hands, merely uncomfortable and rather frightening, but it means the doctor must be able to sell his skill to the child, and create an atmosphere of confidence and relaxation. Dr. Jackson says that before each operation he preaches what he calls a sermon on relaxation in which he explains that he can only work if his patient's throat is relaxed and the throat will never be relaxed if the hands are clenched; that he will never hurt without warning first, and never shut the air off from the patient's lungs too long.

When it comes to problems of extraction, the safety pin, even open, even *with its point caught in the lining of the* bronchial tubes, has nothing on the common or garden peanut, because in the first place the peanut, along with most other vegetable substances, is what doctors call radiotransparent, and that means it doesn't show up under the X-ray. The rays go right through it just as they go through your skin and flesh.

That means your bronchoscopist has more or less to guess what is causing the trouble and where it is, guided by physical examination and by changes in the X-ray shadows from such things as lung collapse or distension. He has to go down with his bronchoscope and look around till he sees what he is after. And when he does see and is ready to fish it out he has to be painfully careful to get his forceps all the way round the stranger without crushing it, for if he did that all the tiny fragments would be breathed right down into the patient's lungs where even the finest bronchoscope couldn't go. What is more, peanuts along with beans and some other substances, set up a reaction as soon as they get stuck in one's breathing apparatus, a story of allergy that causes swelling and inflammation and makes them even harder to reach. Because of this reaction, nuts and peas and beans need only to be in your bronchial tubes a few hours or a few days before they cause serious trouble, whereas pins and even pieces of glass might be there for years before they bothered you at all.



The list of things found in people's bronchi in clinics all over the world includes such amazing items as small fish, fish hooks, bobby pins, medals, rings, pieces of wire and living leeches. They vary a lot with the locality. A Japanese bronchoscopist, for instance, reports that no safety pin has ever been removed from a Nipponese. The reason *is simple: the Japanese rarely use safety* pins. Their greatest trouble is fish bones due to the Oriental inhaling fashion of eating with chopsticks.

Some of the greatest problems here, besides the safety pin and peanut, are the double-pronged upholstery tack, because two ends have to be covered before it can be withdrawn, and the mushroom-headed tack, because it usually goes down head first and would catch and scrape on the way out unless the edges were covered or the thing turned around. Bronchoscopists are apt to feel, however, that anything that has gone down can come up the same way, provided you can get it in the same position coming out that it took going down. And a very good proof that they are right lies in the fact that more than three thousand foreign bodies have been removed in Chevalier Jackson's Philadelphia clinic with a less than two per cent failure.

But neatly extracting any given object from any given bronchus, dramatic though it may be, forms only a very small fraction of the bronchoscopist's daily routine, not more than two to five per cent to be exact. For a bronchoscopist in scientific circles is more accurately known as a peroral endoscopist, which may seem like a large mouthful but translates quite simply into a-looker-inside-through-the-mouth. And it is an extremely literal title, for besides the bronchoscope, there is the laryngoscope, a shorter, much thicker instrument for looking into the larynx, through which the bronchoscope is usually passed to get it started, the esophagoscope for peering down the esophagus, or gullet, and the gastroscope for peeking all the way down into the stomach. And our peroral endoscopist has to be an expert with every single one of these instruments.

The Most Important Work

Probably almost as many foreign bodies are removed from the esophagus and stomach as from the bronchi, and by much the same technique. Burrs or hairpins, whole chains of safety pins, dollars, half-dollars and stones approaching golf-ball size have been found in addition to all the routine objects, but this fishing game is still only a small part of our peroral endoscopist's daily work, though it is his one prima donna role.

In all the other ninety-five per cent of his work he is simply a collaborator, the eyes, as it were, of the surgeon or diagnostician, and he is glad to play this part, for collaborating is often a lot more important than extracting pins or buttons. Because people may learn in time not to hold pins and needles in their mouths and not to give buttons to babies to play with or feed them nuts that have not been chopped fine. But people cannot learn not to have cancer and lung abscesses and tumors and ulcers of the stomach. Science has to learn that for them and it is in this learning that our endoscopist does his most important work.

One of the most valuable things he has been doing recently is going down into the lungs or esophagus or stomach when trouble is only dimly suspected and bringing up a little piece of tissue for the pathologist to study. This is particularly important in the lungs, for cancer of the lungs seems to be on the increase. Early diagnosis means a chance for early operation, a chance for life, and the only means of early and positive diagnosis of cancer of the lungs and esophagus is by this going down, looking around and bringing up a snip for examination.

Other things the endoscopist can do through those fine metal tubes of his are: remove tumors that might be blocking food or air passages, suck out airways stopped up by infection and dilate passages closed by inflammation. Through these tubes he can treat abscesses way down in the lungs and bring material right from the source for making vaccines to cure those abscesses. And perhaps the newest thing he is learning is to diagnose stomach ulcers that don't show on X-ray films, by going right down into the stomach and looking for them.

There is an endoscopic clinic now in every large city in America, in every country in Europe, and in China and Japan, so it isn't for lack of endoscopists elsewhere that people come from all over the world to Chevalier Jackson's clinic in Philadelphia. More likely it is because a good many of the best ones in the world have been trained either partly or wholly by this little seventy-one-year-old sleight-of-hand artist and when they get in a jam they automatically think of him. They know that if he can't do it no one else can.

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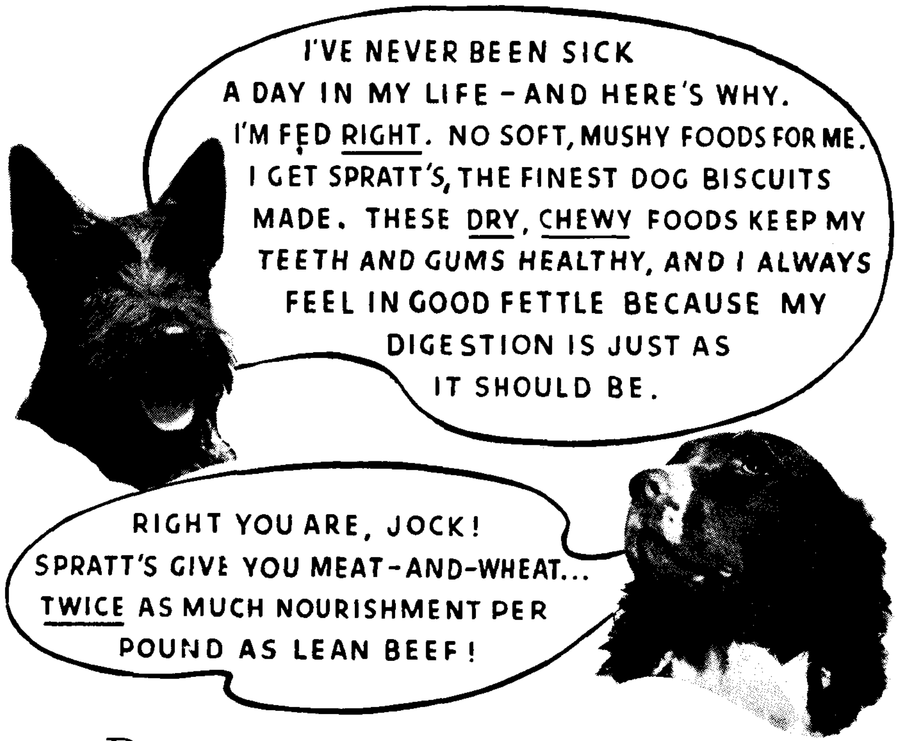
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Football Follies

Continued from page 17

in bed on time and he never knew what was going to happen.

One time Harry Thaw, who was a good friend of Al Jolson s then starring at the Winter Garden, arranged with Al for several boxes at the show for the whole Pittsburgh team. The show was to be on a Thursday night before the Washington and Jefferson game. Our big rivals were Penn State and W. and J., so the W. and J. game amounted almost to the Big Game. Thaw came to Pop and asked if he could take us all to the show.

Pop hemmed and hawed, but finally consented, provided Thaw would get us back to bed right after the show. That was about midnight. But between one of the acts, Al Jolson came to our box and looked us over.

"What do you say to a little dinner for the chorus girls and you fellows right after the show?" he asked.

What would you say? Al put on a swell dinner and we had a high time, although we took no drinks. Harry Thaw kept trying to get us to go home, but the Juggernaut steam-rolled right over his warnings of Pop's anger. It was half past four in the morning before the party broke up.

They had fixed up the track house as a dormitory for the football squad. We reconnoitered and discovered that Pop was sitting up waiting for us. We had left the basement door open, figuring to slip in the back way. The Old Fox had discovered it, however, and locked it. He was sitting in a Morris chair beside the front door. But he had dropped off to sleep. The Pitt Juggernaut took off its shoes and crept past Pop as quietly as a caterpillar..

We had been in bed about fifteen minutes when we heard him stomping upstairs. I slept in a room right next to his. Of course we never shut the doors around there. Pop came into my room and I was snoring (with one eye open). He looked into all of the rooms and of course the other players were snoring, too. I heard him go into his room, mumbling to himself, "I'll find out in the morning when these damn' kids got in."

Out of the Mines

But he never did. I got up early enough to wake all the fellows on the team and to get them down to breakfast by seven o'clock. Every man was there eating his head off when Pop came in at seven-fifteen. Bob Peck, captain of the team, had even called up Harry Thaw to give him the story so that he could swear we came in at midnight. It wasn't until years afterward when I was assistant coach to Pop at Stanford that I told him what happened.

The Pitt squad seemed to take a fiendish delight in putting it over on the coach. I can't help but contrast their attitude with that of the Stanford team toward me. I have never had to crack down on the boys nor discipline them. After the Southern California game last year in the middle of the season we were stopping at a hotel in Los Angeles.

"You fellows have had a pretty tough season," I said. "You can take the night off. Have some fun, but don't hit the drinks, and get in at some decent hour. You are on your own, but conduct yourselves as Stanford men."

I went out to a dinner and didn't get back until about eleven-thirty. Every man was in bed.

When I finished my college course, I figured my football days were at an end. I graduated as a mining engineer. My first job was surveying some old coal mine workings at Crows' Run in Pennsylvania. The mines were roofed with slate. They were full of gas, and while we were engaged in the survey there was an explosion. Tons of slate fell down and cut off our escape. While we waited for hours for the rescue party to dig us out, we had to lie on our stomachs and hug the ground to get what little good air there was in the mine. As I lay there hour after hour, pushing my nose into the mud and sucking pebbles to keep my mouth from parching, I did a lot of thinking. The more I thought about mining, the better I liked football.

When they finally chopped a hole through the slate and dragged us out, I had made up my mind to look for a football job of some kind. The Massillon Tigers, a professional football team, offered me a contract at $225 a week. That looked like a gold mine, so I promptly accepted.

Tiny Leaves Town

The following year I was offered a pro football contract by the Cleveland Indians. They paid four hundred dollars a game, because I was not only playing in the line, but also managing the team as well. We played a series of twelve games, so you can see why that looked like bank night to a kid fresh out of college.

While I was playing with the Indians, Charlie Moran, famous baseball umpire with the National League, who was head coach of Centre College in Kentucky in the off season, came up to Pittsburgh to see the graduate manager.

"I want to use Pop Warner's stuff down at Centre," he said, "I would like to hire a fellow who knows how to coach my line in the Warner system."

The graduate manager recommended me, and I got the job. I was a busy footballer all that season. I would coach at Centre all week, then join up with the Cleveland Indians to play pro football on Sunday, and hop the train for Centre that night.

At that time Centre was just emerging on its amazing gridiron conquest. It was the most picturesque team I have ever known. The outfit was known as "The Praying Colonels." Centre had once been a theological seminary. Though it had become a liberal arts college, the players lived up to Centre's century-old traditions. Before each game Uncle Charlie Moran, who was one of the toughest, roughest, swearingest men I have ever known, would turn to the team and say, "You fellows know your usual custom." Then he would step outside. The whole team would get down on their knees in the dressing room and pray that each man might do his best, some praying silently and some out loud with hallelujah enthusiasm.

The Praying Colonels used to get down on their knees on the field just before the game, but that was a publicity stunt. They did their real praying inside the dressing room.

Last year, just before the Rose Bowl game, a sports reviewer interviewed Matty Bell over the radio and asked him where he learned his football. Matty said, very graciously, that he had learned it at Centre from me. Matty and the three other Texas boys, Bo McMillan, Red Weaver and Bill Jones, were the only Praying Colonels who came to Centre from outside Kentucky. They were there because Chief Meyers, graduate manager at Centre, had formerly been superintendent of schools at Fort Worth. He had likewise been a football coach, so he brought the four boys with him to Centre.

At the end of the 1919 season at Centre a promoter in San Antonio who had been attracted by the Centre team organized a professional team and invited Bo McMillan, several other Centre men and me to play. We had a lot of good players on that team and were prepared to do some spectacular stuff.

During the first game, someone threw a pass to me and I started down the field close to the side line. They had a rope stretched taut along the side lines to keep the people off the field. The spectators were jammed right up against it. While I was racing for a touchdown, someone reached out with his fist and handed me one on the point of the chin. It knocked me out as cold as a cucumber.

When I came to, lying on the ground, I was looking up at a bunch of faces. All of them were filled with concern except one fellow who was having a hard time concealing his mirth. While they were sloshing water on me, trying to revive me, I whispered to a couple of my teammates who were bent over me.

"See that guy laughing?" I said. "That's the fellow who hit me on the chin."

I told them to move aside while I took hold of the rope and pulled myself up. I steadied myself, hauled off and wiped the smile off his face so hard that I cracked my hand, but I played the game out and went back to my hotel. I was sitting there in the lobby watching my hand swell up like a ham when a pair of tough-looking citizens came in, talked to the desk clerk, looked around, then went out again. The clerk came over to me.

"Those fellows are looking for you," he said. "That fellow you poked this afternoon was a big-shot gangster. These fellows do his slugging. They didn't know you in civilian clothes, so I told them you had checked out. If they catch up with you, God help you."

After I thought it over a while, I asked the clerk what train was leaving Dallas that evening. He suggested the Sunset Limited bound for California. He got me a reservation and I slipped out of the hotel without waiting for my bag, which the clerk sent over to the car.

I kept the dust of Texas off my feet until last year when I went down to scout the S. M. U.-Texas Christian game.

Seven-fifty a Day

Out where life is better, I went into the watermelon business. With a partner I leased a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. While we were waiting for the watermelons to grow up and make us rich, I eked out a living trucking fertilizer from the movie studio stables to the ranches around there. One day I bumped into a platform that had a movie camera on it. The director was pretty hard-boiled about it and invited me out of the truck to fight. When I got down to the ground, he took one look at me and said:

"You're just the man we're looking for. We want a tough hombre to be captain of a ship when the crew mutinies."

So I was in the movies at $7.50 a day. I did rough and tumble fighting for five weeks. Then I played in a football picture with Charlie Ray. After that I was scenery in several westerns. While I was doing that, I got acquainted with some Stanford alumni. Their team had been taking a beating every year and they were looking for a top-notch football coach. I suggested Pop Warner. They had no idea Pop would come but he surprised them by accepting. He offered me the job of line coach on his staff.

That was one of the two big breaks of my life. Pop Warner, in my opinion, is the greatest football strategist of them all. To have played under him, to have worked with him as coach, is about the finest background a man can have for the profession. All that I know about the game is what I have learned from Pop, plus a few cockeyed ideas of my own, plus what I learned from old Doc Shannon on how to pull the best that is in a boy out of him at the right time. So the chance to work with Pop was one of my big breaks.

The other was the Stanford-U. S. C. game of 1933. Everybody expected us to lose that ball game with Howard Jones' Trojans. We had what looked like a mediocre team made up largely of inexperienced sophomores who were playing their first season in the big league. With the approach of this game the kids were as nervous as cats. Nobody knew what they would do, so I kept them on the Stanford farm until the night before the game, calculating to land in Los Angeles early on the morning of the game. That might keep them from getting stage fright, I figured.

The Making of Bobby Grayson

We rolled down the track to Salinas, about one third of the way to Los Angeles. Then the train stopped. Some railroad men came along with lanterns and said that the track had sunk down out of sight in a swamp just ahead. Everybody woke up, including all of my football players. Hours passed and we didn't move. The railroad men said they were trying to dump rock in the hole and fill it up, but it looked as though we wouldn't get there in time for the game.

Well, they had sold ninety thousand tickets for that game in the Coliseum in Los Angeles and something had to be done about it. Everybody was getting more and more jittery. After hours of delay the train began to move and we finally reached Los Angeles. By the time we got the boys out to the Coliseum there was just time for them to change their clothes and trot out on the field. The game started just five minutes late.

The youngsters were certainly up in the air. They had practically no sleep and everybody was doubtful whether they could play the ball game through. I called them together just before they left the dressing rooms.

"Tough luck can't follow us forever," I said. "We had our bad luck last night. We ought to have some breaks today. How do you fellows feel about it?"

It was Bobby Grayson who spoke up. "We feel all right," he said. "We can lick them."

"All right, Grayson, you're the field general," I said. "Let's see you do it."

That game was the making of Bobby Grayson, twice All America and one of the greatest football players in the history of the game. The Trojans scored first, but the boys made them earn it. Then the Stanford kids buckled down as if they had suddenly awakened to the notion that they might win. It wasn't long before they were in the lead. Everybody expected to see them blow up any time but the longer they played, the better they got. They put the game away on ice and that ended the seven-year winning streak of U. S. C. After the game was over, I turned to Bobby Grayson.

"What got into you fellows out there, anyway?" I asked him.

"We just quit thinking that U. S. C. was unbeatable, that's all," said Grayson. "We put our heads together and took a vow that we would never let U. S. C. beat Stanford as long as we were playing on the team."

In three years they never did. As old Doc Shannon used to say, "The wildest colts make the best horses."

OLD DOGS CAN LEARN NEW TRICKS

Age has nothing to do with the ability to learn. A recent test among two groups of men — one group in the twenties and the other in the forties — in the mastery of a technical course revealed a distinct advantage in favor of the older group. The explanation for this difference was, perhaps, that the older group realized more fully the necessity of mastering the course.

Modernization of training is a major problem facing American industry today. And the systematic elimination of older men in favor of younger men is no solution to this problem at all. The advantages of youth are greater enthusiasm and greater vigor. When these advantages express themselves in obsolete methods of doing things, these natural advantages become greater economic disadvantages, that's all.

The truth is, today any business faced with the problem of personnel modernization must realize the need of modern training for all ages and classes of employees, in order to achieve the desired results. *Modernization must be complete.*

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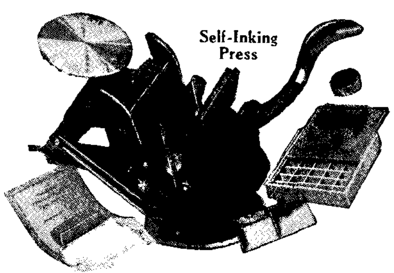

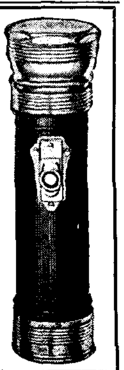

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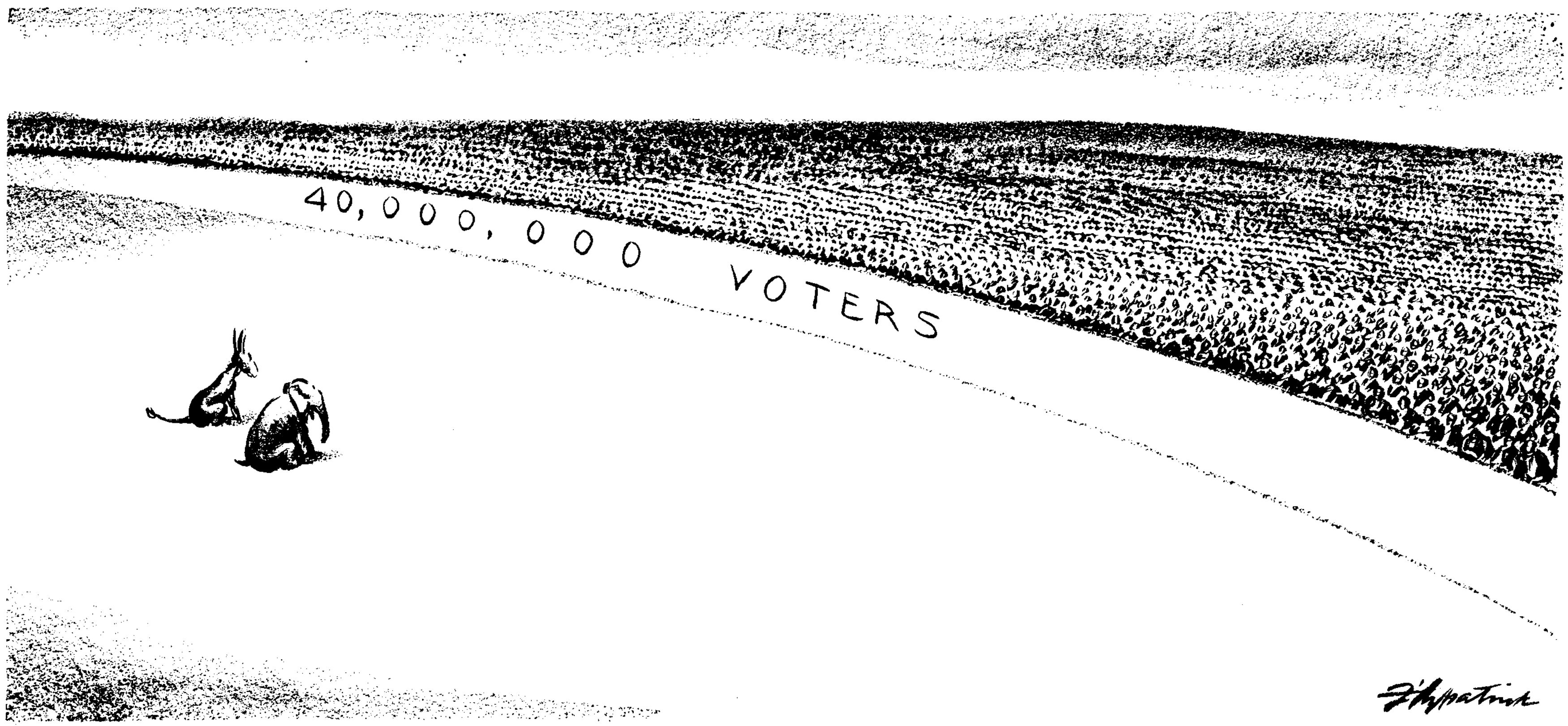


You Have the Answer

AS VOTERS we have heard the arguments. Candidates and political leaders await our verdict. Forty millions of us in forty-eight states must render the decision. The vastest and most populous democracy in history freely is choosing a leader. It is a stirring event.

Candidates have done their part. The campaign up to now has been conducted on a high level. The dirt and bitterness forecast months ago have not materialized. Two considerate men have argued their cases reasonably. The candidates have appealed to our intelligence and public spirit as citizens.

We enjoy complete liberty to vote as we please. Seven nominees representing seven political parties will appear on the ballots in some states. Three radical groups, Socialists, Communists and Father Coughlin's followers, will record their minority protests. There are also the Prohibition and the Socialist-Labor parties. Few anticipate a large radical vote this year. What is cast will be divided three ways. Certainly no radical party has a chance to elect a President.

Equally certain, the next President will be a liberal. The conservative groups in both the Democratic and Republican parties were outnumbered in last summer's national conventions. There is no conservative candidate. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred M. Landon were both admirers of Theodore Roosevelt's progressive principles. Democrats and Republicans are each the heirs and exponents of the same Middle Western liberal political ideas.

In their speeches the rival candidates have differed more in method than in goal. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon have favored social insurance and aid to agriculture. They have differed sharply as to the particular methods best designed to accomplish these fundamental objectives. In other matters—foreign trade, for example—similar differences have arisen. Nowhere, however, has there been a conflict of basic principles between the two leading candidates. Each offers the same destination while advertising the advantage of his particular way of getting there.

So we shall make our choice between a liberal Democrat and a progressive Republican. To this extent the present campaign is a reminder of the 1912 struggle between Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. That year the Republican split between Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft assured Wilson's election. Up until 1932 the Democrats had been the minority party during nearly seventy years. No Democratic President until Franklin D. Roosevelt polled an actual majority of the votes cast. Both Wilson and Cleveland were put in office by less than half of the voters participating in their elections. Our system of balloting by states gave each the required majorities in the electoral college.

The profound economic changes through which we have passed may have shifted the traditional balance between the major political parties. The South is unquestionably still predominantly Democratic as it has been since Civil War Reconstruction times. New England is for the most part Republican. Registration in other areas as widely separated as Pittsburgh and San Francisco shows important shifts in party allegiance. Democrats and Republicans in the future may be much more nearly equal in voting strength.

The number of independent voters is also growing. Vast numbers of Democrats cast their ballots for Herbert Hoover in 1928. Southern Democrats went Republican then for the first time in their lives. Many Republicans voted the Democratic ticket four years later. The habit of switching from party to party grows. The independents unquestionably are numerous enough to decide this election.

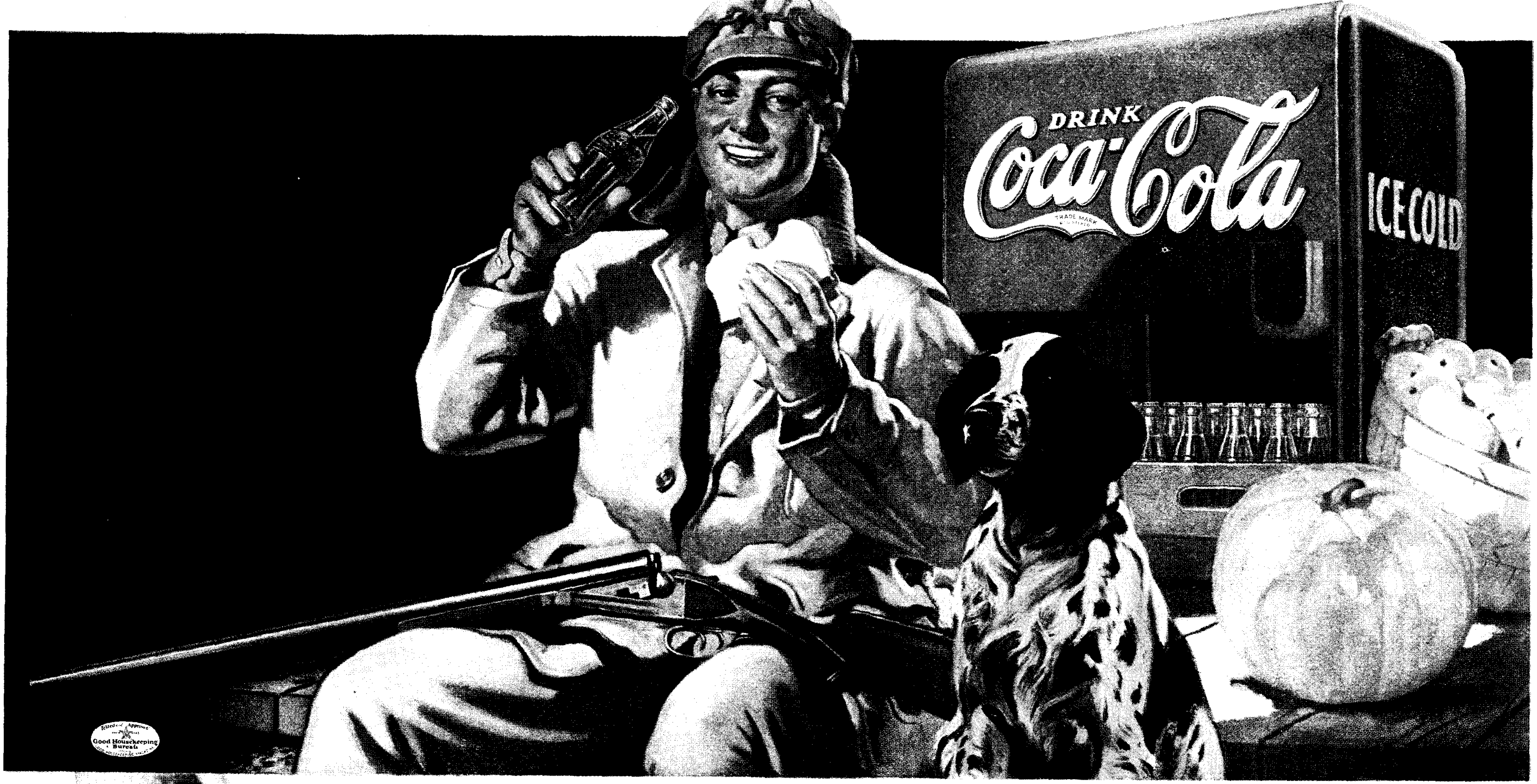
Fortunately business has so far recovered that anxiety over the emergency has disappeared. We are not driven by fear to render hasty decisions. We have not been swept off our feet by prejudice or emotion. We are able to make calm decisions. We will go to the polls quietly, and in the secrecy of the Australian ballot record our preferences.

The common sense of the American people will prevail. The decision rendered may be very important. Large questions must be answered in the months and years immediately ahead. For many of these questions there are no easy answers. New economic conditions require new political adjustment.

We may hope that as these new issues arise, the representatives we select will deal with them intelligently, generously and justly. We can't ask promises too specific but we can do much to determine the spirit in which our national problems are to be considered and handled.

As citizens we do our part at the polls. This is our time to speak. Once in four years the opportunity comes. The black marks we write on white paper the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November determine the course of our history.

Don't let anything interfere with your voting this year. It is your country and your government. You have the opportunity to say what you want during the next four years to come.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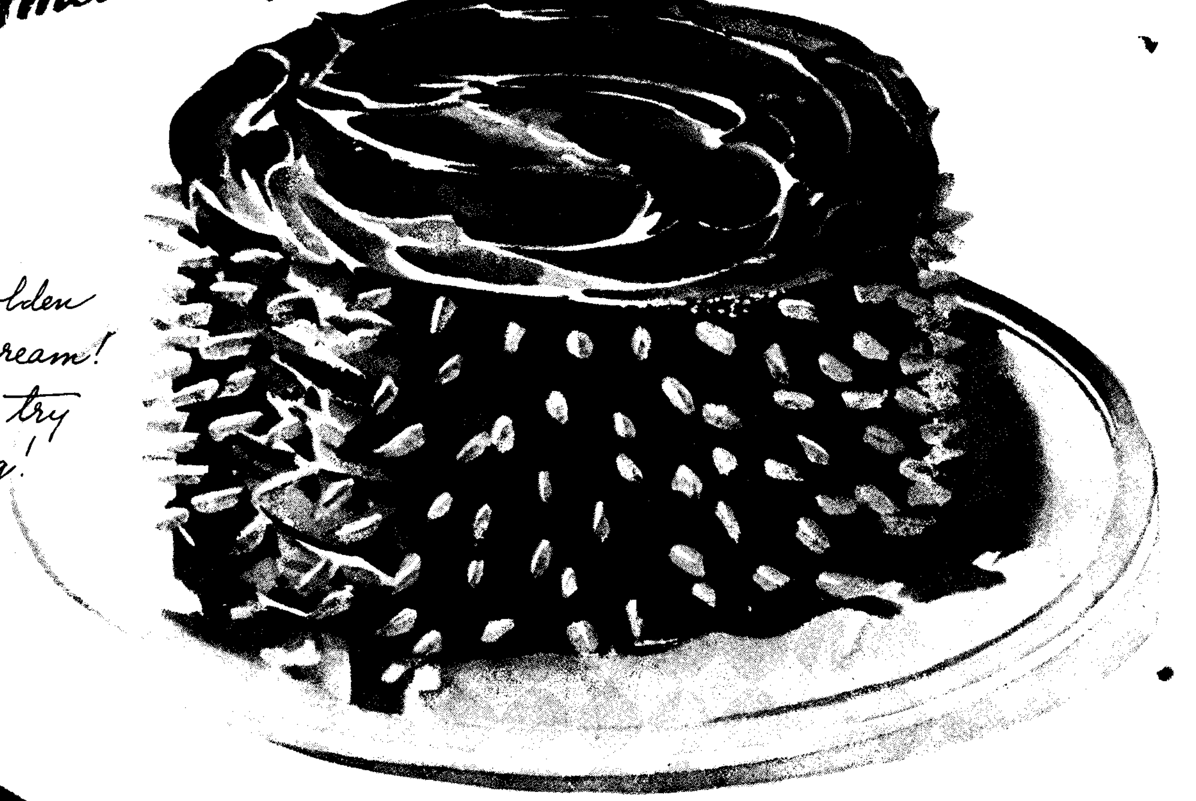
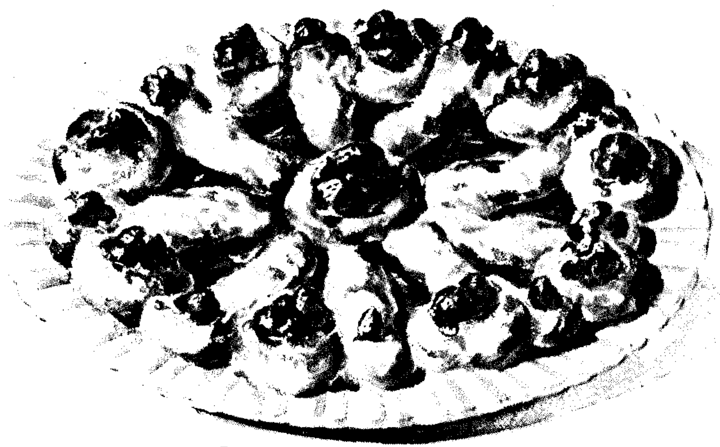
Created by Mary Ellis Ames—Recipes in your Pillsbury's Best bag!



Apricot Chocolate Cream Cake—golden apricot with chocolate and smooth cream! Too tempting to resist?—then try the recipe—it's in the bag!

Pineapple Meringue Torte—it's a delightful dinner with a dessert like this—and a happy hostess who finds one so new, so delicious!



Fruit Fritters—so good—so easy! Tricks like this with canned fruit banish menu monotony. The recipe's in the bag!

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